

Collier's

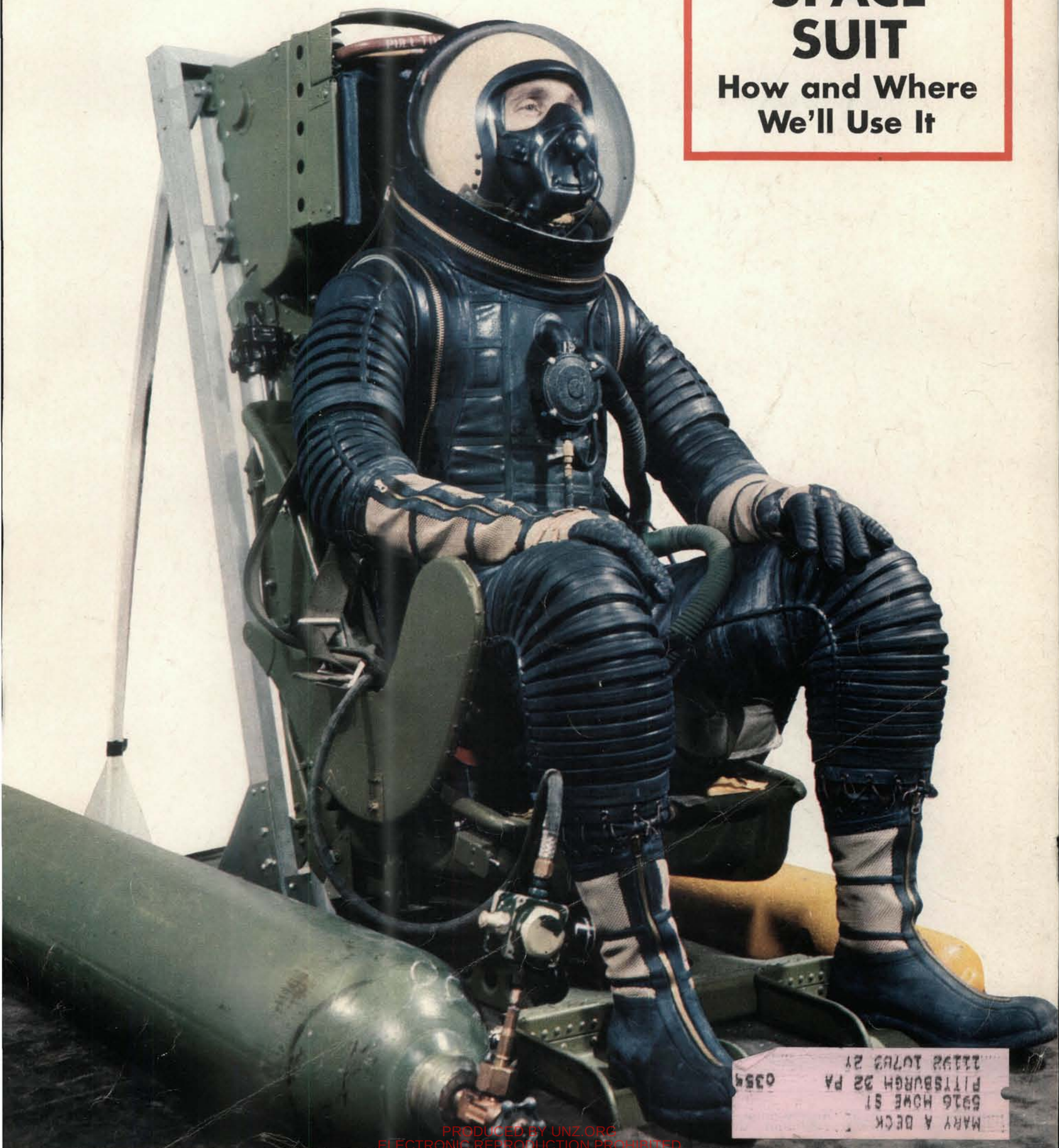
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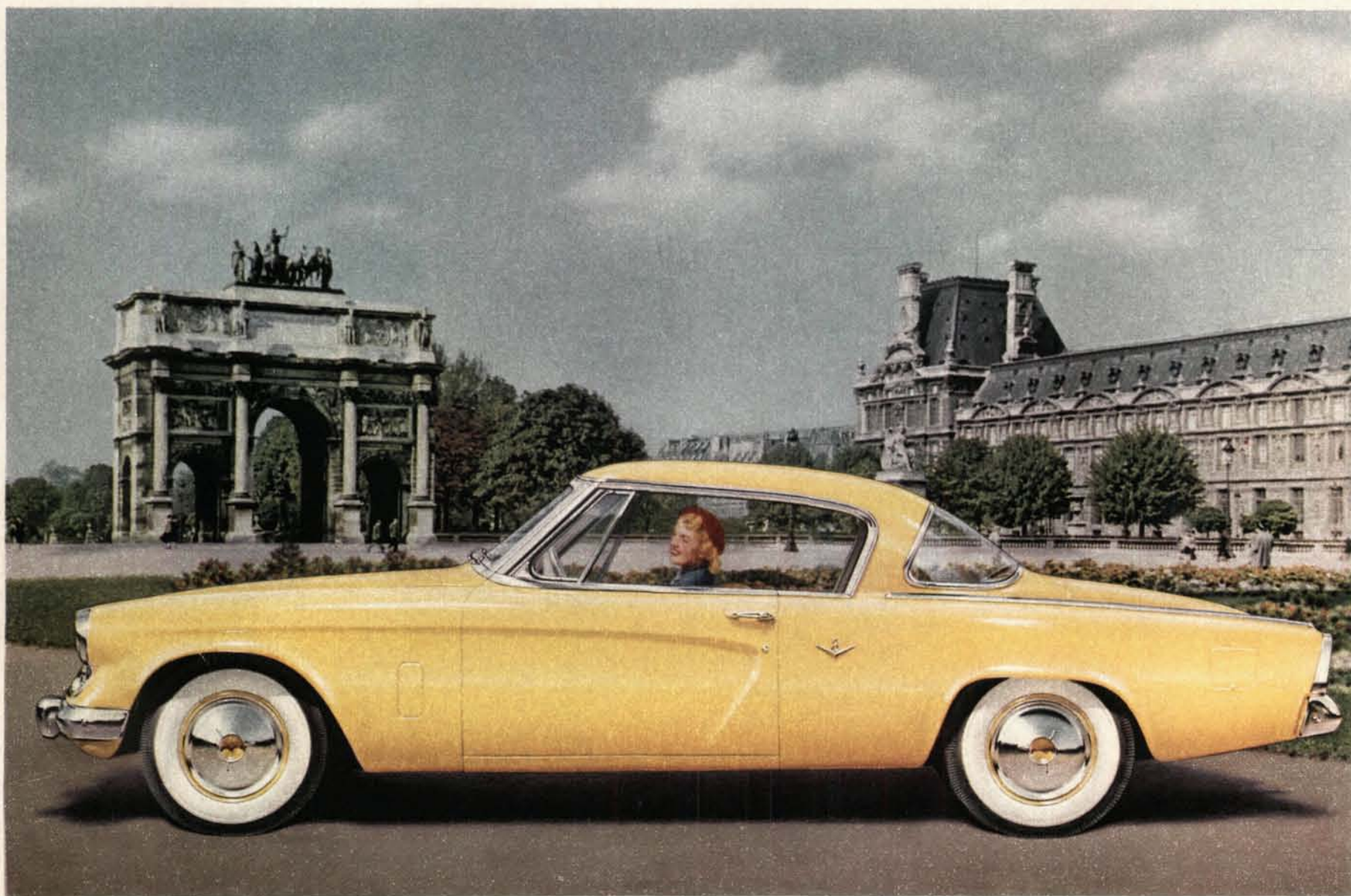
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Actual color photograph

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The first man to enter space will wear an outfit like the Navy pressure suit on this week's cover. In fact, he could wear that one: it's a real space suit, fully equipped for rocket travel. The cover picture, and the two others made for this issue of Collier's by photographer Ralph Royle, are the first ever permitted of the new space uniform. For the story of the suit—and of all the related problems of Man's Survival in Space—read *Picking the Men*, page 42.

Week's Mail

Stalking the Ruark

EDITOR: The Wild Animals Athletic Association of Africa is planning a trip to the Manhattan, Flatbush and Grand Central areas of your great country where we hope to get in a little hunting and shooting.

There comes a time in the life of us wild animals when the urge to hunt man is so strong that it can no longer be ignored. I suppose it is an atavistic memory of our daddies who used to chase human beings all over the veldt in the old days while our mamas cheered.

As a philosophic wildebeest friend of mine has said: "There is nothing in our experience that equals a man charging us; he comes with only 15 boys, a guide, three cases of beer and 19 guns of various sizes. And although the odds are thus hopelessly against him," the wildebeest said, "man often wins the contest."

On our trip to New York, we wild animals hope to capture a columnist or two, preferably a ruark, a remarkable specimen with a mustache. To keep our safari on a sporting level, there will be no shooting from taxicabs at passers-by, and we are bringing only high- and low-velocity guns, with a small howitzer for finishing off the quarry if taken in such dangerous surroundings as a night club.

A young hyena suggests a publisher may be interested in our trip if it is successful. But an old boar said, deprecatingly, "If the lust to kill possesses you, satisfy it. But why write a book about it?"

PETER BRENNAN,
Ancon, Canal Zone

If the Wild Animals Athletic Association of Africa is seriously bent on bagging a ruark, they'd do well to stay on their native veldt and save money. For Robert C. Ruark (*African Safari*, Collier's, Jan. 3d-10th-17th) is back on the W. A. A. A.'s home grounds.

Deep in the Heart of N.M.

EDITOR: In *A Serenade to the Donkey* (January 17th), John O'Reilly wrote: "... at Philmont, Arizona, their 127,000-acre national camp, the Boy Scouts have several hundred donkeys." And later: "Cookie ... has strange tastes. She got into the living room one day and ate a Japanese print."

Philmont camp's in New Mexico, A location O'Reilly of course would know
If his atlas (as I venture to hint)
Had not gone the way of his Japanese print.

AVIS B. RIGG, Eau Claire, Wis.

Not trusting O'Reilly's atlas, Collier's research department checked with Boy



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Week's Mail CONTINUED

Scout headquarters, where an absent-minded official said that, yes, the camp was at Philmont, Arizona. We're sorry. So are the Scouts.

... John O'Reilly says of donkeys that "the critters are impractical for purposes of serious transportation."

May the Lord have mercy on his soul!

There are many places where the donkey is the *only* transportation. Last December I saw the corn coming down from the mountain cornfields between Taxco and Acapulco. It's a very sizable operation, not to be sneezed at even by an Iowan. There are no roads. The mountains are terrific. How else could it be carried other than by donkeys with two 4-foot-high wicker baskets? Trains of them.

How do you get water if you live ten miles from a road in arid mountains? How do you take whatever you produce to market? How do you get wood? The donkey is the only answer.

MARK LINTZ, Mexico, D. F. Mexico

In Don McNeill's story about his Breakfast Club radio program, The Listeners Do All My Work (Jan. 10th), we included several verses and other contributions from his audience, including the poem titled Tell Him Now. Although it was contributed by a listener, the author was Berton Braley. We include our apologies to him with this belated by-line.

Safety Suggestions

EDITOR: My compliments to Herbert Yahraes for his article, How We Can Have Safer Cars (Jan. 10th). Also, of course, to those people who are doing all the research. Doubtless cars after 1956 will embody many safety devices which they do not now have.

As one who has driven automobiles for 30 years for a total of some 500,000 miles, with no personal injuries, let alone fatalities, against my record, I believe that the crash-injury researchers left one very important suggestion out of their "meanwhiles" at the end of the article. That suggestion should be: Let's drive our automobiles like sensible human beings rather than careless maniacs.

HENRY H. GAVIT, Stony Creek, N.Y.

... Herbert Yahraes' article is timely, to the point and needed. I believe that only one more point could have been added ...

Every motor destined for a privately owned automobile should have a built-in nondetachable governor to prevent speeds in excess of 70 miles per hour.

DON C. HARVEY, Mooseheart, Ill.

Doctors and Individuals

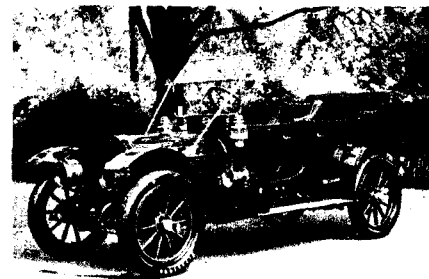
EDITOR: You earned your subscription price times over when you published Dr. Magnuson's "I want you to remember that every patient you meet is different from any individual you ever saw before" (What We Doctors Must Do to Stay Free, Jan. 17th). For more than 20 years I have been saying this over and over before classes in grapho-analysis from coast to coast. This is one reason that medical men as well as executives are today recognizing that

handwriting, which reveals intimate details, is an important factor in knowing the individual apart from the mass.

People are not sausages, all alike, and Dr. Magnuson has made a vital contribution not only to the medical profession, but to understanding people when he presents this fact to his new classes.

M. N. BUNKER, Springfield, Mo.

Elegant Jalopy Dept.



EDITOR: A letter in Week's Mail, January 10th, by a Mr. Harold E. Glover, of Minneapolis, was quite interesting to me, as I am the owner of that other "Statue of Liberty"—the only known Matheson automobile.

This car is a 1910 model, and has been driven 5,000 miles in two years since its "rebirth" at my hands.

The Matheson was, from 1903 to 1913, one of the greatest motorcars made in America or Europe.

This particular car is believed by many authorities in the field to be the finest and rarest quality antique car in the country today.

ROBERT C. LAURENS, Wayne, Pa.

... The picture captioned "Apperson Jackrabbit, 1911 model," in Week's Mail (Jan. 10th) may be, and probably is, an Apperson. But it is a touring car, not a Jackrabbit.

The Jackrabbit was a sport model, low slung for those days, with one seat which held two only, no windshield, four speeds, and geared to do over 80 miles an hour. Ours set a record for the run from Boston to Hartford, three hours and 25 minutes, the speedometer registering 73 miles an hour on one straightaway.

The wheel base was but 97 inches, so the ride was uncomfortably rough, to put it mildly. Very few of the Jackrabbit type were produced, and they lost their appeal within a surprisingly short time. ROBINSON COOK, Pinehurst, N.C.

Congress on TV

EDITOR: After reading your article, Should Congress Be Televised? (Jan. 17th), I thoroughly agree with Representative Javits and Senator Kefauver that the processes of our government should be brought into the living rooms of the American people.

It's so wonderful to think that, at long last, we have the opportunity to see for ourselves what the people we elect are doing in Washington. To think that I would no longer have to read someone else's opinion of what Senator Wingding said, or listen to a biased commentator's views of what happened.

After watching for myself, and listening for myself, I'd feel as if I really know who and what I will be voting for in the next election. The days of not knowing who your congressman is would soon be over.

MRS. W. L. YOUNG, Vancouver, Wash.

Collier's for February 28, 1953



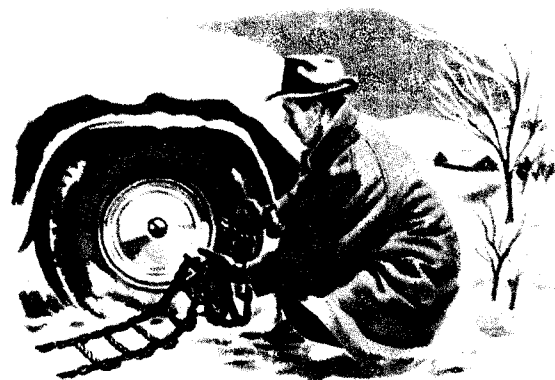
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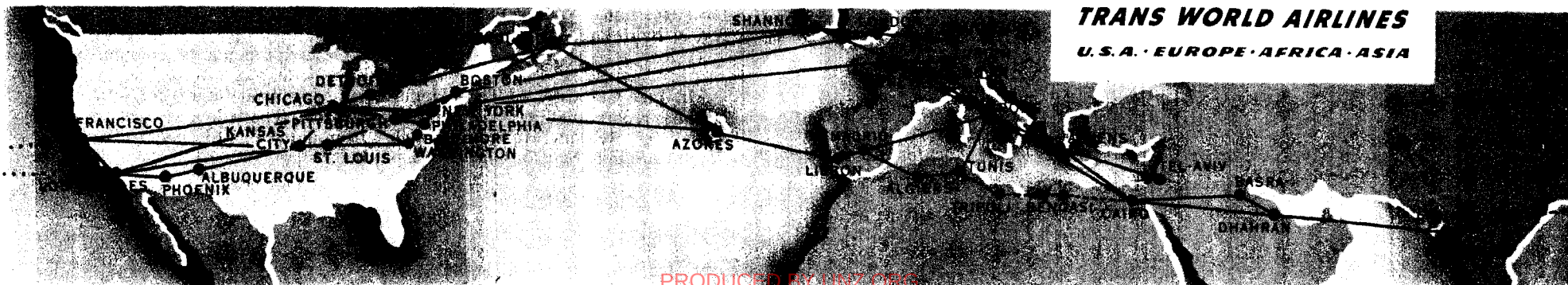


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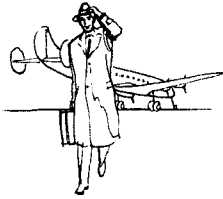
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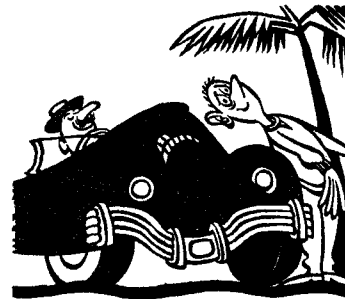
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Pamphlet has just arrived asking us boldly: What Would You Do If You Awoke and Found a Burglar Going Through Your Pockets? Well, we think we'd begin by laughing.

★ ★ ★

A high-tone fellow in Sacramento, California, was proudly showing his new custom-built car to a friend. Said



he: "Listen to that beautiful engine purr." Said the friend: "Hell, man, she doesn't purr; she sneers."

★ ★ ★

When Mr. Samuel B. Manderick—whose initials stand for what he is: small businessman—got through arguing with the internal revenue fellow in Bangor, Maine, he announced that, unless taxes were cut soon, he wouldn't be a businessman of any caliber. "It's getting so," said the complaining Mr. Manderick, "that even the mint's having trouble making money."

★ ★ ★

Chicago publisher was notified by his office boy that a lady wished to see him. Publisher asked: "A beauty?" The office boy nodded. When she'd gone the publisher said to the office boy: "You're a fine judge of beauty." Office boy shrugged. Said he was trying to be diplomatic and thought perhaps she might be the publisher's wife. She was.

★ ★ ★

To reap the full benefit of this suggestion, you've got to have oatmeal for breakfast plus the itch. When you've almost finished your oatmeal, quit eating. Rub the remainder on your itch. Might be a bit messy, but according to a Midwest doctor you will thus be doing yourself a favor externally as well as internally. You will hustle off to work well nourished and without scratching.

★ ★ ★

Having heard Alben Barkley sing his favorite song, My Old Kentucky Home, we think it would be nice if he called the memoirs he's writing Veep No More. So would the guy who sent us the suggestion. Name's Earle McLiffey, of Baltimore, Maryland.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Jake Carbussel, of Terre Haute, Indiana, reports that he's "sick with indignation." Reason: He hears through South Carolina's Senator Olin D. John-

ston that a number of our top-salaried government employees abroad (250,000 all told), who get both salaries and living allowance, have had to spend as much as \$150 a year of their own salaries—their living allowance just isn't enough. Some of these self-sacrificing public servants are left with only \$14,850 out of their annual 15 grand at the end of the year, which, by coincidence, is just \$14,850 more than Mr. Carbussel winds up with at the year's end. Fit to be tied is Mr. Carbussel.

★ ★ ★

Mail-order businessman in Boston says he's discovered a way to get housewives to read his sales letters. Just has them addressed in an unmistakably feminine hand to housewife's husband and marked personal and confidential.

★ ★ ★

Old 48 salutes James Betz, a Port Washington, Wisconsin, cop. He arrested himself for sideswiping a parked car while he, in his prow, was clocking a speeder. Took himself to court, complained that he had failed to keep his car under control, pleaded guilty. Fined ten bucks. Thanked judge. Thus chastened, Officer Betz went back to work.

★ ★ ★

The Communists propose to find out and honor the guy who in their ruddy opinion did the most to arouse the working classes. They'll probably pay no attention to advice from old 48, but we hope they don't overlook the fellow who invented the alarm clock. Incidentally, who was it that did?

★ ★ ★

Supreme Court, State of Washington, has just ruled that a child five years old may sue his father for personal-injury damages except when inflicted by dad in the performance of parental duty. Lady informing us says several law firms are thinking of soliciting junior business with letters captioned: Is Spanking a Duty?

★ ★ ★

The way we heard it is that you are middle-aged when you decide your chil-



IRWIN CAPLAN

dren aren't going to amount to any more than you have and begin dreaming of brilliant futures for your grandchildren. The fellow we heard that one from didn't sign his name and we don't blame him.

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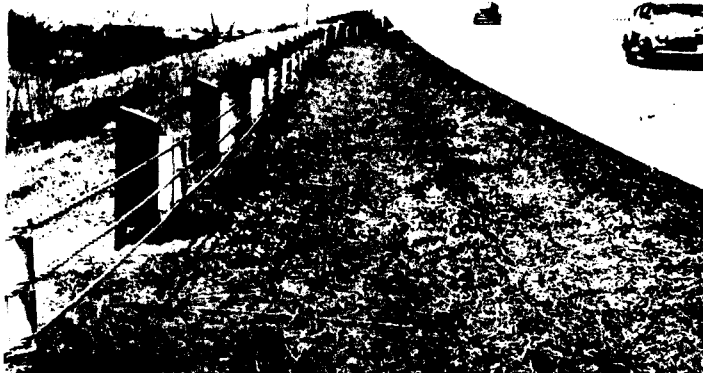
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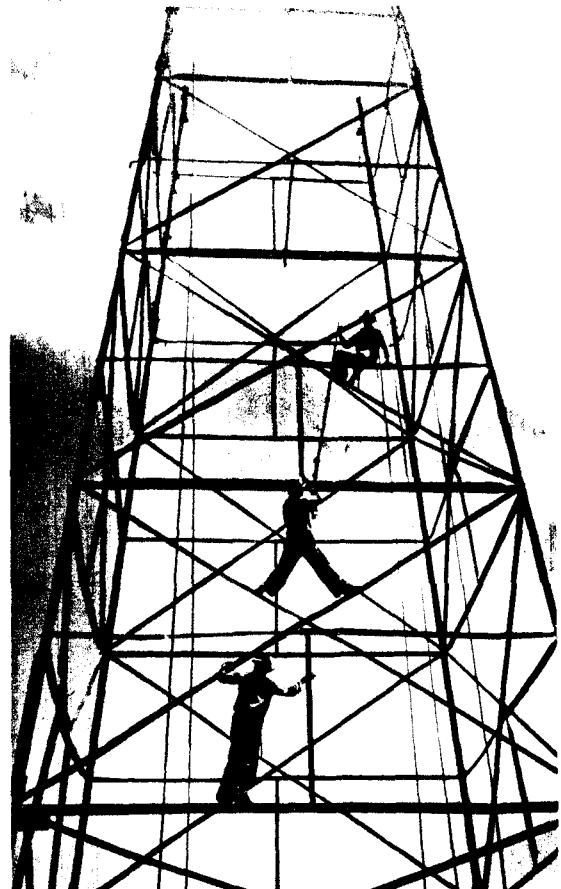
Stainless Steel walls mark the handsome skyscrapers of Pittsburgh's Gateway Center. Panels are made of corrosion-resistant Stainless Steel, backed up with lightweight concrete reinforced with welded wire fabric. These are attached to the building frame quickly and easily. Multi-story building walls go up with astonishing speed—in this project, at better than a floor-a-day rate. And because these wall panels weigh less, the weight of supporting structural members is also reduced, resulting in lower building costs.



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Photo—Standard Oil Co. (N.J.)



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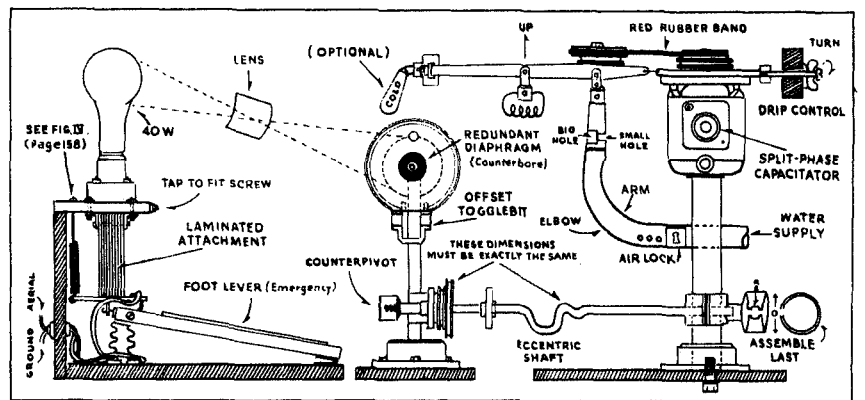


DIAGRAM BY DAVE MUIR

FIG. 1. Automatic kitchen water tap, with Type B gasket miter

HOW TO TURN ON A FAUCET

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

A workshop manual helps an amateur, but a general contractor will keep your home in better condition

NOT so very many dollars ago I invested three bucks in a book called *Handy Husbands Make Happy Homes* (602 pages, 2,007 clear photographs and diagrams) which the publisher said would pay for itself many times over, so replete was it with instructions for building, repairing and modernizing everything from a safety pin to a B-36.

The night I lugged this tome home my wife told me for the seventh time that one of the bedroom windows had been sealed shut by a painter last November.

"Hah!" I said, showing her the book. "We're all set now; and the plumbers, electricians and carpenters who charge \$4.50 just to push the starter buttons on their trucks can go soak their heads at Miami Beach."

I went upstairs and turned to the *Handy Husbands* index. Under W for Windows I found references to pages 39, 156, 254, 278, 396, 432 and 516. Twenty minutes later I had learned how to attach a bird-feeding station to a window sill, how to put cellulose tape over a crack in a pane and had absorbed five other hints concerning window care, including the information that "after painting window frames, the windows should be left slightly open for a day or so to prevent sticking." I then turned to S for Stick or Stuck and was referred to page 436, which told how to cope with Balky Bureau Drawers. Since every drawer in our house works with ice-skate smoothness, I turned again to S and ran across Sticks, page 327, where I was confronted with complete blueprints for the construction of A Toothbrush Holder from Discarded Lollipop Sticks.

Thoughtfully closing the book, I went into the bedroom, placed the heels of my hands against the underside of the sash and whammed it several times. The window opened. I then retired to the bathroom, soaked my hands in hot water for several minutes—to prevent as much swelling as possible—and sauntered down to dinner.

"Your window is unstuck," I announced.

"Wonderful!" my wife enthused. "That book is a big help, isn't it?"

"Certainly contains a lot of dope," I admitted. "Have you any discarded lollipop sticks around?"

Lois stared at me, puzzled. "Lollipop sticks?"

"Yes," I said. "I thought an extra toothbrush holder might come in handy."

"What are you talking about?" asked my wife.

"This creamed chipped beef is wonderful," I said.

Since then I've learned a lot from *Handy Husbands*. Even a random flip through the book discloses such absorbing and challenging titles as: *How to Make a Wind Tunnel out of Your New Vacuum Cleaner*; *You Can Rebuild That Old Hourglass*; *How to Tell When the Roof Caves In*; *Keeping Bees in the Basement*; *Remodel Those Old Beer Mugs*; *Raise Your Own Salt*.

Nowhere is there a word about removing carbon particles from the nozzle of an oil burner (an emergency operation performed recently by Sam, our plumber, for only \$11.75); but on page 57 there's a dilly of a diagram for fashioning clothespins from ordinary wood and wire. Almost as interesting is a series of photos on pages 345-46 illustrating the step-by-step process of manufacturing your own soap. And I've slipped a bookmark between pages 568 and 569, which are devoted to short cuts in changing flashlight batteries. I thought Randy, our electrician, might be interested in taking a look next time he makes a rush call to replace one of our blown-out fuses.

If I ever lost this informative encyclopedia and couldn't buy another copy, I'd be in a pretty pickle. Which reminds me: Lois was so intrigued by page 586, having to do with the various methods of paring the warts from a dill pickle, that she's going to buy a couple someday soon and give the project a whirl.

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You know how forlorn a youngster looks (and feels!) in an out-grown suit —you know how often *your* boy needs a new one. In fact, the bigger he gets, the harder it is to keep up with his upkeep. Would your wife have money enough to provide the clothes — the food — the other necessities if you weren't here? Yes—if you get **MONEY** life insurance now.

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- ☐ MORTGAGE CANCELLATION
- ☐ ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS

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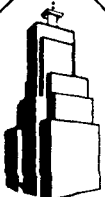
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WEATHER STAR FORECAST
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Green Fair
Orange Cloudy
Orange flashing Rain
White flashing Snow



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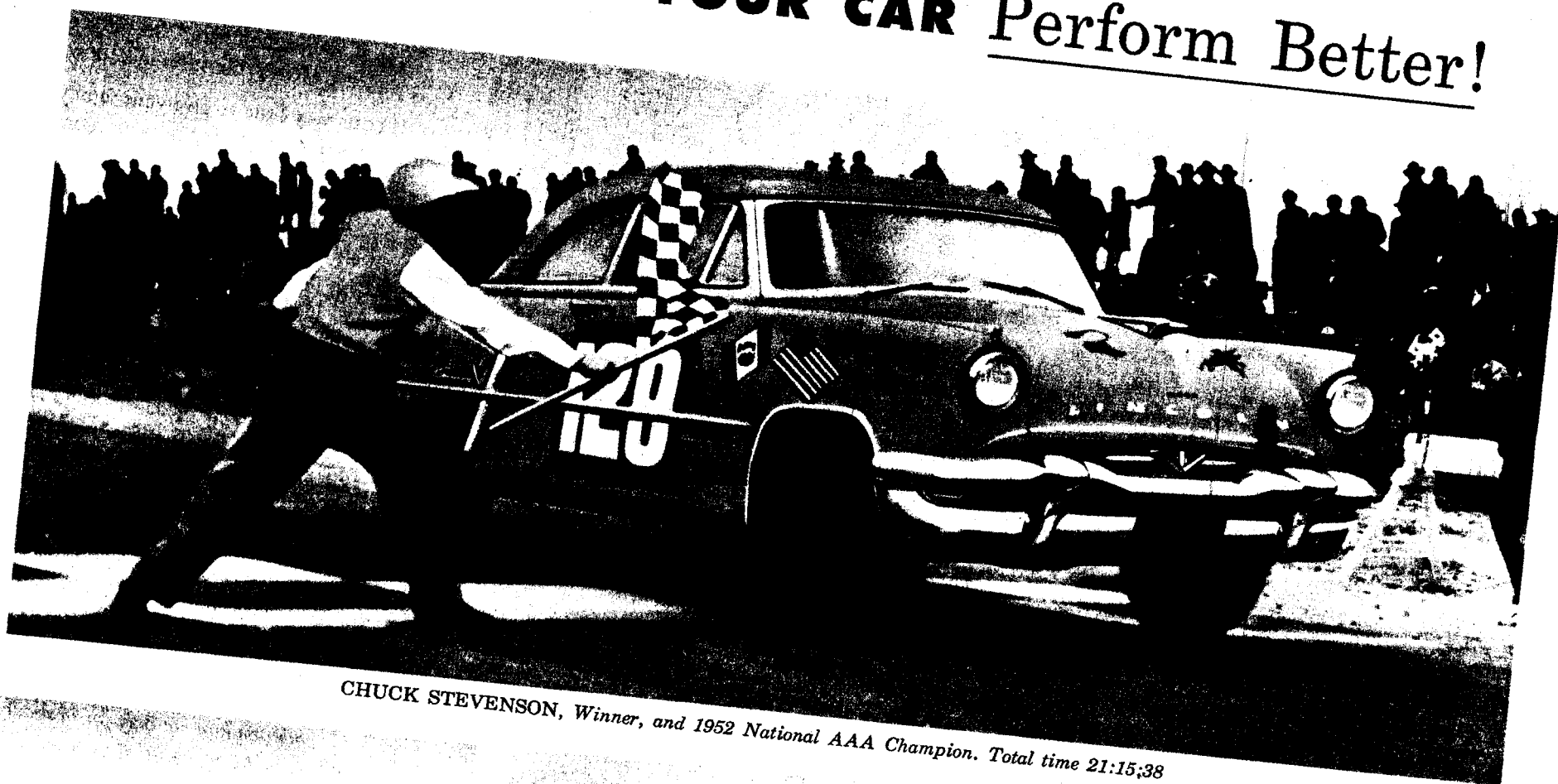
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Four 1953 Lincolns recently scored an impressive sweep of the stock car division of the third Mexican Road Race, run over 1,934 miles of the rugged Pan American Highway. All equipment, including their Champion Spark Plugs, was strictly stock. These cars eclipsed all previous records, averaging over 90 m.p.h. for the five-day grind.

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DOES YOUR FAMILY HAVE A NEUROSIS?

It could have. According to an important new psychiatric theory, a family, just as an individual, can be mentally ill—for example, hysterical, compulsive or mother-fixated

By MORTON M. HUNT

HERE is an advance report on a challenging new psychiatric concept which should deeply interest everyone concerned with family health—in short, just about all of us. Thus far very few laymen—indeed, few specialists—have heard of it; but among those who have, it has aroused keen enthusiasm and sharp controversy.

The gist of this concept is that a family has a personality and a life of its own. A family also can be mentally ill, with a neurosis all its own, separate and distinct from the emotional states of its individual members.

A family may be what psychiatrists call hysterical, or mother-fixated, or compulsive, or sado-masochistic and so on. Stemming perhaps from one member of the family or from the relationship between two of them, this neurosis becomes part of the enduring personality of the family itself, even after the members who created the condition have died.

This somewhat startling idea has been put forth by Dr. Howard Schlossman, a young psychiatrist who is also research consultant for a family-health promotion project at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, New York. Montefiore, working with Columbia University and the Community Service Society of New York, largest non-sectarian family and health society in the country, is trying to find out what kinds of medical service, other than the everyday sort, will keep families in the best possible physical and mental health.

As part of the project Montefiore's people are giving some 60 test families not only full medical care, but also dental care, the advice and help of public health nurses, the help of social workers in child-rearing and similar family problems, and, last but not least, preventive psychiatry.

The doctors, nurses, psychologists and social workers who have been intensively studying and caring for these families during the past two years also compiled their complete medical, emotional and psychological histories. As consultant psychiatrist to the project, Dr. Schlossman has analyzed these case histories. Out of the analysis, as well as from his own experience in private practice and the writings of other psychoanalysts, he has evolved the theory of family neurosis.

How can a family have a neurosis of its own when the family is only the sum of its members?

The answer is that a family isn't just a sum. A child's building set consists of toy girders, nuts, bolts, pulleys and washers. He puts them together to make a toy crane. The crane isn't just the sum of its parts; it's a crane. But if the pieces he uses don't fit one another, the crane won't work well; it will probably bend, or some of its parts will break.

In some respects, members of a family are like those parts. They function as a unit. If the parts don't fit properly, the unit won't work well. In due time, the family's internal stresses and strains may damage one or more members, particularly the children.



Dr. Howard Schlossman (center), who advances family neurosis theory, meets aides at Montefiore Hospital

Dr. Schlossman's search for patterns may turn out to be of tremendous help in preventing mental illness. Similar searches advanced the development of medicine. Two centuries ago skin ailments were classified by their outward symptoms; all rashes, for example, were treated alike. Now doctors know that some rashes are caused by foods, others by worry, others by infection, and so on; they treat the causes, not just the symptoms.

The same approach may apply to mental sicknesses of a family. Although troubled families have been analyzed according to the crises they meet, according to who loves whom and who doesn't, and according to who in the family holds what responsibilities, Dr. Schlossman feels that these aspects are only symptoms. He wants to find out why those symptoms appear. "The psychoanalytic approach," he has told Montefiore co-workers, "ought to provide good descriptions of the causes of the family's characteristics, make it easier to spot the real sources of a family's problems and tensions, and help its members avoid serious mental disorders."

Too Many Mental Illnesses Already

Note the word "avoid." That's the main point, because the number of mental illnesses already is fantastically larger than we can handle and cure.

One of the major types of family neurosis described by Dr. Schlossman is that known in individuals as hysteria. The battle-shocked soldier who can't hear or walk; the sexually shocked girl who grows up to be a frigid woman—psychiatrists call these and many others hysterical types. When people want to forget an especially painful experience, they sometimes unconsciously refuse to use

parts of their bodies associated with the experience.

Similarly, there are hysterical family patterns; for example, the Gilbert Stone family (not the real name). At thirty-eight, Gilbert has a bad heart. He gets only poor jobs at best, and loses them when his heart acts up. The family must then go on relief; it has no savings. How does Gilbert try to meet this grim reality? "Listen," he says, "things'll work out okay. They always have. Besides, this heart thing is only temporary; I'm starting some of them health foods tomorrow. They're good for the heart and arteries."

Wife Ellen is dangerously overweight because she loves rich cooking and lots of it. She could go out and earn some money for the Stones if she weren't so heavy. "Gilbert likes an armful," she giggles, "and anyhow the kids need me around the house. Besides, Gilbert will work things out."

Eight-year-old Susan gets poor grades in school, partly because she doesn't pay attention, partly because she has trouble with her reading. Ralph is four, but still doesn't talk well, wants to sleep with Mommy, and is a thumb-sucker. He gets his way about everything.

Are the Stones unhappy? Worried? Not a bit. They are the most improbably cheerful family you ever saw. Both parents have a score of excuses for Susan's bad grades and Ralph's babyishness. The entire family believes that everything is just as fine as can be.

Maybe that sounds ideal—but maybe it isn't. Right now the family neurosis suits everybody. But if sudden expenses outrun the meager relief income, or Stone himself is bedridden or dies, his wife and children will be confronted with a reality they've pretended doesn't exist. Then what? Anything is possible, from ulcers and colitis to full-fledged nervous breakdowns.

Don't misunderstand: psychiatrists are no more against happiness than clergymen are in favor of sin. But the hysterical family has the wrong kind of happiness and is heading for trouble.

Of course, people with a few fears, compulsions or special emotional problems should not be automatically classified as mentally ill. Psychoanalysts know that some of the traits found in neurotic persons also are found in nonneurotic persons. Likewise, according to Dr. Schlossman, every family shows traces of neurotic traits. That doesn't mean the family is neurotic or ill; the danger lies in how much the neurosis hinders normal living.

If your own family is quite happy, don't jump to the conclusion that it's a hysterical, mentally ill family. Don't pin labels on neighbor families either. Amateur psychologizing is risky.

Almost every normal person has in him, for example, some traits associated with the obsessive-compulsive neurotic—a person impelled to behave in certain ritualistic ways and think certain patterned thoughts. He may feel he needs to wash his hands so many times a day. He may be fanatically



neat and orderly, always on time, formal, obsessed by the importance of even minor duties.

The voluminous writings of social case workers and clinical psychiatrists include descriptions of hundreds of families that show these traits in their daily living. Often only the dominant member of the family is a true compulsive, yet the whole family life acquires the pattern. Even after the compulsive dies, the family may continue that way.

Take the Gottlieb Hinklers (again, not the real name). Hinkler is a tall, severe, red-faced man of forty. Captain in an armed-guard service, he is excessively proud of his uniform and his job, and is neat to the point where he will miss lunch to stop at the tailor's and have an imaginary spot removed. He is harsh with loiterers or boys playing near his bank and speaks of them as trash and riffraff.

Mrs. Hinkler has adopted his attitude and carried it over into child rearing. "My children are respectable," she says. "They're clean, they play quietly, and they make fine grades at school. I'm proud of them." And she smirks a little. Actually, her children have never been allowed the normal privilege of being noisy or messy. The kids are already in emotional trouble. The girl is a severe nail biter, the boy stammers badly. Hinkler and his wife don't have much of a sex life. He daydreams a lot about sex, but his household doesn't approve of sexual love or even everyday expressions of affection—these are too slobbery.

The senior Hinklers will probably go through life without any serious collapse. But the daughter in another 10 years may be a frigid woman who permits no warmth in her own marriage, and the boy, a stammering, bashful misfit, living a life of clean and germless routine.

The Hinklers are an extreme case. But in a study of nearly 400 middle-class families in the Boston area, this compulsive pattern of excessive worry about neatness, quietness and social conformity turned up as a common source of tension contributing to the maladjustments and troubles of the children in those families.

A third major type of individual neurosis, in standard modern psychiatry, is that of infantile

dependency. The child with this neurosis never grows up; he or she remains "tied to mother's apron strings." Likewise, Dr. Schlossman has detected a family neurosis pattern of infantile dependency. The family takes the form of a matriarchy. That isn't bad in itself, but a matriarchy can easily become too much of a good thing.

"Long after the babies are weaned and grown," Dr. Schlossman explains, "Mama is still psychologically feeding and sheltering them. And her husband too—and her in-laws, if they live there."

A Family in Which "Mama Is All"

Jack and Joan Berheim and their two sons are a good example of the family with an infantile-dependency neurosis. Jack was tied to his own mother. When she picked the girl she wanted him to marry, he accepted her choice. Joan was a strong-willed person who had dreamed of a medical career for herself; but when their first child came, she switched the dream to Jack. She nagged him into studying medicine, helped pay the bills by teaching school, labored mightily to assist him in his studies, ran the house without help, petted him when he was discouraged. Today he is a doctor, although not a great one, completely devoted to Joan. He relies on her in every way, lets her handle all the finances, buy the furniture, arrange their vacations, select their friends.

What's so bad about that?

Joan's children are no longer underfoot; so now, besides teaching, she is active in a cultural group and a number of welfare organizations. She unselfishly pours out her time and energy on these things.

What's bad about that?

Son Bill, at nineteen, has become independent and disrespectful; he doesn't spend any more time at home than absolutely necessary. But eleven-year-old Junior is the darling of his mother's heart; he adores her and would rather help her with the dishes than play football.

Nothing really terrible there, either, is there?

Of course not. The Berheims are getting along fine, and will continue to—so long as Mother is at

hand to encourage, help pay the way, tell what to do. What would happen to Jack if she became ill or died is another thing; he might easily be broken, semihelpless. Bill has rebelled against the apron strings; that's fine for him, but the girl he'll marry may pay for it through years of heavy-handed male domineering. Junior is likely to have some trouble establishing relations with the opposite sex; he may become a lonely bachelor or perhaps flit from one unsuccessful marriage to another.

Yet another type of neurotic family is less common, but almost all of us have seen it. This type of family may be called schizoid. Schizophrenia involves a withdrawal from the real world into a life of private fantasy.

The schizoid family lives under one roof, has unbreakable ties one to the other—but doesn't communicate. Each member minds his own business; the inner thoughts, hopes, worries, jobs, promotions and failures of one member are often unknown to the others. The wife doesn't know about her husband's job; he doesn't know that she has a secret store of money; the children have their world away from home and tell their parents nothing about it. Some severe strain, some deep-seated fear or hate has poisoned this household; its members live far apart, though under one roof.

Notice how often, when neurosis boils over into criminal conduct, the wife of the bank official who has absconded is completely flummoxed. She swears, honestly, she "had no idea he was in trouble or had been betting. He just never told me his business, and I didn't try to find out."

Another type of neurotic pattern appears in the "adolescent family." In the individual adolescent, such traits as exhibitionism, wild impulses, attempts to rebel at convention, and fear and panic in new situations generally disappear as he grows older. But in the adult—and in the family—they are abnormal traits.

A man we will call Joe Reagan is thirty-eight and the father of four. But he still acts like a teen-ager much of the time, and his family does likewise as a unit. Joe talks big about becoming an investment wizard, although he's only an ac-

Collier's for February 28, 1953

psychiatrist. But he says there are ways to spot the mental trouble—and correct it



countant in Wall Street. He gets violent but short-lived enthusiasms for new subjects. When the kids in his neighborhood start to play football, Joe gets right in there with them, although he usually comes home sick and sore.

Any one of the Reagans may get a sudden wild urge to go places—and away the family goes, splurging \$30 or \$40 for a fancy steak dinner, or shooting \$100 on a week end at the shore, never allowed for in their tight budget.

None of the Reagans can ever be counted on to show up for a meal—but then meals are never at the same hour. The house usually looks like a college dormitory the morning after the big party. The neighbors swear the Reagans have at least five times as many fights and tantrums per week as any other family in the block. Joe's wife, when Joe goes off to play poker and she's fed up, calls in a baby sitter and slips out for a couple of hours at a nearby dance hall; she's still pretty, and she flirts with any men around. Then, about eleven, she hurries home, feeling exhilarated and young.

Another pattern is that of the sado-masochistic family. One partner is the sadist—enjoying the power and ability to punish and embarrass the other. The other partner complains, but actually wants to be dominated. It may seem an ideal mating—but it isn't ideal for their children.

The masochist, especially if it is the mother, may be excessively harsh with some of her children by way of getting even and letting off steam; yet she may spoil a baby boy who represents an ideal man she never could find. The older children may torment the younger; the younger may store up resentment; and in general the whole family will have tremendous and perilous tensions.

Dr. Robert Felix, director of the National Institutes of Health, research division of the U.S. Public Health Service, estimates that about 9,000,000 Americans—nearly 6 per cent of our population—are suffering from some form of mental illness and need treatment. Add to this the huge proportion of routine physical ailments and diseases which doctors generally agree are caused by emotional disorders, and the picture is staggering.

There is one psychiatrist per 18,500 persons in this country—about 1,060 mentally ill persons per psychiatrist. That's absurdly inadequate.

How can you put out a forest fire with a handful of men? You can't. The answer is to avoid the fire.

This reasoning led to the inclusion of preventive psychiatry in the health-maintenance experiment set up at Montefiore Hospital a few years ago to see how much extra help, both curative and preventive, a family would need to keep at the peak of its potential health. The experimenters hope to discover eventually how much agony, money and effort could be saved by heading off diseases or curing them in their early stages.

Bailey B. Burritt, Executive Secretary of the Health Maintenance Committee of the Community Service Society of New York, and Dr. Martin Cherkasky, director of Montefiore Hospital, decided at the outset of the project that since most emotional disorders can be traced to early childhood, a complete family health program should include preventive psychiatry. The program now includes child-rearing guidance, social case-work counseling and small doses of psychiatric probing. The purpose is to immunize the family against emotional disorders, much as a physician vaccinates a child against bacterial infection.

A Health-Maintenance Plan at Work

In a building across the street from Montefiore, a group of doctors provides regular medical care for Bronx subscribers to HIP (Health Insurance Plan), a prepaid medical program primarily for New York City employees. In addition, a selected group of 60 HIP families gets all the services of the health-maintenance experiment, over and above HIP benefits, at the Community Service Society's expense. This project, known officially as the Family Health Maintenance Demonstration, eventually will include 150 test families, plus 150 "control" families which do not get the added health services.

Each test family on joining the Montefiore project is studied by a physician, pediatrician, social case worker, public-health nurse, psychologist and

various consultants. After hours of physical examinations, study of the home situation, interviews and discussions, this team confers about the family and tries to diagnose its basic structure, problems and needs for adjustment and treatment (if any). In five or ten years, by comparing these test families with the control families getting general medical care only, Montefiore researchers hope to find out, among other things, exactly how much family mental-health services and preventive psychiatry can help promote over-all well-being.

The techniques of preventive psychiatry are nothing new. But at Montefiore they are applied not just to a troubled individual as is customary, but to his whole family; not when the trouble is critical, but early; not by one therapist, but by a balanced team of specialists which collectively sees the family in true perspective.

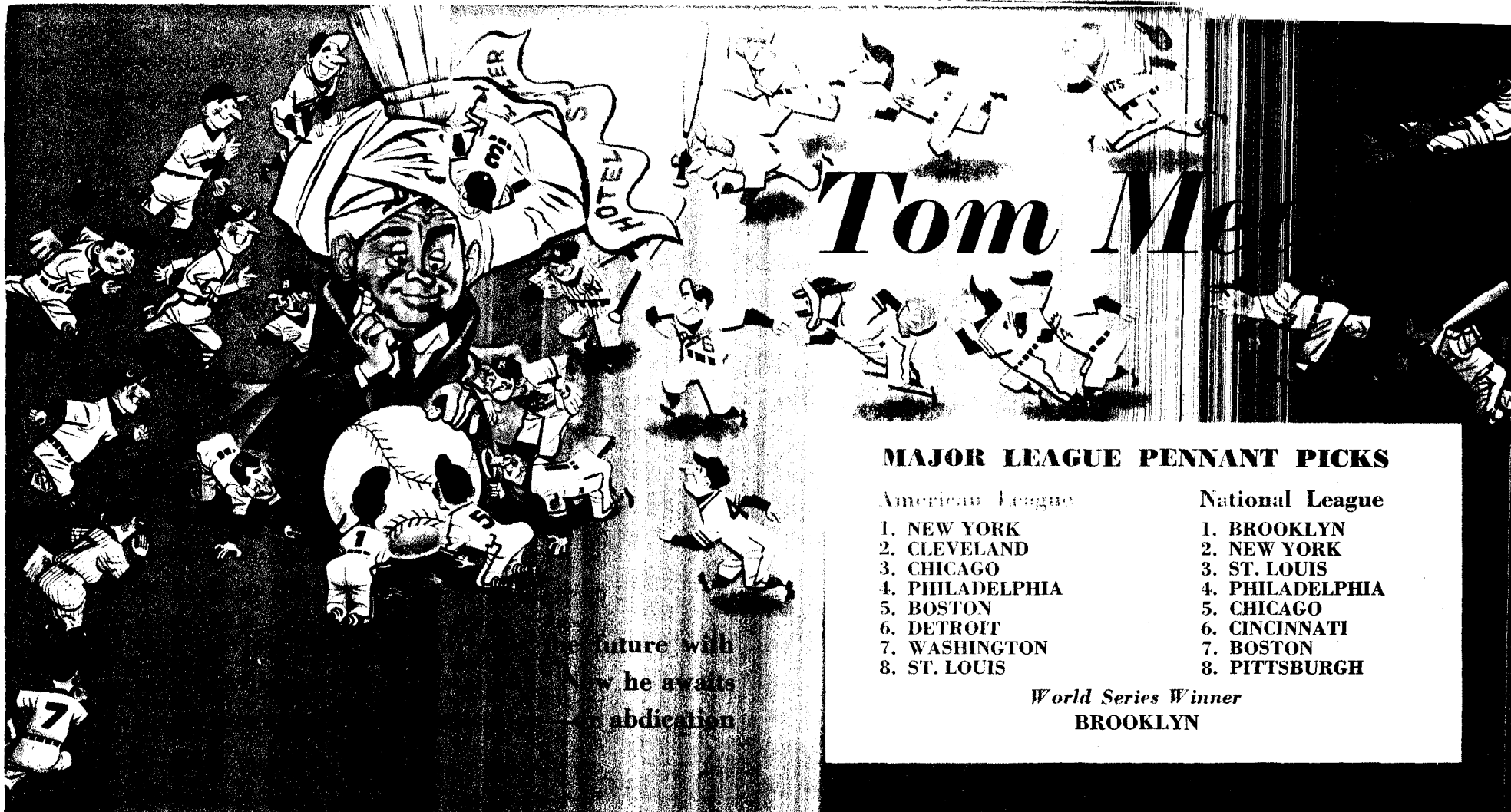
It is in this approach that the family-neurosis theory may help. Dr. Schlossman is convinced that spotting the family neurotic pattern will simplify the over-all job of locating the family's problems and their real causes, and thereby the job of most efficiently trying to ease them.

How many other family neuroses, besides those already detailed, may eventually be discerned no one knows at the moment. You can theorize that family neuroses may be discovered which will be comparable to those which, in the individual, are called hypochondria (worry about one's health), neurasthenia (emotional exhaustion), chronic invalidism and paranoia (delusions of persecution).

But there is no way of knowing yet whether all the neuroses which appear in individuals exist on the family level. In addition, there may be family neuroses for which the name of no individual neurosis is adequate. The whole concept is new.

Many psychiatrists may disagree as violently with the family neurosis theory as doctors did nearly 70 years ago with Freud's first pronouncements on the individual neurosis. Some, inevitably, will regard it merely as a clever gimmick. Those who have viewed it dispassionately, however, agree that it may ultimately make a major contribution to the improvement of mental health. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MAURICE BAUMAN



MAJOR LEAGUE PENNANT PICKS

American League

1. NEW YORK
2. CLEVELAND
3. CHICAGO
4. PHILADELPHIA
5. BOSTON
6. DETROIT
7. WASHINGTON
8. ST. LOUIS

National League

1. BROOKLYN
2. NEW YORK
3. ST. LOUIS
4. PHILADELPHIA
5. CHICAGO
6. CINCINNATI
7. BOSTON
8. PITTSBURGH

World Series Winner
BROOKLYN

LONG-RANGE predictions are about as reliable as a politician's promise. So it is without a guarantee of any sort that Collier's presents its 1953 Baseball Preview. There is, however, the persisting hope that the combination of a crystal ball, slightly cracked, and a seer in the same condition may turn out to be lucky.

Baseball ironed out most of its immediate problems at the winter meetings in Phoenix, practically eliminating by legislation the bonus spree, and reaching an agreement on interleague waiver rules, to stop the yearly flow of Johnny Mizes, Johnny Sains and Ewell Blackwells to the Yankees.

The former waiver rule permitted a player waived out of his own league to be auctioned off to the rival loop—as Blackwell was last year. New York got the Reds' right-hander for a reported \$50,000, amid howls (especially from Hank Greenberg, Cleveland's general manager) that the rich Bombers were buying the pennant. Now, when all teams agree to let a player go out of their league, clubs in the other league will have the opportunity to claim him at the interleague waiver price of \$10,000, the club lowest in the standings getting first whack.

The new bonus restrictions prevent any player

who receives more than \$4,000 in salary and bonus for signing a contract to be moved in any direction for two years, unless he is released unconditionally.

Ballplayers are still going into military service and leaving it, but most of the flow is in the lower leagues. No veterans are expected to be recalled to service, as was the case with Ted Williams and Jerry Coleman last year. The most prominent major-leaguer to go into service since '52 was Dick Groat, the kid who came off the Duke University campus to play a fine game at short for Pittsburgh last summer.

"The draft is still taking lots of players from baseball," explained George Weiss, general manager of the Yanks, "but not many name players. The pinch is being felt in the minors, where the players are younger."

Among the prominent returnees this year will be Weiss's own Eddie Ford, the little southpaw who sparked the Yankees' 1950 pennant drive.

In the shuttle service which is being maintained between the majors and the services, no fewer than 45 big-leaguers, headed by Ford, are returning after serving their hitches, leaving 48 in service.

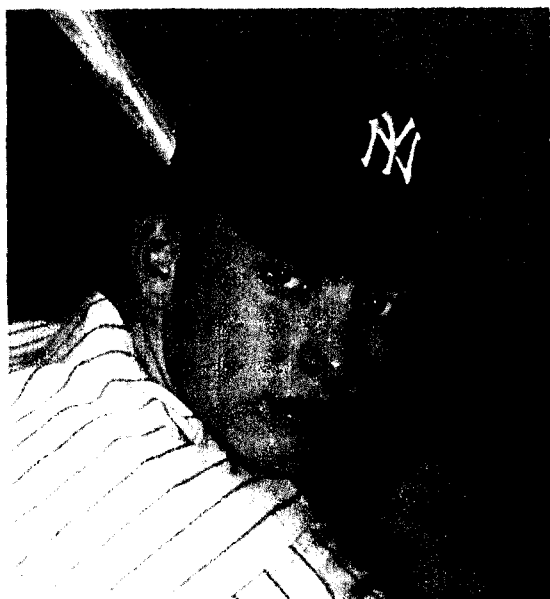
Cleveland is getting back six players, the most

important of whom is Bob Kennedy; he was a regular outfielder before the Marines recalled him last spring. Johnny Antonelli, one of the earliest bonus babies, returns to try his pitching skills with the Braves, as does Del Crandall, a catcher of more than ordinary promise. Still another important returnee is Danny O'Connell, Pirate shortstop, who was voted the most valuable player in the National Baseball Congress tournament at Wichita, Kansas, last summer.

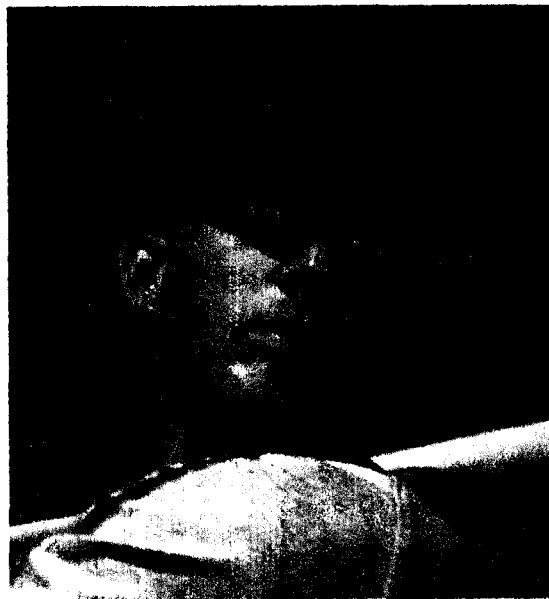
Willie Mays, the sensational center fielder of the Giants, who was called up early last season, has applied for a release on the grounds of hardship, listing an even dozen dependents. Willie didn't list Durocher among his dependents, but it's a cinch Leo thinks the drafting of Mays was a distinct hardship on him. At this writing, Mays's case is still under advisement by the Department of the Army.

The one problem still likely to haunt organized baseball is that of TV, and the matter of sharing sponsors' fees with have-not visiting clubs. No current solution gives promise of permanently relieving this headache.

Television, bonus, waivers, military service.



MICKEY MANTLE—Yanks



STAN MUSIAL—Cards



LARRY DOBY—Indians

1953 Baseball Preview

BATTLE CHAMPIONS

American League National League
MANTLE, Yankees **MUSIAL, Cardinals**
Home Run Kings

DOBY, Indians **KINER, Pirates**

20-GAME WINNERS

BYRD, Athletics **BLACK, Dodgers**
GARCIA, Indians **HACKER, Cubs**
GARVER, Tigers **MAGLIE, Giants**
LEMON, Indians **MIZELL, Cardinals**
SHANTZ, Athletics **ROBERTS, Phillies**
WYNN, Indians **SIMMONS, Phillies**

ALL-STAR TEAMS

American League	National League
ROBINSON, Athletics	1B HODGES, Dodgers
AVILA, Indians	2B ROBINSON, Dodgers
ROSEN, Indians	3B MATHEWS, Braves
CARRASQUEL, White Sox	SS McMILLAN, Reds
MANTLE, Yankees	OF MUSIAL, Cardinals
DOBY, Indians	OF SNIDER, Dodgers
MINOSO, White Sox	OF KINER, Pirates
BERRA, Yankees	C CAMPANELLA, Dodgers

LOWELL HESS

How about some baseball? Sit still and hold your hats. It will be the Yankees and Dodgers in the World Series in 1953, with the pennant races pretty much following the 1952 script. There'll be this important exception, however: Brooklyn will win the World Series for the first time in history.

That appraisal, like all others in this preview, was reached after weeks of interviewing and cross-examining baseball executives, managers, players, scouts and umpires. In almost every case, however, a liberal discount was allowed for personal prejudice. At least four executives assured me positively and unequivocally that their own club couldn't miss winning the pennant in its league.

In the 1952 Preview, Cleveland was picked to win the American League pennant on the theory that the Yankees couldn't make it four straight, particularly without Joe DiMaggio. Only two managers in history ever had won four straight pennants until Casey Stengel turned the trick last September (John McGraw with the Giants of 1921-'22-'23-'24 and Joe McCarthy with the Yankees of 1936-'37-'38-'39). The Yankees having proved that, so far as they are concerned, the law of averages was repealed along with prohibition,

I'll step right up and name Stengel as the first manager in history to win five straight.

Ford's return from the Army gives the Yankees another starter behind Allie Reynolds (20-8), Vic Raschi (16-6) and Eddie Lopat (10-5). Whitey was 9-1 with the Yankees after he joined them in midseason of 1950 and should be able to pick up where he left off.

It is Stengel's preseason plan—subject to change, like all of Casey's machinations—to start his veterans, Reynolds, Raschi and Lopat, once a week. All are thirty-four years old. The Yankee boss expects to take up the slack with Ford and some of the younger pitchers: Jim McDonald (3-4), Tom Gorman (6-2) and Bob Kuzava (8-8). Al Cicotte, a big right-hander, who was with Binghamton and Kansas City last year, also may help. His combined won-lost record, 8-9, was not impressive, but he fanned a total of 148 in 128 innings.

Mickey Mantle, who came along in amazing style last year, should again star in center field. The chief Yankee concerns are at first and third, and about the durability of the thirty-four-year-old Phil Rizzuto at short. The fifth outfielder to back up Mantle, Gene Woodling (.309), Hank Bauer

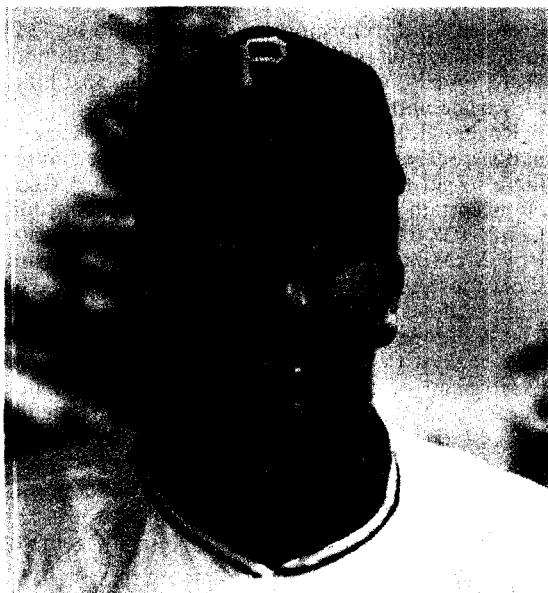
(.293) and Irv Noren (.237) will be picked from Bill Renna, who hit .295 last season at Kansas City, and Dutch Schult, .303 at Binghamton in 1950, his last year before entering service.

Andy Carey, the bonus player from St. Mary's College in California, will get another whack at third, where Gil McDougald's average dropped more than 40 points to .263. Carey looked great in Florida in 1952, but faded when the season opened and was returned to Kansas City, where he batted .282.

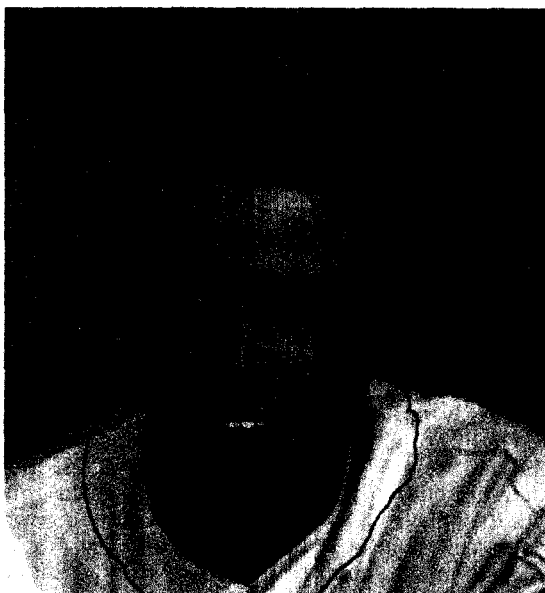
Brooklyn doesn't seem to have as many obstacles barring its pennant path as the Yankees do. Save the perennial one, pitching. If Charley Dressen goes through with his promise to use the sensational Joe Black (15-4) both as a starter and reliever, the Negro ace could win 20. Brooklyn's pitchers, even though they pitched only 45 complete games among them last season, were second only to the Phillies' staff in earned-run averages.

The Dodger hurling corps runs to quantity, with fellows like Preacher Roe, (11-2), Billy Loes (13-8), Carl Erskine (14-6), Clem Labine (8-4), Ben Wade (11-9) and John Rutherford (7-7).

The first break in what President Walter O'Mal-



RALPH KINER—Pirates



NED GARVER—Tigers



ROBIN ROBERTS—Phillies

Collier's for February 28, 1953

Optimism is running high. An A's official predicts the team's first pennant in 21



Daryl Spencer



Harvey Kuenn

ley was fond of referring to as "Brooklyn's solid eight"—meaning his nonpitching regulars—occurred in January, when Andy Pafko was traded to the Boston Braves for cash in excess of \$50,000. The money will fill nicely a gaping hole in the Dodger receipts, and Dressen hopes that the hole in the outfield will be filled by Dick Williams or George (Shotgun) Shuba, the dynamic pinch hitter of '52, or maybe a youngster up from Montreal. In this latter category are Jim Pendelton and possibly Junior Gilliam, who is on the Montreal roster and doubles as an infielder-outfielder.

The trading of Pafko was inevitable. Duke Snider and Gil Hodges are the only Dodger regulars under thirty, and O'Malley, with a wealth of youngsters on his farm clubs, has no intention of allowing the Dodgers to grow decrepit en masse.

Cleveland, which lost the American League pennant by two games last year, again figures to chase the Yankees home. Manager Al Lopez has exceptional pitching with Mike Garcia (22-11), Bob Lemon (22-11) and Early Wynn (23-12). He may get some help from two Negro hurlers: Sam Jones, who had a bad arm last year, and Dave Hoskins (22-10), who pitched 280 innings for Dallas in '52, walked only 70 and allowed only four home runs.

Where the Indians' Weakness Lies

The Indians have the power, all right, with Dale Mitchell (.323), Al Rosen (.302) and Bobby Avila (.300); and the leading American League home-run hitter, Larry Doby (32). At that, Doby hit only one homer more than Luke Easter, his teammate. The Indians, however, are not tight defensively. They made fewer double plays than any team in the American League, 141 against the Yankees' 199.

Behind the Yankees and Indians, the American League promises to present a fine scramble, with any one of five clubs—the White Sox, Athletics, Red Sox, Senators and Tigers—having a shot at third place. Arthur Ehlers, general manager of the A's, already is willing to be quoted on his belief that Philadelphia will have its first American League pennant winner in 22 years. The Athletics have two potential 20-game winners in Bobby Shantz (24-7) and Harry Byrd (15-15); a new power-hitter in Eddie Robinson (.296), garnered in the midwinter trade for Ferris Fain; and a world of enthusiasm. But somehow all this still doesn't seem to add up to third place. The pick here is Paul Richards' White Sox, provided Chico Carrasquel (.248) makes a comeback at shortstop.

Carrasquel, who suffered a broken finger, an increase in poundage and a 16-point decrease in his batting average last summer, has been wowing the winter-league fans in his native Venezuela, just as Minnie Minoso has in Cuba. Minnie's average dipped too in '52, from .326 in '51 to .281.

Frank Lane, general manager of the Sox, is confident that Chico and Minnie are due for rejuvenation and that, with Fain, it all adds up to a faster club.

"We'll have more men on base and get more runs. We think we have a chance for the pennant, and we're going to go all out," Lane declared.

"And I think I got a real steal when I picked up Mike Fornieles from Washington. He could be our fourth starting pitcher."

Fornieles came to Washington from Havana last September and opened up by pitching a one-hitter against the Athletics, winning 5-0. Mike is only twenty and apparently has a full complement of stuff—speed, curve, sinker and, above all, fine control. He pitched effective winter ball in Havana.

Red Sox Can Win in Their Own Park

The A's are doped for fourth, and the Red Sox, who were picked sixth in the 1952 Preview and finished there, are advanced to fifth, mainly on the strength of their ability to win at Fenway Park. Detroit, the flop of 1952, should advance from its first cellar-finish in history to sixth, with Washington, one of last year's surprises, tabbed for seventh. Bucky Harris did an outstanding job with the Senators, but the club is such a low-scoring unit that a prolonged slump is a constant threat.

The strength of the Senators still seems to be in their Yankee alumni: pitchers Bob Porterfield (13-14) and Frank Shea (11-7), and outfielder Jackie Jensen, who hit .280. Outside of Wayne Terwilliger, the ex-Dodger and Cub, who batted .312 at St. Paul, and Leslie Peden, a catcher drafted from Los Angeles (.279), Washington hasn't added much.

Trades, of course, can alter the final standings. Philadelphia could make another deal for Eddie Robinson and try to get by with Tommy Hamilton, up from Savannah (.342) in the Sally League, although it might be too big a jump. General manager Lane says Fain, whom New York would like to land, will stay with Chicago, so the Yankees may try to bag Robinson.

Lou Boudreau isn't kidding himself about the job in front of him in Boston. "We'll have a pennant chance—in 1955," is his public statement, and he may not be even that optimistic in private.

The Tigers expect better pitching from Art Houtteman (8-20), who had a bad year after a personal tragedy, the death of his infant daughter in a preseason automobile accident. Ned Garver, who was great with the Browns in '51 before being traded to Detroit, seems to have recovered from his arm trouble and certainly will improve over his 8-10 record.

The Browns have been abuilding—to a degree, particularly with the acquisition of Bill Hunter (.284), Fort Worth shortstop, who was the Texas League's most valuable player. Hunter, who cost Bill Veeck \$92,000, according to Veeck, should stabilize an improving infield. But there still doesn't seem much hope for the Browns to finish out of the cellar.

Veeck himself violently disagrees with this estimate. "My Indians in 1948 were the last club to stop the Yankees," says Bill, "and my Browns will be the first club to stop them the next time." He didn't say in what year, though.

Brooklyn's bid in the National League will receive spirited opposition from at least three clubs: the Giants, Phils and Cardinals. The Giants' Leo Durocher and Eddie Stanky of the Cards have made identical preseason statements, to wit: "I have the best pitching staff in the league." Their enthusiasm is understandable, but it does seem that the Phils with Robin Roberts (28-7), Curt Simmons (14-8) and Karl Drews (14-15) may have the National's best mound corps. Certainly, it was the best for the last half of 1952, when the Phils, with Steve O'Neill replacing Eddie Sawyer as manager, played the finest ball in the league.

On July 5th, the Phils had won 33 games and lost 39, and were 17 games behind the Dodgers. But they finished up with an 87-67 mark. After July 4th they played at nearly a .667 clip, cutting seven and a half games from the Brooklyn lead.

Splitting out the three Dodger rivals is a difficult assignment, but the preview gives the top nod to the Giants because they'll have Monte Irvin's pow-

erful bat all season, and there's the probable return to form of Larry Jansen, only 11-11 last season, and a stronger bench. Sam Calderone is back from the Army to help Wes Westrum (.221) with the catching, and there are at least three good rookies coming up: Daryl Spencer, who hit .294 and 27 homers with Minneapolis; Rance Pless, .364 at Nashville, and Bill Taylor, who is expected to be released from service in time for spring training. Taylor, a bat-left, throw-right outfielder, hit .346, with 30 homers, at Sioux City in 1950. Spencer is a shortstop and Pless a third baseman. Both bat right-handed.

Eddie Stanky was voted manager of the year for finishing third with the Cardinals last year, though Marty Marion had been bounced for finishing in the same spot with the Redbirds the year before. In all fairness, both did equally good jobs. And Stanky will have more pitching in '53 than he had a year ago. Vinegar Bill Mizell (10-8) could be the league's best southpaw. Gerry Staley (17-14) is a work horse. Stu Miller (6-3) and Harvey Haddix (2-2) are promising rookies who came up at the fag end of the season. In addition, Alpha Brazle (12-5) and Eddie Yuhas (12-2) make up the best one-two relief corps in the league.

The Cards, in addition to the pitching, will get catching help from Dick Rand (.256) who proved a fine receiver at Columbus and then did great work with Havana in the Cuban winter league. They have a good second-base combination in Red Schoendienst (.303) and Solly Hemus (.268), and will have a hard-hitting third sacker in Ray Jablonski, who batted .302 and knocked in 100 runs for Rochester. And there is always Stan Musial (.336) and the seemingly indestructible thirty-seven-year-old Country Slaughter (.300). First base is a problem, since playing Musial there weakens the outfield. Steve Bilko gets another chance at the bag. He hit .322 at Rochester.

Philadelphia comes up with a promising pitcher, right-hander Paul Stuffer, who has fanned more than 1,100 batters during six years in the minors, but who has trouble with his control. The Phils could use another outfielder, and more punch at second and third. Connie Ryan (.241) and Willie Jones (.250) haven't carried their share of the load.

Cubs Should Be in First Division

After finishing eighth in three of the previous four seasons, the Cubs showed signs of an upswing last season. Now they may definitely be regarded as one of the National League clubs which is over the rebuilding hump and on the way back to pennant contention. Hank Sauer's home runs and the pitching of Warren Hacker (15-9), Bob Rush (17-13) and Paul Minner (14-9) stamp the Cubs as a first-division possibility. Dee Fondy, who hit .300 at first base last year, may find himself pressed by Preston Ward, returning serviceman, who hit .253 in a half season with the Cubs in 1950. With both Ward and Fondy on deck, there is the possibility of a trade with the Cardinals.

Rogers Hornsby made some strides with Cincinnati last season, but he doesn't seem to have enough there to get the Reds home any higher than sixth. He is certain to get improved pitching from Eddie Erault (27-6), who was on option at Kansas City. Roy McMillan (.244) is one of the best fielding shortstops in baseball. Ken Raffensberger (17-13) is more dependable than his record indicates, and Ted Kluszewski (.321) seems to have come all the way back at first base.

Hornsby, of course, is hoping that it wasn't all a mirage when Jim Greengrass came up from the Texas League last September and began spraying base hits all over the premises. He batted .309 and hit five home runs in 18 games, including a grand-slammer against the Dodgers. Rog also expects the veteran Willard Marshall (.261) to show some of his old power.

In direct contrast to the Cubs, the Boston Braves are still in the process of rebuilding. There may be

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easons. And Bill Veeck says beware of the Browns. But he doesn't say in what year

pitching help for manager Charley Grimm in Gene Conley (11-4) and Don Liddle (17-4), a pair who ran one-two in strike-outs with Milwaukee in the American Association. Bob Mainzer, an infielder from Wichita Falls (.326) also may help. Grimm can count too on Pafko, and the veteran Sid Gordon (.289) and young Ed Mathews (.242). Gordon and Mathews each hit 25 homers in '52, and, with Pafko, they should give the Braves some punch.

Another Year in Cellar for Pirates?

While the outlook isn't bright for the Braves, they should have no difficulty staying ahead of Pittsburgh. Branch Rickey's youth movement, which eventually will pay off for the Pirates as he made it do in other years for the Cards and Dodgers, is still a long way from getting the club out of the cellar.

The most likely of all the Pirate prospects is hardly a member of the youth movement. He is thirty-six-year-old Johnny Lindell, the ex-Yankee outfielder whose knuckleball gave him a 24-9 record at Hollywood last year. Also coming up is Carlos Bernier (.301), a Hollywood outfielder, who stole 65 bases in the Coast League.

Another member of the Stars who will be reunited with Fred Haney, the new Bucco skipper,

is the onetime \$100,000 bonus baby, Paul Pettit (15-8), who is gradually becoming a pitcher instead of a thrower. Frank Thomas, an outfielder who hit 35 homers and batted .303 for New Orleans, may help more than Bernier. If Ralph Kiner (.244) is traded, the players obtained for him will compensate for the absence of his homers, but not enough to boost the Bucs up.

Elsewhere on these pages you'll find a list of the most highly touted rookies of 1953. It is customary for the preview to select the newcomer in each league most likely to be named the most outstanding, a task at least as hazardous as going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The American League pick this year is Harvey Kuenn, who is a cinch to be the Detroit shortstop—unless he breaks a leg. Kuenn, twice classified 4F by his Milwaukee draft board, played 19 games with the Tigers last year, not enough to disqualify him as a rookie.

The draft board twice turned down Kuenn because of a knee injury sustained playing high-school football. A National League scout didn't hesitate to call Harvey the best-looking infielder he had seen in years. "Dick Groat came right from Duke and played fine ball with the Pirates in our league," said the scout, "and this kid is a better ballplayer than Groat."

Kuenn came into the Tiger organization after completing his junior year at the University of Wisconsin, and received a spanking big bonus. He reported to Davenport in the Three-Eye League and did well (.340) before moving on to Detroit late last season where he batted .325. Big and rangy, Kuenn will remind old-timers—especially Pirate fans—of Glenn Wright at shortstop. His closest American League competition for freshman honors will come from another rookie shortstop, Bill Hunter of the Browns.

The choice for the National League's top rookie would be comparatively simple if you could discover in advance what the Giants are going to do with Daryl Spencer. A big fellow (six feet two, 180 pounds), the twenty-three-year-old Spencer has some of the Giant scouts talking about playing him at shortstop and moving Captain Alvin Dark to second or third, an amazing recommendation considering how well Dark has done at short. Spencer is a great ground-coverer and thrower, and hits the long ball—27 homers at Minneapolis last season. Durocher will simply have to find room for Spencer, possibly at third base.

A "sleeper" not listed on the major-league rosters is Bill Skowron, infielder-outfielder from the Yankees' farm at Kansas City (.341). Skowron finished red-hot in the American Association, and if he keeps going in the spring, he may wind up a Bomber regular. He'll get plenty of attention at the Yankee school at Lake Wales, Florida.

Players not on the roster have a way of popping into major-league line-ups, too. One to be watched is Jim (Junior) Gilliam, whom the Dodgers have at Montreal, where he batted .301. Junior is supposed to be the eventual successor to Jackie Robinson, but he also can play the outfield. The Brooks, by the way, will have six other potential players besides Gilliam who are not on the roster of the parent club. They are pitchers Johnny Podres, Ronnie Lee, Bob Milliken and Glenn Mickens; outfielder Vic Marasco, and catcher Ken Staples.

Two Who Lived Up to Expectations

Turning to established performers, Collier's 1953 Preview bows gratefully to Stan Musial of the Cardinals and Ralph Kiner of the Pirates. Musial stood up for the 1952 Preview by leading the league for the third straight time and the sixth time in his career, while Kiner hit 37 homers to tie with the Cubs' Hank Sauer for the lead in that department and thus set a record of his own. Ralph has led or tied the National League in home runs for every one of his seven seasons. Musial and Kiner are the picks again.

Yogi Berra, chosen last year to become the first catcher in history to be a home-run king, trailed Larry Doby for the honors by two. Now the Cleveland center fielder is picked to lead the American League in homers again and probably to improve on last year's mark of 32. No American Leaguer has led the league in home runs twice in a row since Ted Williams turned the trick in 1941-'42.

George Kell, who was picked to lead the A.L. in batting in 1952, was injured in September and finished third to Ferris Fain, leader for the second successive year.

Peering into the crystal ball, the 1953 Preview comes up with Mickey Mantle of the Yankees, whose speed and power should go a long way toward putting him on top of the league in '53.

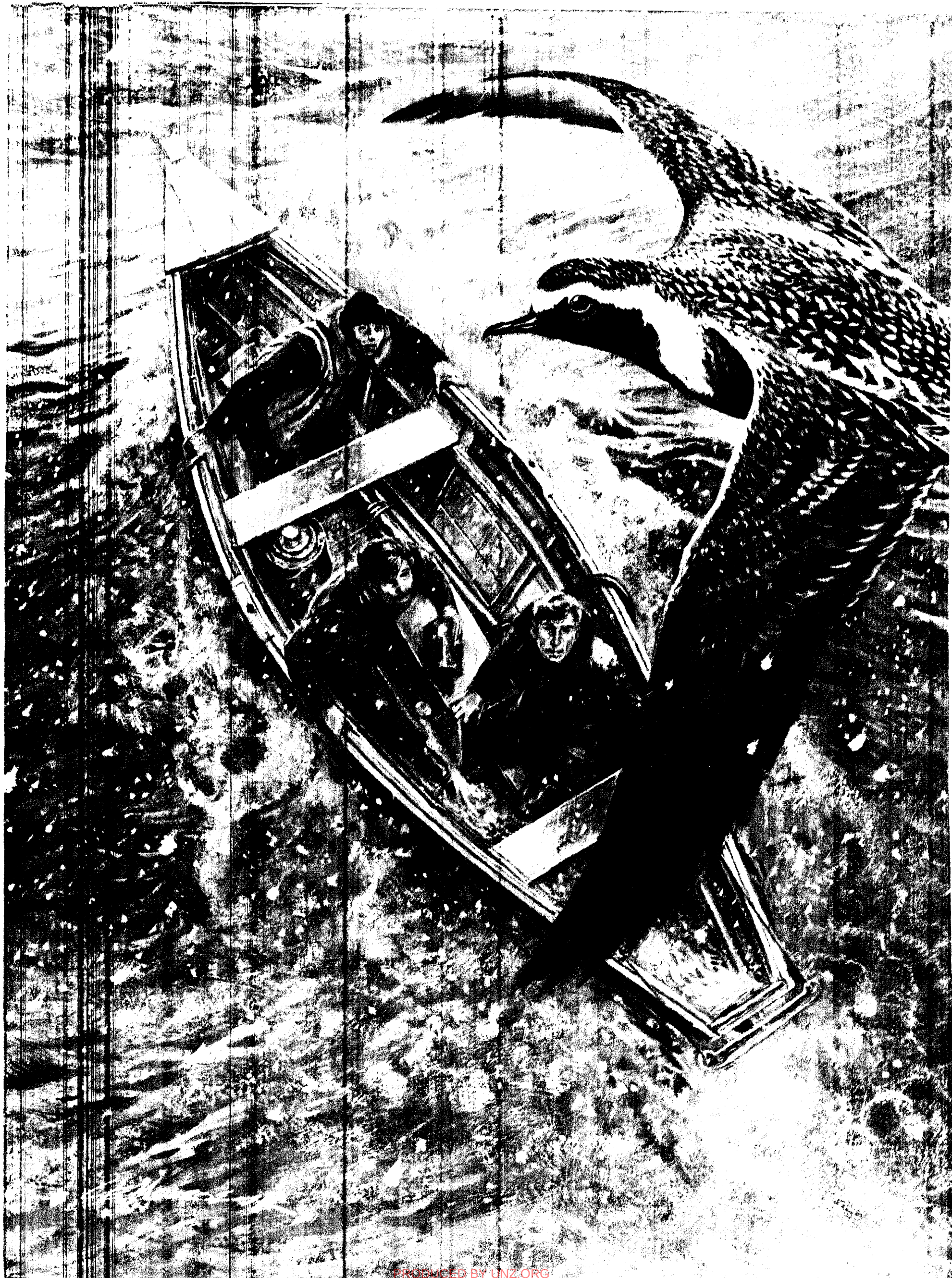
Pitchers who have a 20-game potential in the American League are Bobby Shantz and Harry Byrd of the Athletics; Mike Garcia, Bob Lemon and Early Wynn of the Indians, and Ned Garver of the Tigers. In the National League, it wouldn't take much of a push to put Joe Black of the Dodgers in the 20-game class. Others with good prospects are Sal Maglie of the Giants; Robin Roberts and Curt Simmons of the Phils; Bill Mizell of the Cards, and Warren Hacker of the Cubs.

And now, Officer, all right; I'll go quietly.

1953 ROOKIES TO WATCH

Name, Club	Bat Throw	Ht.	Wt.	Born	Home	1952 Club	
PITCHERS							W-L
*AL CICCOTTE, <i>Yankees</i>	R-R	6'3"	180	1929	Melvindale, Mich.	Kansas City	4-7
*GENE CONLEY, <i>Braves</i>	R-R	6'8"	225	1930	Richland, Wash.	Milwaukee	11-4
*HAL ERICKSON, <i>Tigers</i>	R-R	6'5"	200	1920	Syracuse, N. Y.	Dallas	20-14
*ED ERAUTT, <i>Reds</i>	R-R	6'	185	1924	Portland, Ore.	Kansas City	27-6
*MIKE FORNIELES, <i>White Sox</i>	R-R	5'11"	155	1933	Havana, Cuba	Havana	14-12
*FRICK FRICANO, <i>Athletics</i>	R-R	6'	175	1923	N. Collins, N. Y.	Ottawa	17-8
*ALVA HOLLOMAN, <i>Browns</i>	R-R	6'2"	209	1926	Macon, Ga.	Syracuse	16-7
DAVE HOSKINS, <i>Indians</i>	L-R	6'1"	180	1925	Flint, Mich.	Dallas	22-10
BOB KEEGAN, <i>White Sox</i>	R-R	6'3"	207	1921	Rochester, N. Y.	Syracuse	20-11
*DON LIDDLE, <i>Braves</i>	L-L	5'10"	165	1926	Mt. Carmel, Ill.	Milwaukee	17-4
PAUL STUFFEL, <i>Phillies</i>	R-R	6'	180	1922	Canton, O.	Baltimore	11-10
GEORGE UHAZE, <i>Red Sox</i>	R-R	5'11"	185	1929	Trenton, N. J.	Albany	18-10
CATCHERS							B.A.
*JOHN BUCHA, <i>Tigers</i>	R-R	6'	185	1925	Danielsville, Pa.	Rochester	.284
*LESLIE PEDEN, <i>Senators</i>	R-R	6'2"	220	1926	Phenix City, Ala.	Los Angeles	.279
*J. W. PORTER, <i>Tigers</i>	R-R	6'2"	180	1932	Shawnee, Okla.	Colorado Springs	.340
*DICK RAND, <i>Cardinals</i>	R-R	6'1"	175	1931	San Diego, Cal.	Columbus	.256
AL ROBERTSON, <i>Yankees</i>	R-R	5'9"	185	1928	Peoria, Ill.	Binghamton	.303
CHARLEY THOMPSON, <i>Dodgers</i>	L-R	5'11"	180	1925	Coalport, Pa.	Montreal	.303
FIRST BASEMEN							
BOB BOYD, <i>White Sox</i>	L-L	5'9"	167	1926	Memphis, Tenn.	Sacramento	.320
*FRANK KELLERT, <i>Browns</i>	R-R	6'3"	185	1926	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Oklahoma City	.303
INFIELTERS							
LEON BRINKOPF, <i>Cubs</i>	R-R	6'	165	1927	Cape Girardeau, Mo.	Los Angeles	.238
DON HOAK, <i>Dodgers</i>	R-R	6'1"	170	1928	Roulette, Pa.	Montreal	.293
*BILL HUNTER, <i>Browns</i>	R-R	6'	180	1928	Indiana, Pa.	Ft. Worth	.284
*RAY JABLONSKI, <i>Cardinals</i>	R-R	5'10"	175	1926	Chicago, Ill.	Rochester	.302
*HARVEY KUENN, <i>Tigers</i>	R-R	6'2"	185	1930	Milwaukee, Wis.	Davenport	.340
*BOB MAINZER, <i>Braves</i>	R-R	5'11"	170	1926	Wichita, Kans.	Wichita Falls	.326
*RANCE PLESS, <i>Giants</i>	R-R	5'11"	190	1925	Greenville, Tenn.	Nashville	.364
*DARYL SPENCER, <i>Giants</i>	R-R	6'2"	180	1929	Wichita, Kans.	Minneapolis	.294
DON ZIMMER, <i>Dodgers</i>	R-R	5'9"	165	1931	Cincinnati, O.	Mobile	.310
OUTFIELDERS							
CARLOS BERNIER, <i>Pirates</i>	R-R	5'9"	180	1928	Los Angeles, Cal.	Hollywood	.301
BILL BRUTON, <i>Braves</i>	L-R	6'	169	1929	Wilmington, Del.	Milwaukee	.325
*FRANK CARSWELL, <i>Tigers</i>	R-R	6'	195	1919	Houston, Tex.	Buffalo	.344
MIKE LUTZ, <i>Indians</i>	R-R	6'1"	204	1930	Warren, O.	Reading	.321
*JIM PENDELTON, <i>Dodgers</i>	R-R	6'	175	1926	St. Charles, Mo.	Montreal	.291
*BILL RENNA, <i>Yankees</i>	R-R	6'3"	226	1926	Oakland, Cal.	Kansas City	.295
ELDON REPULSKI, <i>Cardinals</i>	R-R	6'	193	1929	Sank Rapids, Minn.	Rochester	.296
*DUTCH SCHULT, <i>Yankees</i>	R-R	6'3"	210	1928	Scarsdale, N. Y.	Binghamton (1950)	.303
FRANK THOMAS, <i>Pirates</i>	R-R	6'3"	200	1929	Pittsburgh, Pa.	New Orleans	.303
*BILL WILSON, <i>White Sox</i>	R-R	6'2"	200	1928	Long Beach, Cal.	Memphis (1950)	.311
*BILL TAYLOR, <i>Giants</i>	L-R	6'4"	215	1929	Arcadia, Cal.	Stout City (1950)	.346

(*) Good chance of sticking.



FLIGHT OF THE GOLDEN PLOVER

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

The lost bird had found refuge with the men. Now they
had to drive him away. Their lives depended on it

IT HAPPENED suddenly that the golden plover, flying along through the storm with his flock, was lost from them. In the dense cloud and the heavily falling snow, none of the birds had been able to see more than two or three of the others. But they all felt the need to remain together, and they had kept in touch with one another by their whistled calls. In an attempt to escape to a clearer and thinner atmosphere, they dropped down from the cloud layer. Small, tattered scraps of fog were racing along at this low altitude. One of these maverick wraiths overtook the plover. When he came out of its darkness, he found that the flock and their voices had vanished.

The bird's clear, sweet piping became shriller. He flew more erratically as the sense of his solitude overwhelmed him. It was not only companionship that was gone. He was young, with no memories to guide him on the hazardous venture ahead, and like all the flock he had depended upon the shared instinct, the sagacity of the group.

Early that morning, the flock had set out from their breeding grounds beside Bering Strait. The birds were all immature, about two months old, and beginning what probably was the most perilous migration undertaken by any birds. The storm was already threatening when they left, and had soon caught up with them. The urge to go on was strong, but suddenly caution rose in their group consciousness: they would turn east, and when they were over land they would come down and wait out the storm. The single bird, fighting his way through the fragment of mist, had failed to sense what the others were doing and had continued south.

By the time he was passing over the entrance to Norton Sound, the coast was a hundred miles east of him. Everywhere under him was the white boil of breaking waves. If he had been a diving bird, he could have adapted himself to the water's movement. He could swim, but if his plumage were to become waterlogged, he would be trapped on the sea, his wings useless. That

would certainly happen if he tried to take refuge on the tumbling billows.

As he did not find the land he expected, he turned west again, over the Bering Sea. He came down close to the water, seeking a quiet area where he could alight and rest. His legs dropped for a landing from their trailing position beneath his tail, but he was warned away by the scud blowing off the waves. He swung up to a higher altitude. Now, however, the temperature was falling, and the sticky snow's moisture was freezing upon his feathers. Its weight forced him to greater effort. He could not continue much longer without relief.

FOR the first weeks of his life this plover had been a land bird entirely. He had been hatched in a shallow nest on one of the terraces of Wales Mountain, and had at once started exploring the mosses and lichens in search of his insect food. By the time his parents left for the south with the rest of the golden plover adults, the young bird was ready to leave the mountain and spend his days on the sandspit that spread its wide shining beach from the strait up into the Arctic Ocean. There he fed on the snails and pelagic worms that were stranded by tides.

Of all the birds, dozens in kind and thousands in number, then gathering on that coast, the plovers were the most elegant, both in the velvet black and bright gold of their plumage, and in their behavior. Like an egret or a peacock, the young male seemed a bird meant more for a park-like environment than the North's vast, ice-bordered spaces. When he had run on his long black legs to a morsel of food, he would stand with raised head and his body erect, to listen, to wait. Rising into the air with his deep, measured wingbeats, he would fly wildly, circling, dropping, turning near somersaults on the curves. He was driven by a new impulse, irresistible but not yet focused, not yet the clear command that would shortly make him ignore everything else except his need for southbound migration.

The bird waited—and the (Continued on page 50)



The SILLY SEASON

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

The story of a man who laid claim to a cave before he'd captured his woman

IN A WAY I suppose you could blame it on the car. But to be strictly honest, if it had been raining that Saturday afternoon, I wouldn't have left my apartment to go for a walk; I wouldn't have seen the car in the used-car lot; and I wouldn't have bought the car. Without a car I wouldn't have asked Carol to go for a spin on Sunday; we wouldn't have seen the model home, and I wouldn't have proposed to her.

I guess you could blame it on the weather.

Spring, of course, is dangerous. Every year I could see its effect in the office. Hard-boiled executives seemed to lose their grip. Guys would come in on a Monday morning saddled down suddenly with new responsibilities: houses in the country, gardens, dogs, rabbits, chickens, wives and babies.

I was impervious to the stimulation; I had it licked. I won't say I was completely unconscious of spring. I lamented the oyster disappearing from the menu and rejoiced in the appearance of strawberries. Of course there is always a little excitement in the air, but it's no problem to me.

Then came that Saturday—one of those days when you feel you can lick your weight in purchasing agents. I leaned on the window sill of my apartment, breathed deep of the clear air, and decided to take a walk.

Three blocks north and six blocks east I came upon the car in the used-car lot. It was newly painted, and the speedometer registered eleven thousand miles. It was a sporty-looking convertible.

A guy in a sweat shirt and overalls came up to me.

"Just browsing," I told him. "Just passing by."

He seemed to understand. "Sweet little job," he said. "Owned by an old lady. Never drove it over thirty miles an hour. Treated it like a watch."

All cars in used-car lots have previously been owned either by old ladies who never drove faster than thirty miles an hour or else by ministers with the same disinterest in speed. The truth is, there's no point in owning a car in the city where I live. A dilapidated city garage is approximately the price of a permanent suite in the best hotel.

"How much you want for it?" I said. I was just curious, just killing time.

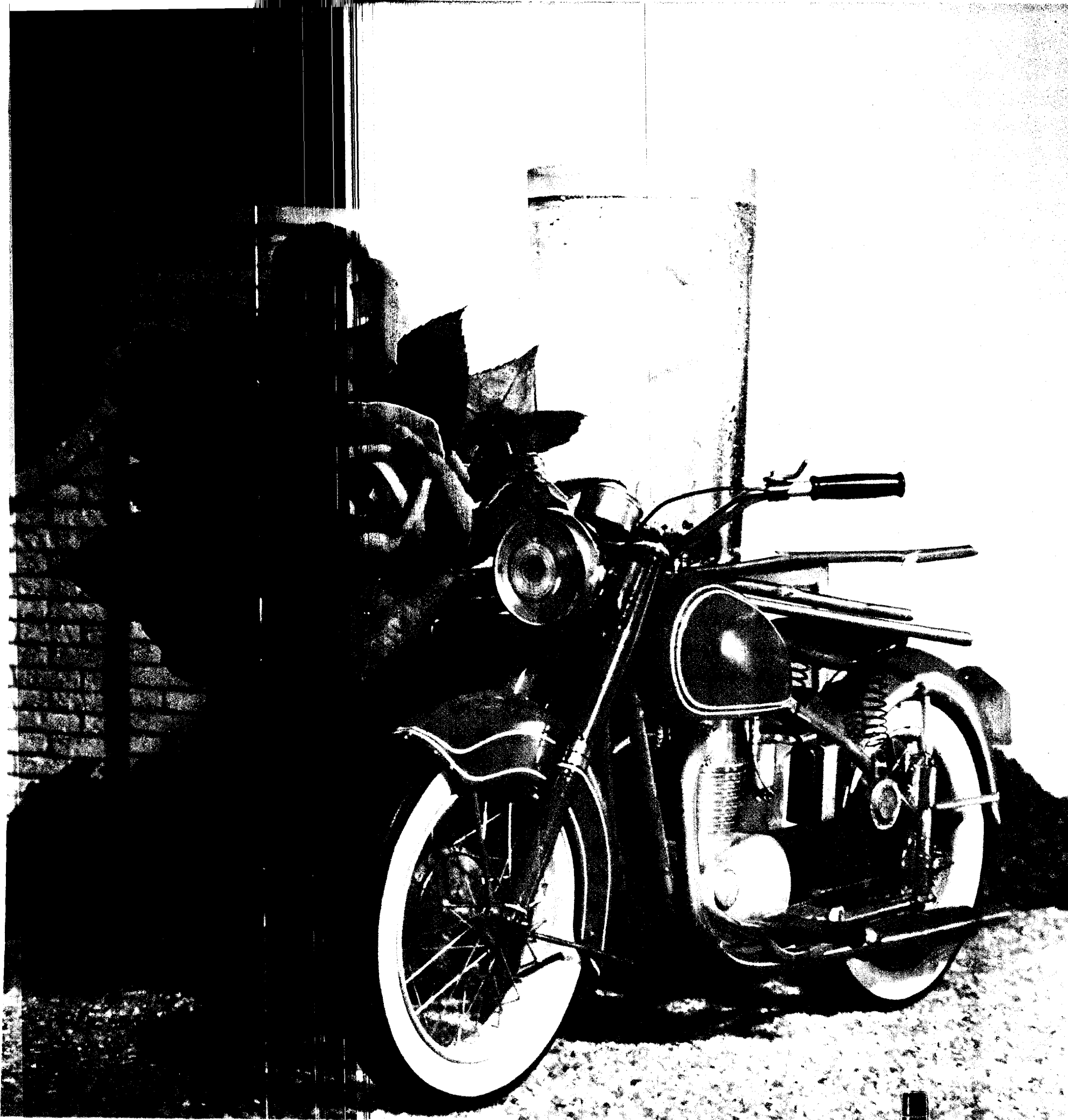
An hour later I was saying to a cop on the other side of town, "I'm sorry, Officer; I just bought the car. I wanted to see if it had any pep."

It was spring—he let me off with a warning, and I drove downtown to a favorite restaurant of mine and then leisurely homeward after dark. I drove around my block four times and finally squeezed into a parking place.

Up in my apartment I came to my senses and realized what I'd done. I figured that everyone is entitled to do something silly in the spring, and it

"In the days before the world was civilized, primitive man went out with a club and socked his woman over the head," I told Carol; and she said, "Get out of my way"

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might have been worse. One of the vice-presidents in my company had bought a horse. It was costing him so much money for food for the horse that he was buying a fifty-thousand-dollar house in the country so he could raise his own food for the horse. He was doing it to save money, he told me—a vice-president!

I wasn't in that deep. All I had was a secondhand car. I could sell it back to the used-car dealer. I'd have had some fun, and spring would have cost me a few hundred bucks, no more. I'd gotten off easy.

THE next morning I rode around by myself for a few minutes. Obviously what the car needed, because it was another beautiful day, was a girl on the front seat beside me. I went over my list and thought of Carol right away. There were one or two others who would look more spectacular, but Carol seemed to be the one that car called for. Gay and exciting, she was a little like spring herself. We went to shows together in the winter, and we went dancing once in a while, and occasionally we had been together at week-end parties in the country. I stopped at a corner drug-store and telephoned her.

She was in bed, but her mother woke her up. "I was out late," she said. "What are you doing up so early?"

"I bought a car yesterday," I said. "Would you like to take a ride? We could have dinner on the road."

Half an hour later, when I pulled up in front of the apartment where she lived with her folks, she was waiting on the sidewalk for me—a small girl, black-haired, wearing a skirt and sweater and saddle shoes, looking just like a kid playing hooky from school. She thought the car was simply beautiful.

"Where do you want to go?" I said. "Somewhere in the country," Carol said. "We'll find a bosky dell. I packed a picnic lunch."

She stowed it on the back seat, and we were off. It turned out to be one of the nicest dates we'd ever had. About four in the afternoon, we thought we were heading for home, but we weren't sure, because we were lost.

"There's a sign up ahead in the shape of an arrow," I said, but all the sign said was *Model Home*.

We kept going, and in the woods we came upon a development of new homes. Spring was at work there, also. Women were out with baby carriages, and guys were working on their lawns. The houses were "ranch-style," small but attractive. "Would you like to live in a place like this?" Carol said.

"Not a chance," I said. "Probably takes better than an hour to get to work. Lawns to cut, screens to put up, no place to go at night. You want to go to a show or a ball game, it's an expedition. Live out here, and you're trapped. I'm going to find out where we are."

The model home was the last house on the block. An old guy smoking a pipe stood out in front. I asked him where we were and got directions on how to get back to the highway. When I turned around, Carol was missing.

"I believe your wife stepped inside," the old guy said.

"She's not my wife," I said.

The old guy laughed. "Bashful?" he said. "Get in there and punch, son. She might say yes on a day like this."

"Hey, Carol," I called, "let's get going," but she didn't hear me, and I stepped inside the house.

The model home was furnished. "Come and look in here," Carol called from a distance.

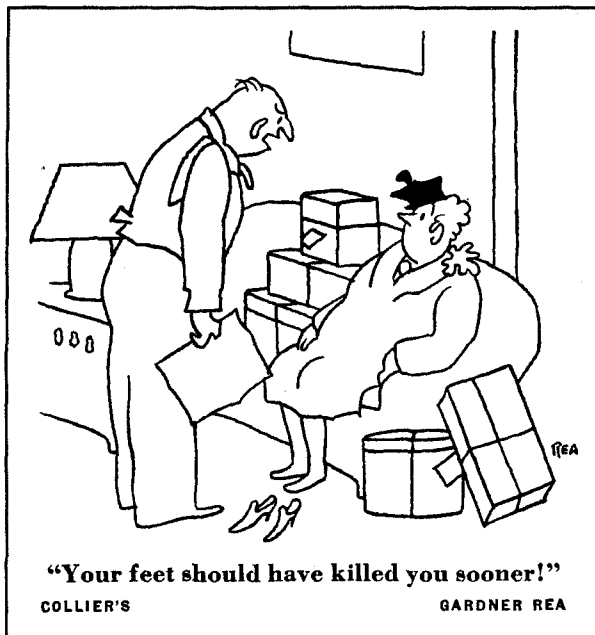
One of the two bedrooms was furnished as a nursery.

"Isn't this the cutest baby's room you ever saw?" Carol said.

"I wouldn't know," I said, "I'm not a baby. That living room is pretty nice, though. Has a television set built right into the wall."

I went back for another look. I could see myself sitting in the chair by the fireplace. Suddenly, like a vision, I could see Carol in the doorway, wearing an apron and telling me that supper was ready.

And then Carol appeared. She didn't have the apron, but I got chills just looking at her. In a sort of stupor I followed her out to the kitchen. Carol went into ecstasies over the blue-and-



yellow color scheme. There was a breakfast nook in one corner, and I could see myself sitting there in the morning, Carol pouring me a last cup of coffee before I hurried off to catch the train.

"You selling this house furnished?" I said to the old guy, who had come inside. I was just making conversation. "Either way," he said. "Eighteen thousand unfurnished, or twenty-four thousand as she stands. You could move right in."

"I was just asking," I said hastily.

"You know what I think?" the old guy said. "I think you kids ought to have this house."

Carol blushed. "We ought to leave before dark, Harry," she said, "unless we want to get lost again."

I COULDN'T get out until I gave the agent my name and phone number. It was a little embarrassing driving home. I was overcome by a strange new emotion which left me speechless, and Carol was silent too, curled up on the seat like a kitten.

I always kiss her good night; it's automatic. But this time I felt strange, and I hesitated. "It was a lovely day," Carol said, and before I could recover she got out of the car and ran up the steps.

A little of the magic went out of the air when Carol left. Then I got a snide sort of thought. Carol was a wonderful girl and all that, but with a girl, the object is matrimony. Maybe I'd been lost in the woods when we came upon that development, I thought, but maybe

Carol knew where she was all the time.

It was important to consider that, but all I could think of was how Carol looked in that house. I began to understand why our vice-president had bought a horse and why somebody else was raising chickens. In the spring a man really isn't responsible.

But coincidence can go just so far. It was Carol who had suggested that we drive out into the country and take a picnic lunch. Maybe she'd led me to the model home on purpose. It figured.

I brooded about it. Tuesday morning, at the office, I got a call from the old guy who had shown us the house and taken my number. "Don't want to push you," he said, "but I have another couple very much interested in that house. Been back to look three times."

"I'm not interested in the house," I told him.

"Well," he said, "I just wanted to let you know. The way you seemed to be at home in the house, I was curious how you'd feel about someone else sitting in that big chair in the living room."

The way I felt, I'd kill anyone else who sat in that chair. Suddenly I got an angle. "I'll be out Saturday," I said.

What I planned to do was to take another girl out to the house. I'd take Elaine. She was a blonde and Carol was a brunette. Elaine wasn't a spring-type girl exactly—more like summer, sultry. What I figured on doing was showing Elaine through the house on Saturday. If I got all steamed up about living in the house with Elaine, then I'd know it was just spring magic in my veins.

I picked up Elaine on Saturday morning, and I was very cagey. I drove out in the country and pretended to get lost. Finally I came upon the development and the model home.

"You want to go through this house just for laughs, Elaine?" I said. "My boss at the office is looking for a house."

Elaine said she didn't mind if she did and looked at me archly. I hoped I wasn't going to get involved with every girl I knew, before spring was over. We went up the walk, and the old guy came out and did a double-take when he saw Elaine. I was standing behind her, and I held my finger over my lips. He was smart enough to pretend he'd never seen me before.

Elaine went on inside. I lingered a minute. "What you trying to do, find a girl to fit the house?" the agent said.

"Just making a test," I said, and went on inside.

"Gee, isn't it cute," Elaine said, with a melting look. "Your boss will love it."

The difference was amazing. I could hardly wait to get her out of there. I was in love with Carol. Whether spring was responsible I neither knew nor cared.

Elaine went into the kitchen, and I lunged for the agent. "I'll buy it furnished," I said. "It's a deal. Lock the door; don't let anyone else inside."

He was curious. "Which girl?" "What do you care?" I said. "The other girl, if you have to know."

"I just wanted to make sure it wasn't both," he said. "This is a respectable neighborhood."

"I'll be here at nine tomorrow morning," I said, "and we'll sign the papers."

The next morning I went out to the development with my checkbook and made a down payment on the house.

On Monday morning I arranged for a mortgage. Broke but happy, I telephoned Carol.

"I want to see you tonight," I said. "I'll be over about eight o'clock—"

"I'm afraid I'm busy," she said. "You're going to be busier than you know, honey," I said. "This takes priority. Eight sharp."

I was there on the dot, hammering on the door. Carol came out and closed the door behind her. "Harry," she said, "I have company."

"Honey," I said, "I have tremendous news. I want to marry you, and you'll never guess what I'm going to give you for a wedding present. I'm—"

"Save your money," Carol said. "I'm going to give you—" I stopped and stared at her, feeling panicky. "What did you say?"

"I said save your money," Carol said. "There's a man waiting for me inside."

"Carol, I'm in love with you, I'm in love with you," I babbled.

"Interesting, if true, which I doubt," Carol said. "I am not in love with you, however. Good night." She stepped back inside and slammed the door leaving me there in a state of severe shock.

AFTER a while I staggered out into the spring-night air. In my excitement over proposing to Carol, I hadn't noticed that fire plug. I had a ticket on my car. It might be spring for most people; for me it was the dead of winter.

I drove back to my apartment building. The landlord was at the downstairs desk. "Got good news for you," he said. "You wanted to sublet your apartment? It's done."

I made my way upstairs and called the real-estate agent. "About the house," I said. "I changed my mind. I don't want it."

"Well, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid it's a little late. Of course if you want to sell it, I'll be glad to show it for you for the customary commission." "Mister," I said, "my girl backed out. She won't marry me."

"Well," he said, "how about the other girl? How about the blonde? Have you tried her?"

A wise guy. I hung up on him. I sat there thinking how carefree I had been just a couple of weeks ago.

It was raining cats and dogs the day I moved. There were a few flagstones between the driveway and the front door. They slid out from under my feet when I stepped on them. I floundered through the mud and unlocked the door and moved into my house.

I hung my clothes in the closet and put Carol's picture on the bureau; then I made myself a highball for a housewarming and toured my domain. I went into the nursery and sipped my drink and looked at the pink elephant painted on the crib. There was going to be hell to pay if any of the office gang got a look at that nursery. The rain streamed down, and my feelings got lower along with the level of my drink. Spring had betrayed me.

The rain let up and the doorbell rang. A little girl stood on the threshold. "I brought you some flowers," she said, handing me a dripping, muddy bunch of violets.

"Thanks," I said.

She looked at me expectantly. "You got any little girls I could play with?" she said. I shook my head. She was persistent. "Any little boys?"

"No little boys, either," I said. I started to close the door. "Any cookies?" she said.

All I could do was mix her a highball, and her parents would probably

object. I shut the door in her face. I'd lived in the development maybe twenty minutes, and already I was the neighborhood Scrooge.

I wandered around the house trying out the chairs one by one, peering into closets like a ghoul. At midnight I crawled into the double bed and set the alarm for the crack of dawn. In the city I could get up at eight twenty and be in the office on the stroke of nine. Out here I had to catch the seven fifty-three train, and there was nothing in the house for breakfast.

In the morning I parked my car in the lot across from the station. I watched the other men from my development arriving, being chauffeured by their wives. That night, their wives were there to meet them. I trekked into the village and had dinner in solitary splendor on a drugstore stool.

I did this all week. I learned to know the faces of my neighbors. I could see them watching me, speculating on what kind of a screwball I was, living by myself in a family development.

There was only one thing to do, and on Saturday I did it. I swiped a couple of scraps of lumber from the development company. I nailed them together and lettered on the crosspiece, *MODEL HOME FOR SALE*. I went outside and poked the stick in the ground, then went back and waited for action.

I got it fast. There was a bang at the door, and the old guy was there, blowing his top. "You can't do this," he screamed. "We've just opened another model home around the corner."

"This was a model home a week ago, wasn't it?" I said. "Then it still is. I can sell it if I want. You worry about your model home; I'll worry about mine."

"I've got signs all over the place advertising my model home," he shouted. "There's only one road in here. Everybody will come to your place. I'll get a court order; I'll go see my lawyer."

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "I think I have a prospect."

A MAN and a girl were coming up the walk. "How do you do?" I said. "Come right in."

The old guy turned purple. I felt sorry for him, but I had no alternative. As I shut the door I saw him wrench my sign out of the ground and carry it off.

Meanwhile, the man and girl were walking through my house, muttering to each other, afraid to act enthusiastic. I didn't care for their looks.

Finally the man came over to me. "How much?" he said.

"It's twenty-four thousand," I told him.

He looked at his wife who apparently gave him signals. "Give you twenty-two five," he said.

Maybe they were nice people—I didn't know. But when I looked at the woman calculating the value of everything to the last penny, I could only think of Carol. I refused to bargain; the couple went into a huddle and finally agreed to the price.

I couldn't help myself. "Have you seen the other model home?" I said. "There's another one just down the road. Maybe you'd like to look at that one before you make a decision."

They fell over themselves getting out the door, but ten minutes later they were back. I

didn't let them in; I went outside. And then, staring at them, I suddenly made up my mind.

"I guess we like this one better," the man said.

I couldn't wait to get rid of them. "It's been sold," I said.

He sputtered. "You mean in the ten minutes we've been gone?" he said. "That's impossible!"

"Take a look out front," I said. "The For Sale sign's been taken down."

"You birds sure work fast," he said.

I brushed past them and hurried out to my car. An hour later I jumped out of my car in front of Carol's apartment, went upstairs, and rang her bell.

Her mother looked out the peephole. "I don't think Carol will see you," she said through the opening.

"I'm a desperate man," I said. "I'm liable to break down the door."

Her mother let me in. Carol was sprinting for her bedroom. I beat her to it and got a headlock on her.

"You gotta come with me," I said. "Don't call the police," I said to her mother; "she isn't in any danger."

"You bet I'm not," Carol said between her teeth. "But, brother, don't think you're not," and she drove an elbow into my stomach.

"Carol," I gasped, "one hour is all I ask. I'll never darken your door again if you'll give me one hour now. I'm entitled to one hour."

Carol checked her watch. "Sixty minutes," she said, and preceded me out the door. We rode downstairs in silence. In my car she looked out the window, never said a word all the way to the

country, until I parked in my driveway. "Buster," she said, "you've got thirty seconds left."

"Come and look at the house," I said. "I've seen it," she said. She folded her arms. "I won't get out of the car."

She wouldn't budge. I ran around and opened the door on her side and tried to pull her out. She yanked my hat down over my eyes and punched me in the stomach. I got my arms around her middle and yanked, and she came out like a cork out of a champagne bottle. All the way up the walk she kicked my knees. I braced her against the door with one arm and shoulder, unlocked the door with my free hand, and pushed her inside, while the neighbors forgot their chores to stare at us.

INSIDE, I slammed the door and stood with my back to it. "It's spring," I said, panting, "and in the days before the world was civilized, primitive man went out with a club and socked his woman over the head and dragged her by the hair to his cave. We do it differently today; we lure them with convertibles. But I can use the club method if you prefer."

"Get out of my way," Carol said.

"This is my cave," I shouted, "and you're my mate!"

I stood braced against the door, expecting her to make a break for freedom. Instead she took out her compact and went to work on her face. She looked at me intently. "Where's that baby-faced blonde?" she said suddenly.

She didn't sound like the sweet innocent Carol I'd always known. She had a predatory look. "Where is she?" she said. "I saw you bringing her in here."

"You saw her?" I said weakly. "She was just a girl I—"

"Don't lie to me," Carol said. "You and I had had a wonderful day, and it was just between the two of us, something we shared, I thought. The next Saturday I had my parents drive me out to see the house. We got here just in time to see you escorting that blonde inside. Now let me out of here."

I blocked the door and caught her by the shoulders. "It didn't mean a thing," I pleaded. "I just did it for purposes of comparison. I bought the house. I wanted to give it to you for a wedding present."

"Maybe you thought I'd make a better drudge," she said.

"I love you," I said, making a last attempt to keep her there. "We'll live in a hotel. I'll scrub the floors—Carol!"

Her arms were around my neck, and for just a moment I thought she was trying to strangle me. "Oh, Harry," she said, her lips against my ear, "I'm so happy I could cry."

I had just enough strength left to kiss her. "Come and see your picture on the bureau," I said, and just then the doorbell rang. I opened up, and the little girl was there with more violets.

"Thanks, little girl," I said feverishly. "Please go away now; we're busy."

"You don't have a little girl I can play with?" she said.

"No little girls," I said.

"Not even a baby?" she said forlornly.

I gave her a quarter. "Honey," I said, "come back next spring. You can be the sitter." ▲▲▲

Next Week



THE ALL-AMERICA IN COLLEGE BASKETBALL

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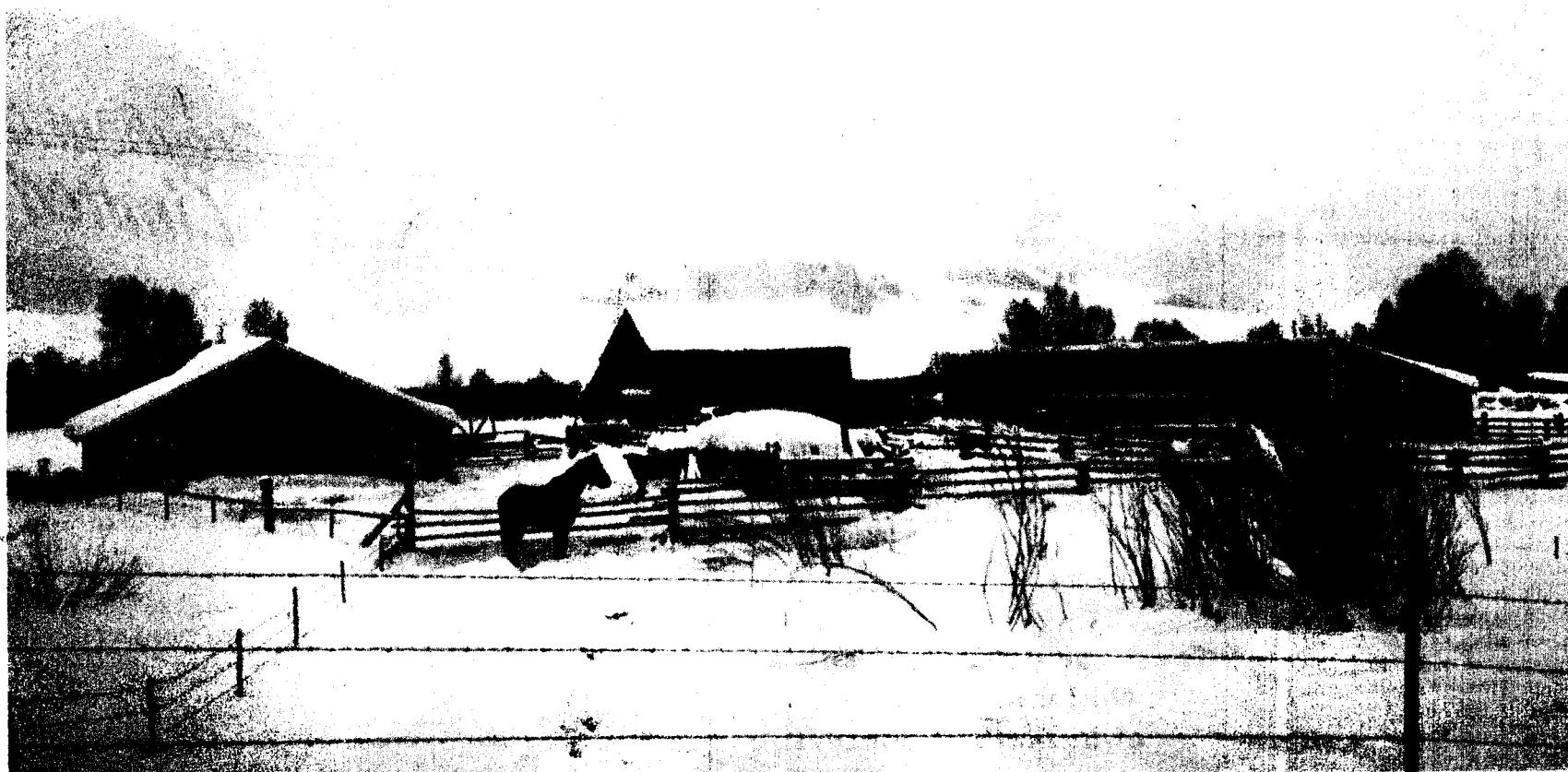
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Hiding faces from the wind-driven snow, mother and children of a Middle Park Valley family plod homeward after stocking up at nearby grocery



Stark forms of fences, animals and farm buildings are silhouetted against a pallid world, in which land and sky are almost indistinguishable
Collier's for February 28, 1953



A smashed plow lies in waist-deep snow after plunging off road and down a steep slope. Men worked for days to get it out with steel cables

SNOWBOUND

In Colorado's Middle Park Valley, snow is fury and air is like ice in the lungs. If you doubt it, ask the folks who live there

WINTER arrives early and lingers late in the rich Middle Park Valley of northern Colorado. The valley lies only 60 miles northwest of Denver, but when the snows come it is a faraway and lonely land. Dark, enormous mountains encircle it on all sides. The sun is half an hour old before it clears the mountains to the east, and it sets half an hour before its time, 30 miles west across the valley.

Weather is a tyrant for the people of this land. They live by its implacable code. They have seen snow fall in July and, in the iron-hard earth of November, they have often used dynamite to make a burial place for their dead. In winter months, the temperature sometimes drops to 40 or 50 below zero along the 70-mile length of Middle Park. Great storms sweep over the soaring peaks of the Rockies, spending their snow-filled fury at the eastern end of the valley. The snow lies heavy and deep upon the land nine months out of the year—"three ponies deep," the Indians used to say.

When there are blizzards, the ranches and small towns such as Granby, with its 600 population, hole up tight. Streets are almost deserted. People stay home for days at a time, looking out upon a white desolation which makes earth indistinguishable from sky. But there are always bits and snatches of activity; for certain tasks must be done, in a land where the outdoors is a way of life.

Railroad men work around the clock to keep the line open, bucking their heads against the vicious wind, and clearing switches which are covered again in minutes. Highway maintenance crews push laboriously through drifts taller than their huge snowplows. Sometimes they are overpowered, and other machines must come to haul them out by steel cable. Families bundle up and fight their way through the storm into town, to stock supplies against the possibility of being completely snowbound. The rancher uses pickaxes to chop his hay from the fast-frozen stacks. Then he hitches up his team to a steel-runnered sleigh



Rancher Bud Linke warms his face gingerly to prevent frostbite. If he tried rubbing it, frozen ice crystals would lacerate his skin

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROLAND PATTERSON



In storm season, horses with ice frozen to their hides drift down to lower pastures, seeking the summer grass which lies buried under snow



With roads blocked, lawyer-rancher John Barnard walks 3 miles into town on snowshoes



In an icy mist, men of the Rio Grande railroad work around the clock to keep switches clear

and starts a long trek across the valley to feed the stock. For him, the thin strands of barbed wire connecting each knotted fence post make a surer compass than a beacon or a street sign. They are among the few landmarks to show man his way when the snow lies on Middle Park Valley.

After the storm comes the thin air, so cold that white crystals grow from a horse's muzzle. Breathing through the mouth can cause frozen lungs, and when warm hands touch chilled steel the skin burns. In times of such cold, the ranchers gather around hot stoves in great, warm kitchens, listening to the wind and slapping their thighs and guffawing over the tall tales which are part of their heritage. "I stood my broom on the porch under the thermometer," one says, "and by morning the mercury was halfway down the handle." And another says: "Cold? It was that bad three snow men had to ask Ma permission to sit by the fire."

At last, there is the feeble candle of a sun rising over an alabaster land. Then, in a few hours, clothes begin to thaw on the lines; animals shake the chunks of ice from their hides; the children start rocketing on skis down the precipitous slopes they call little hills; and, by afternoon, a single jacket or sweater is enough under the sun.

"Feels like spring coming," a visitor says. The ranchers smile. They know their land, and the treachery of its seasons. They know how the thermometer, here, can behave like a crazy thing, swooping from the high eighties to the low twenties in a single day's time. "Well, maybe spring will get here," says one old-timer, "and maybe it won't. Me, I'll do like we always do in the valley—just wait and see." ▲▲▲



Bud Linke and father try to free pitchfork frozen into stack before chopping away hay

Collier's for February 28, 1953

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We're taking care of everything at home, she read, and thought: They've gone away from me

ANDREW VIRGIL

The Whale in M-3

By ELOISE BARRANGON

MARINA opened her eyes and saw dawn-light again bordering the edge of the shade on the hospital window. She had slept, then, and somehow she had got through another night.

"The human species survives because it has such amazing powers of adjustment," she recited from a dimly remembered biology course. "Adjust, darn you," she said to herself. That was all very well, but nobody would tell her anything.

She reached out to the drawer of the night stand and took from its hiding place the snapshot of Budge. It was too dark to see it well, but Marina knew it by heart: Budge wearing a pinafore and riding a tricycle with her rebellious braids askew on her shoulders. Budge was grinning, and it showed where a tooth was gone, and her nose was wrinkled in a squint. Marina put the picture on the pillow beside her cheek.

"I'm sorry, Budge," she murmured. "I tried to get you the baby brother you wanted, but he couldn't quite make it." She shut her mind tight against memories of the night of hemorrhaging, of the hope that dwindled.

"Of course, you can have another baby," they told her. "Just get well now and build up your strength." But what could she believe? They were treating her like a cellophane angel. "Everything is lovely," they said. "Just rest comfortably, don't worry about a thing."

She heard the nurse coming with the thermometer and the breakfast tray, so she quickly put away the snapshot of Budge. A posed studio portrait would appeal to Miss Talbot, with her white-starch standards, but hardly this little, quickly caught likeness that was so dazzlingly alive.

Miss Talbot raised the shades and lowered the windows. "Good morning," she said, with warbling cheeriness. "And how are we?"

Marina submitted to the hocus-pocus of temperature and pulse-taking. Her bed was cranked into an eating position, and she fussed with the food on her tray. She tried to take as long as she

could—anything to ward off the time when she would have finished with the morning routines and be left alone with her thoughts. Already she could feel the sense of futility and loss that came each day to waste her strength.

"And what would we like for lunch?" asked Miss Talbot, holding out the menu to be checked. "How about a nice lamb chop?"

"You mark it, Miss Talbot," said Marina. "Anything you think best."

"But, Mrs. Graham, we ought to make an effort. Doctor said if we felt up to it we could take a little walk. We've dangled, we've sat in a chair, and today we can take a walk."

"No, I don't think so," said Marina. "Not today. Maybe tomorrow." Miss Talbot took away the breakfast tray and helped Marina into a chair. Marina sagged, drained of energy, waiting for the pitiless black brooding to engulf her.

"Stop this," she told herself. "Where's your buoyance? Be forward-looking. Accentuate the positive." She had never been one to indulge in self-pity, and she had no name for the evil quagmire in which she floundered.

"Adjust, adjust, adjust, adjust," she chanted, to discipline her mind. She made a verse of it: "Adjust to the facts of things as they are; adjust to the earth and not to a star."

Miss Talbot came back with a gust of good humor. "Here's something we're going to like," she said, holding out a letter. "I'll just bet it's from that handsome husband of ours."

Marina took the stiff, fat envelope and turned it over. Not Jim's handwriting, of course. He came to the hospital every day; no need for him to write. No, this was Harriet Dean's writing, and that meant it was a letter from Budge. Jim had said Miss Dean seemed a reliable young woman, with good references and a pleasant but firm way with Budge. Marina held the letter for a moment unopened, like a wrapped-up present.

Strange, how little comfort it was to see Jim when he came to visit. Perhaps if he came alone

instead of with Enid . . . Of course, Enid was a close friend, and she had been wonderful about taking Jim under her wing. But Marina would have liked to be alone with Jim more often, to cry a little, perhaps, and hold his hand and just be quiet and close. It almost seemed as if Enid and Jim were in a club together—a club of people who were up and around—and Marina was not a member. And they kept telling her how fine everything was, perfectly lovely, don't worry about a thing.

SUPPOSING I asked right out loud, Marina thought. Supposing I said, "How much is a private room in this antiseptic chanel house costing us? Will we have to give up Budge's dancing class? Will we have to sell the car? Can we keep up the mortgage payments? I want to know now—not when I'm stronger." And supposing she looked Jim right in the eye and said, "Tell me the truth, no hedging. Can I really have another baby?" But, of course, they wouldn't tell her.

She pried open the envelope and drew out the letter from Budge.

Dear Mother, she read in Harriet Dean's precise handwriting. I am going to tell Deanie what to say, and she will write it for me because she can write faster than I can. I wish you could see how neat my hair looks when Deanie braids my pig-tails. It is very nice to go sledding now, and I have been twice. Aunt Enid comes nearly every day and brings me presents, and I stay up and have supper with Daddy. Please don't worry about anything at home, because we are taking care of everything. I am making a picture of a whale spouting, and I will put it in the envelope. Your loving daughter, Budge.

Marina let the letter slip from her fingers and shut her eyes, desolate. They've gone away from me already, she thought. They're closing the gap. She saw Budge at eighteen, introducing a fine young man to Enid. Later she would explain to him, "Enid's not really my mother. My own mother died years ago when I was little. I scarcely remember her." And Budge's face would be shadowed, but only for a moment.

Marina tried to summon back Budge as a little girl. The image grew hazy and eluded her.

Anyway, thought Marina, she made a whale for me. She began groping for it, a folded piece of drawing paper, bright with orange crayoning. She unfolded the stiff paper and yearned over the whale, a chubby leviathan with a purple eye and green spoutings. It seemed to have a name in one corner. *Se over. Sea Rover, perhaps? Or—* Marina turned the picture over, and there was a postscript to her letter.

This is a pak of lies, it said in Budge's labored printing. She doesnt no beans fixng my pigtals. She pulls. I cant have my baby bruther til nex year. Daddy is a Grumpy all the time. If you dont come home soon Im gong to run away and be where you are. With love from Budge.

Marina cuddled the note in her hand and ran her finger over the child's letter-forms as if testing some exquisite engraving. When she had savored each phrase, she pressed the call button. There was strength in her summons. The nurse appeared; Marina was sitting up very straight.

"Miss Talbot, what's my hemoglobin count?" she asked.

"Why, it's—it's about fifty-five, but I'm not supposed—"

"What should it be?"

"Eighty or over."

"Now, about lunch." She picked up a pencil.

"Yes, Mrs. Graham."

"I'll have vegetable soup, two lamb chops, a baked potato, squash, aspic salad, eggnog, ice cream and milk."

"Yes, Mrs. Graham."

"And before lunch, I'm going to take a walk. To the end of the corridor and back."

"Well, Mrs. Graham!" Miss Talbot exclaimed.

"Has something stirred us up?"

"I've had good news from home," Marina said. "My little girl— By the way, did I ever show you her snapshot?"

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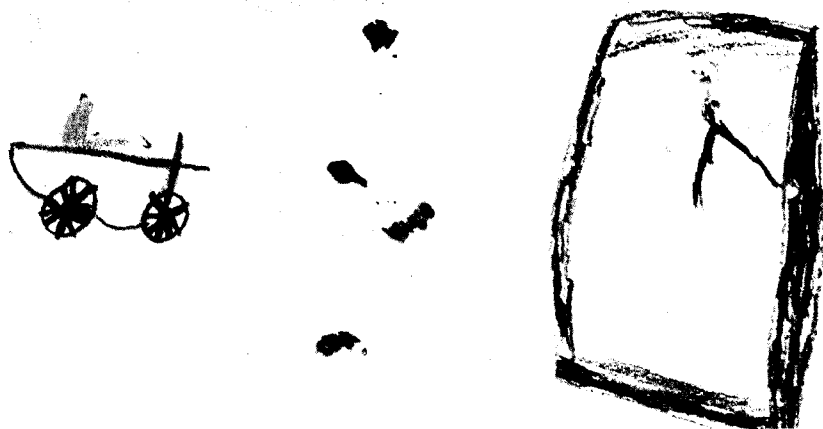
Outstanding...and they are mild!



"I think God is a woman," said six-year-old Christine. "She is the mother of the world. She stays on top of the world. She is watching everybody, and She has a dog to keep Her company. Maybe God becomes a man when there is war. Then He is strong and He can help to win"

"God Is Between the

Sometimes a child's thoughts are too big for his vocabulary. But in



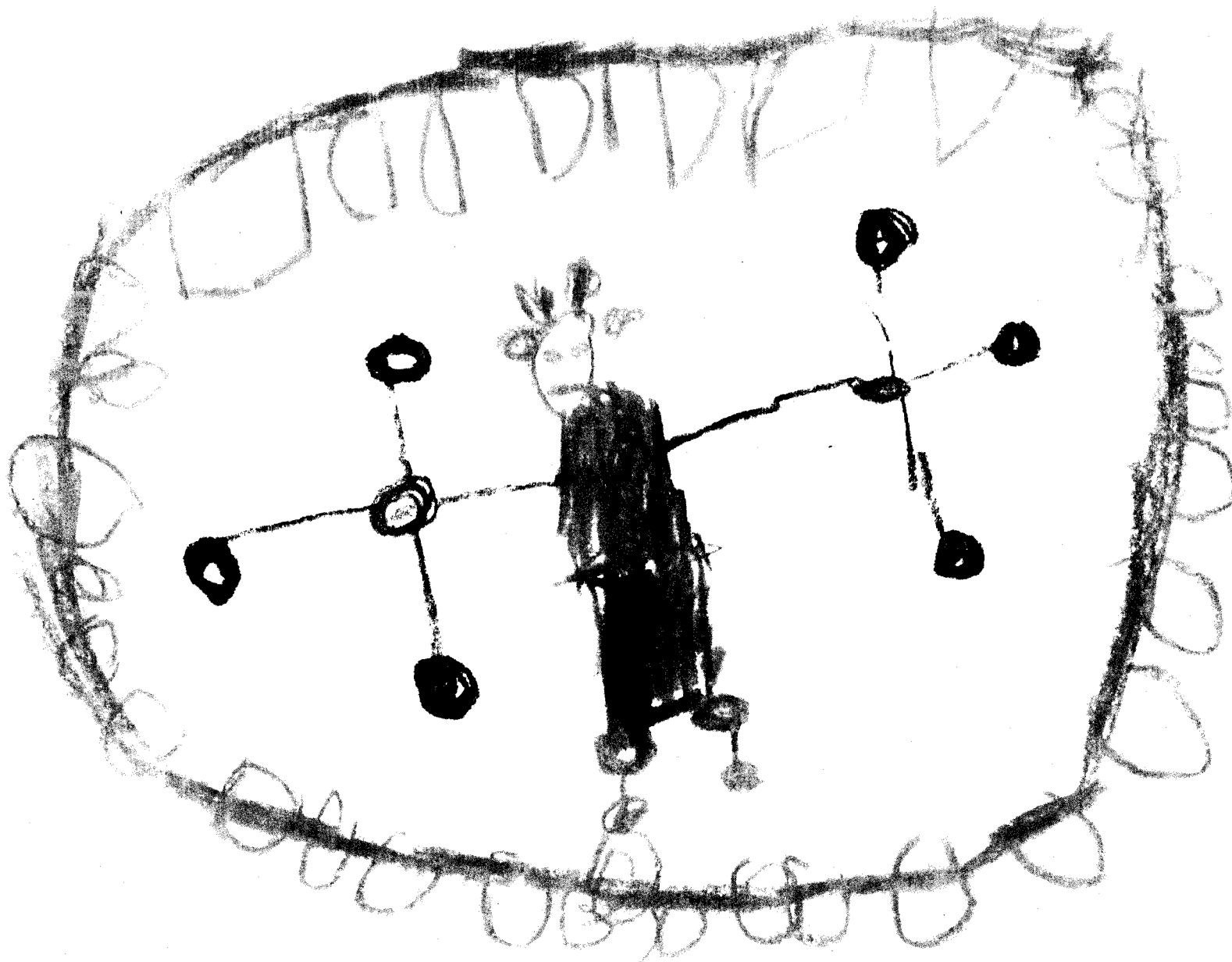
Of his picture recalling Greek mythology, Irving, aged seven years, said: "God is a King riding in a chariot in the sky. He makes the sun shine"

"God is between the earth and sky," said Cherry, six. "He is leader of the whole world"

THE young mind needs a picture to which it can anchor every thought. When a child asks, "What is God?" no adult can answer him adequately in words alone. The child must find for himself the profound meanings, the depths of faith and the sacred emotions involved in the simple word God. Like a primitive, he begins by creating an image, selecting from the whole of his experience whatever he needs to satisfy the thought he is trying to express. Slowly the image becomes less important and words begin to take its place. And finally the child finds the beginning of wisdom.

The drawings on these pages were made by the pupils of a typical Sunday-school class. They illustrate the tentative, groping process by which the very young reach the God of their fathers.

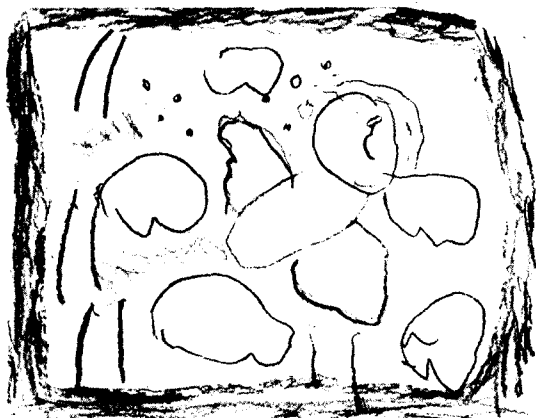
Collier's for February 28, 1953



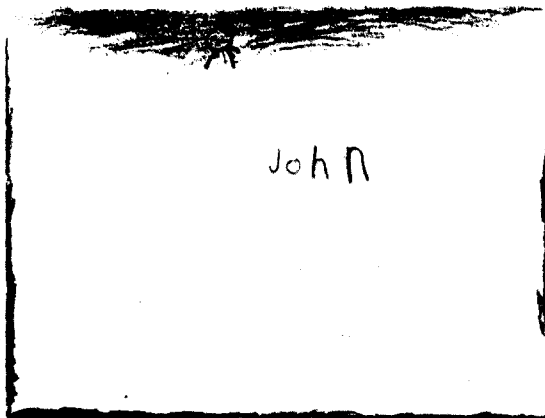
"God is a man with a lot of hands, so He can do everything," said Howard, seven years old. "He lives in the sun, I think. He looks at the people all day, and at night He comes down and looks in our windows and takes care of us while we are asleep. God is very kind"

Earth and the Sky"

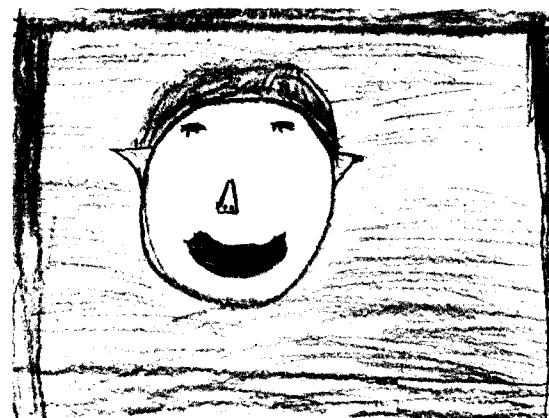
rayon, he can grope for the answer to a question too complex for words



Rose, five, explained: "God has wings to go all over. The green is trees and yellow is sun. The round things are clouds and sheep" Collier's for February 28, 1953



"God lives up in the sky," said five-year-old John. "He sees everything we do. He is good but He will punish us when we do bad things"



Drawing God in man's image, Seymour, aged seven, thought: "God is a good, nice man who makes children. He loves us all. He hates war"

LESS THAN A MAN

By J. M. BARAK

My friend Jack stayed in that town. And to him, I was just running away, not facing up to a bad trouble. How could I tell him nothing ever really changes—especially hate

I WAS tired, and I wanted to go home. I remembered the way it used to be there in the morning and how I'd walk out to the lake early and go fishing. In those days I didn't need much, and I sure didn't have much—yet now I thought of that time without bitterness. I'd been living out of a suitcase now for months.

This feeling first came over me after the last game. There had been a play-off before the Series, and the Series had gone to seven games, but I would have a winner's share; and as I came across the playing field—stepping on third the way I always did—the feeling struck me, and hard. I want to go back there, I thought; and it was then that I made up my mind.

That same night, I wrote this Jack I used to be buddies with. I told him to expect me in a few weeks. I hadn't seen Jack since I left there. He wrote me after I got up into the majors, but though I meant to answer him, I never did. I never was much of a hand with a pen. But I wrote now, and the next day I went out and bought me some fishing tackle, the best I could find. Then I made a plane reservation for Citrus City, Florida.

Jack was waiting at the airport when I got off the plane. It had been snowing that afternoon when I got aboard in New York, but I got off in as warm and peaceful a night as ever I hope to see. Jack hadn't changed much; he looked good, and he must have been doing good too, from the looks of him and the car he was driving. On the way over to his place, he told me about his wife, whom I had never met, and his boy Bubber, who was off in the Army.

By the time I'd seen his place and met Mabel and had a snack to eat, it was too late to go anyplace. So Jack and me sat up half of the night trying to get caught up with each other. . . .

I had figured going fishing that next morning, but I slept until nearabout noon. But that afternoon I went over to Citrus City and bought me

a boat and a kicker. It was one of them light aluminum boats. The store wouldn't deliver it, but once I'd bought a carrying rack for the top of the car that Jack had loaned me, they at least helped me heft the boat up onto it.

Jack was standing out in front when I drove up. He looked over what I had bought pretty carefully. I didn't tell him that I intended leaving the boat and the motor to Bubber when I left, as a sort of payment for the use of the car.

"That's a nice rig," Jack said. "Where you figuring on putting it in?"

"Out on Tangerine Lake," I said. "We used to do all right from shore out there, and I figure with a boat I ought to do even better. It's been a long time, but I think I can still smell out a speckled-perch bed. That way, if the bass ain't hitting, I can at least pick me up a mess of specks."

"I reckon you could," Jack said slowly, "but they ain't going to like you fishing there."

"They don't own the lake," I said.

"No," Jack answered, "they sure don't own the lake. But they think they do, and they ain't going to like it."

"Nuts. I got me a good long chain and a heavy padlock. I'll just chain her to a tree out there. They won't bother me none."

Jack shrugged. He started to say something, but just then Mabel called us in to supper.

THE next morning I was up before anyone else. I got out to the lake early, and, just like I'd figured, I was able to ease the boat down off the back of the car without a bit of trouble, and snake it through the scrub to the water.

I wouldn't say it was the best day's fishing I ever had, but I did all right. Not enough to get fat on, but I caught a couple of nice bass, and after they quit biting I got into the specks by trolling slow and deep with a worm behind twin spinners. Anyway, I had a good day's fun, and that hot sun sure felt good on me. When I quit I chained the boat to a big old water oak

and took the kicker back to the car with me.

At supper Jack asked me how it went. I told him pretty good. "They didn't say anything?" he asked.

"I didn't even see them," I said, laughing. "You ain't changed a bit, Jack. You always was a worrier—long as I knowed you. That's a big lake, Jack, and they got better things to do than looking to see was I on it. That lake's plenty big enough for me and them both."

Jack shook his head, but he didn't say anything more.

AFTER supper me and Jack sat on the stoop a spell. Mabel had turned down my offer to help with the dishes. It was a warm night—not hot like it gets down there sometimes, but just right. I had almost forgotten how the nights were. Then after a while Jack suggested we take a turn down through the square.

It wasn't but a few blocks, so we didn't fuss with taking the car, and as we walked along I got a sudden funny feeling that I had never been away from there. Down the street in the corner juke, I could hear the honky-tonk playing as we came by. It was grinding out an old song. I thought of my mama and my daddy, and how they had died before anything good happened to me; I thought of how maybe I hadn't done right by them, and now, when I could have, it was too late.

"Jack," I said suddenly, "it's good to be back."

"Why didn't you come back sooner then?" he asked. "What took you so long?"

I sighed. "I swore I never would come back," I said.

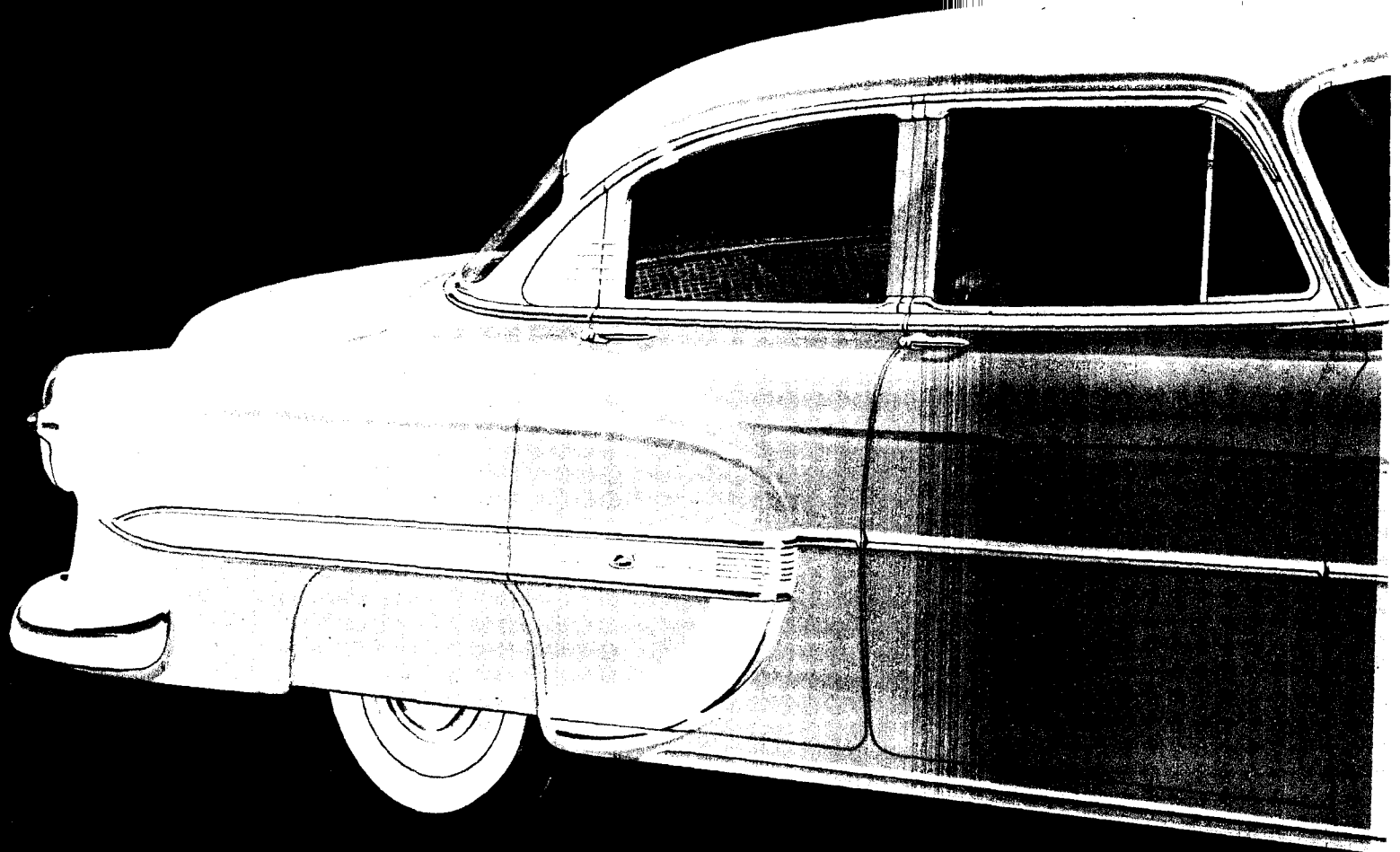
"You know, you could have been wrong," he said, with a laugh.

"It's not so much whether or not I was wrong," I said, "as it was the way they acted."

Down the street toward the square, the lights seemed brighter than I remembered, and everything looked bigger to me. But I could smell



I heard a noise behind me, and I spun around fast. A man was standing there, and the minute I looked at his face I knew he was one of those *mean* ones



This is the 1953 Chevrolet . . . and these are some of the wonderful new things it brings you . . .

Give thought, for a moment, to all the things you want in your next motor car.

You'll find they're yours in the thrillingly new 1953 Chevrolets—the "One-Fifty," "Two-Ten" and Bel Air Series—and at savings that only the world's largest producer of motor cars could possibly offer you.

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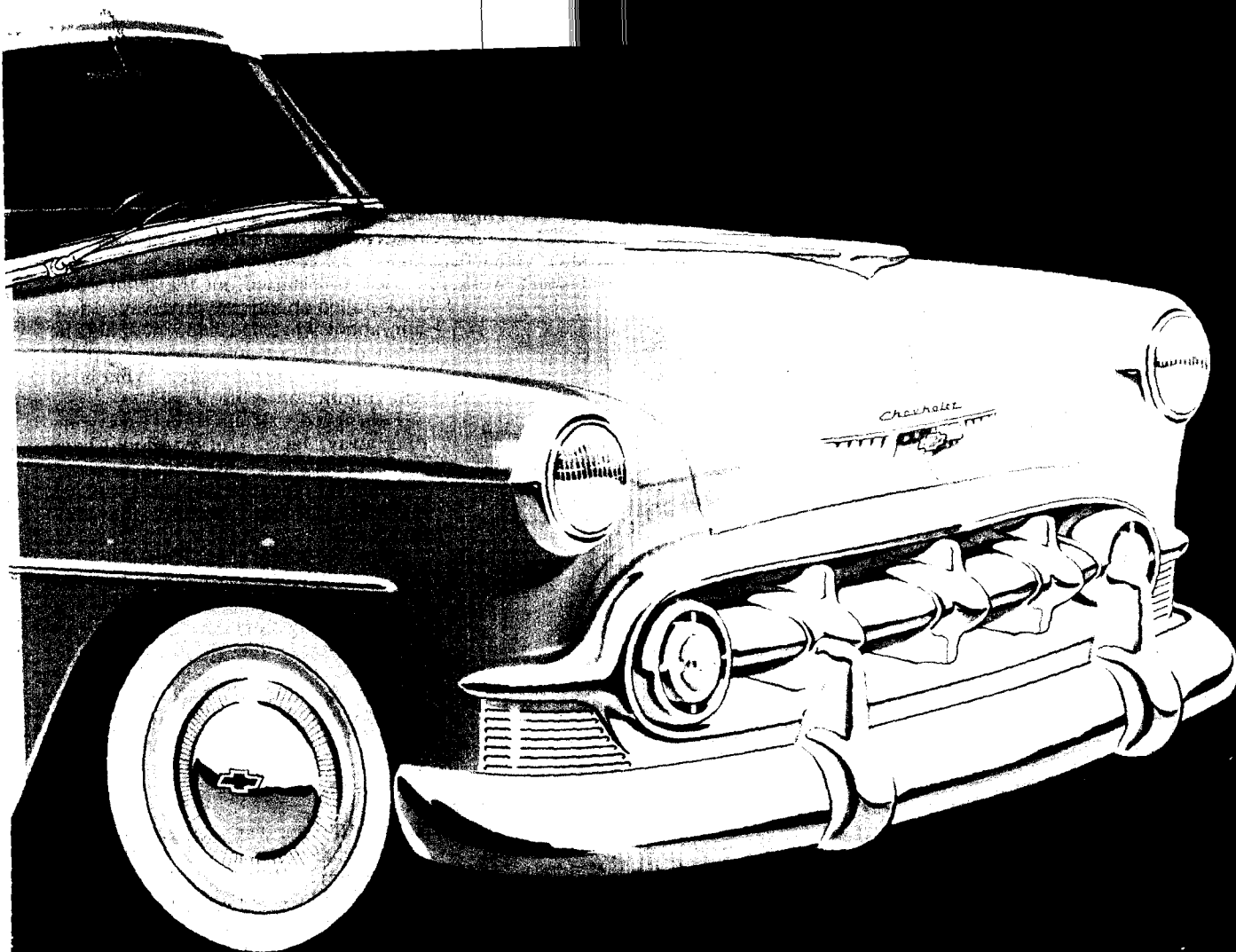
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THE THRILLING NEW BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN
(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)



The new interiors are richer and roomier. They're large, spacious, luxuriously comfortable. Two-tone upholstery and appointments in "Two-Ten" and Bel Air Models harmonize with exterior body colors. And a new one-piece, curved windshield (plus wrap-around rear windows in many models) provides much greater visibility.

You'll enjoy finer performance and economy. Choose the brand-new 115-h.p. high-compression "Blue-Flame" Valve-in-Head engine, aluminum pistons and full pressure feed lubrication in Powerglide* models. Or the greatly improved 108-h.p. high-compression "Thrift-King" Valve-in-Head engine in gearshift models. Both give thrilling new power and acceleration—together with *even greater economy* than the thrifty Chevrolets of the past.

New Powerglide gives faster getaway and greater passing ability. Chevrolet's famed Powerglide Automatic Transmission,* coupled with the entirely new "Blue-Flame" engine, now provides *automatic getaway* in "drive" and *automatic pick-up* for passing in traffic. Results: Much fleetier performance, greater economy, and finest no-shift driving in Chevrolet's field.

New Power Steering lets you turn the wheel with your finger tips. Greatest advance since automatic driving! New, Extra-Easy Power Steering, with a hydraulic booster doing the work, helps you park and steer with finger-tip ease. Another wonderful feature exclusive to Chevrolet in its field. (Available on all models at extra cost.)

The body is much stronger—the whole car more durable. Larger cross section body sills, heavier center pillar construction, larger cross section roof rails, make the new Body by Fisher even stronger and safer. Moreover, sturdier, more rigid construction in part after part gives even greater durability and dependability to a motor car long famous for these qualities.

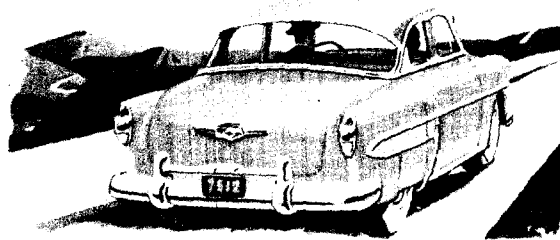
Item after item for your comfort and safety. New Center-Fold Front Seat Backs, in 2-Door models, allow easier entrance and exit from rear

seats. New Finger-Fit Steering Wheel gives a firmer grip and greater driver comfort. E-Z-Eye Plate Glass cuts down glare and heat (optional at extra cost). And Safety Plate Glass is used in windshield and *all* windows of sedans and coupes.

The brakes are big—sure-acting—efficient. They're the *largest* brakes in Chevrolet's field... operate smoothly and positively with velvet ease... and are safeguarded against rain and snow for top all-weather efficiency.

No lifting bags over a high ledge. New, larger rear deck opening—almost flush with compartment floor—permits easier loading and unloading.

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MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

the same familiar odors of things cooking, and I could hear the sound of remembered voices around me.

"It looks different, Jack," I said; "it looks good. I reckon I'd forgotten how good."

"It's changed, boy. We come a long way," Jack said, and there was pride in his voice. "Look up yonder—the theater there on the corner. We don't have to go clean over to Church Street in Citrus City now; we got our own theater here in the square. We got a decent school too, and even a nursery where mothers who work can leave their young'uns and know they're safe. We got a good doctor and better store. We vote now and our vote counts. They know it counts too."

I didn't say anything for a minute because I remembered the way it used to be, and that was still with me like an unpleasant taste in my mouth.

"Things aren't perfect up there, are they?" Jack asked.

"No," I said slowly. "I don't reckon they are. But they are a lot better than they used to be."

"Same as here," Jack said triumphantly.

I wasn't so sure. When you come back to a place you had never figured on coming back to, the way I had, you can't never be sure, but I got to admit it seemed good to be back.

BEFORE long we were right in the middle of the square, and then suddenly somebody recognized me. "Jug," a voice called, and the first thing I knew, I was surrounded.

A lot of them I remembered, and some I didn't, but I knew better than to let on I didn't know everybody. That was one thing I learned early: that when you're in baseball, like I am, you don't belong to yourself, you belong to the crowd.

"Lemme buy you a drink, Jug," somebody called, but I just grinned.

"Any drinking going to be done, I'm paying for it," I said. "Only I ain't drinking tonight."

"Why not?" the same voice called back. "You old enough, ain't you?"

"Sure," I said, "old enough to be your daddy. But tonight I'm planning on getting my night's rest. I'm going fishing in the morning."

They laughed, and another one called: "I known you to drink all night and go right out the next morning and fish all that day, and then come back and frolic all that night and the next morning go and pick fruit until the man couldn't see you, it was so dark."

They got a kick out of that, and I did too, but I meant what I said. "Saturday night," I told them; "I'll be back Saturday night when I can sleep late on Sunday."

"Jug," a kid called from back in the crowd, "you sign my baseball Saturday night?"

"I'll do better than that," I said.

"What's your name, boy?"

"John Lemon Davis, Jug."

"You Ed Davis' young'un?"

"I is that."

"I got a ball for you," I told him. "I'm coming round to see your daddy soon as I get caught up on my fishing, and I'll leave it with him, you ain't there. It's signed by all the players on both teams."

"You got that ball you won the big game with, Jug?" someone else called.

"I sure have, but you ain't gonna get that one."

The crowd started to laugh, and suddenly I realized that I didn't have anyone to give that ball to: no wife, no

kids, no folks, nobody who meant more to me than some gal saying: "Jug, buy baby a drink." Those people standing there were really all the folks I had. All at once I like to start crying. "Come on, Jack," I said. "I better get on back and get some sleep."

We turned, but I stopped after a few steps. "See you all Saturday night," I called back to them.

I WAS out at the lake again early the next morning. It had rained hard in the night, and when I got to where I had chained the boat, it was gone. I knew I had the right tree, all right, but it just wasn't there. Could I have for-

said, and then I named him my name.

He whistled. "Well, now," he said, and he laughed; no wonder I didn't place you right off. Been a long time, ain't it? I seen that first game on television, and I heard about the others. Well, now, and to think, in a manner of speaking, I made all that possible."

At first I didn't get it. I just stood there looking at him. Then he went on: "What I mean is, hadn't some of us talked to you that time, you might still be here. You might still be here living off us the way the rest of you do. Those of you who can, get on relief, but we made that a lot harder since you left. So you work—only you don't work,

I threw my clothes into a bag, which didn't take me long because I travel light, and at the last minute I decided to leave all that good fishing tackle for Jack's boy, too. I was planning on catching the bus to the airport and grabbing the first plane heading South. Last year I had vowed I never was going to pitch another season of winter ball, but I liked it in Havana, and I didn't want to just sit around on my tail.

Once I get a plane where none of them can tell me where to sit, I thought, I'll feel a lot better. It had been a mistake, the whole thing, and I should have known better than to come.

Just as I started out the front door, Jack pulled up into the driveway. I told him about what had happened, and he listened without interrupting, until I was through. Then he said, "What good will running away do, Jug?"

I shrugged. "It ain't like I was running away, Jack. I never should have come. That's the whole thing."

"But you did come, and now this has happened, all you can think of is running away."

"I never should have come," I said. "I should have known better." I kicked at the sandy road angrily. "They run me out a long time ago. Nothing has really changed. It's just the way it always was."

"You think it is," Jack said. "You think so, but you won't even try to find out. All you want to do is run off. You're hurt, and all you can think about is to run and hide."

WHAT Jack was saying made sense to me, and still I didn't want to believe him. "Well, what can I do?" I said, shrugging.

"Let's go see," Jack said, motioning toward the car.

I got into the front seat beside him, and he started the motor and drove off toward town.

"Where we going?" I asked.

"To see a man I know," Jack said.

I couldn't get out of my mind the look that had been on Jess Warren's face out there at the lake. As we rode along, I wondered again how they had ever managed to sink that boat. One of them must have sat on one gunnel until she shipped enough water to partially sink; then they must have thrown in bags of cement. I couldn't figure it no other way.

We had come through the main part of town and were headed toward the big houses out near the golf course.

"He still might be in his office," Jack said, "but the chances are he's home by now. It's better to see him out here."

"See who? You acting mighty suspicious, Jack."

"No, I'm not. I'm talking about the mayor."

That one made me like to bust a gut laughing. "What's he going to do?" I asked.

"Do what's right, of course," Jack said. "What else?"

I thought about the way it used to be. How maybe something happened, and one of them came in a police car, and unless you got out of there fast, you were going to get caught up in the trouble. It was only your word against theirs. Or say it came to law. Unless you had one of them for a lawyer; they would likely as not bury you right under the jail.

"Who's the mayor?" I asked. Not that it mattered much, but I wondered idly if it was somebody I'd known.

"T. K. Bagby. You remember him, don't you?"

"Yeah, I remember him all right."

Collier's for February 28, 1953

BUTCH



gotten to snap the lock, I wondered. But when I looked down I seen that the chain was still there, only it was under water. For a moment I couldn't figure it. With all that rain an old wooden boat might have filled up and sunk, but not a brand-new metal one.

Then I heard a noise behind me, and I spun around fast. A man was standing there, and the minute I seen his face I knew he was one of those mean ones. I looked again, and then I recognized him; he was one of them who had nearabout run me out of town a long time ago.

"You know better than to bring a boat in here," he said. "We don't mind you coming out to the lake and fishing from shore. Trouble is, we give you people an inch and you take a mile."

I knew then what had happened to my boat, but I still couldn't figure out how they had sunk it. There weren't enough rocks in the whole of Citrus County to sink a washtub, and I didn't see how they could have punched holes through metal.

"Say," the man said suddenly, "didn't you used to work out in that grove I had on Lake Sal? The thing is, I ain't seen you in a long time."

"No, Mister Warren, you ain't," I

really; you never earn what we pay you. Well, by gollies, you owe me a little something, Jug, you surely do."

The rage filled up inside me the way they fill up those balloons they sell at carnivals. But I didn't let it burst. I held it there inside me. I didn't want to; I wanted to hit him, but I didn't.

"Well," he said, spurring a jet of tobacco juice through his teeth, "that's neither here nor there. You being who you are now don't change nothing; you know that, don't you?"

What was there to say? I bent down, picked up the kicker, and started back toward the car. Never once did I look back, though I knew he would be watching me. I couldn't because I felt less than a man, a thing I hadn't felt in a long time.

JACK wasn't there when I got back to the house. Neither was Mabel. That was good; going would be easier that way. I could just leave a note for Jack explaining about what had happened and saying I'd left the kicker for his boy. Bubber could have the boat too, if they could get it up off the bottom of the lake. I'd leave the autographed balls I had brought down, too, with a list of the people they were to go to.

I did too, but then everybody knew T. K. Bagby. His old man owned fruit groves all over the state, but he had been pure hell to work for. T. K. was younger than me, and if he was anything like his old man used to be, I didn't want any part of him and said so.

"There you go again," Jack said. "You go off half-cocked more often than you ever did. You never think anything through. T. K. Bagby's not like his old man. He'll play ball with us. He's one of the best friends we got around here."

BEFORE long we came around a little lake and turned up a long drive. There was a big, white house with high columns, at the end of the drive. We parked out by the garage. "Come on," Jack said.

I wondered whether we were going to have to go to the back door, but I never did find out, for just then T. K. came out of the house.

"Hey, there, Jack," he called out. "You never will leave me alone. What's wrong now?"

"Well, we do have a little something at that, Mister Mayor," Jack said. "You remember Jug here? If you don't, I reckon you must have read about him in the papers."

"I can answer yes on both counts," the mayor said. "Good to have you back with us."

I nodded, but I didn't say anything. The mayor led us out under the orange trees, where there was a table and chairs. "All right," he said after we sat down, "shoot."

"I guess Jug here can tell you better than I can," Jack said. "Go ahead, Jug."

There wasn't much to tell, but I told him everything that had happened. I didn't make it any better than it had been, and I tried not to make it any worse.

"It doesn't make you feel very good, does it?" he asked when I got done.

"No, sir," I said, "I don't reckon it does."

"Still and all," he said, "it isn't as though it was the end of the world. The first thing to do is to salvage your boat. I'll tend to that, and if there's any damage I'll tend to that too. Then I'll see that some kind of an apology gets in the paper, so everyone can see it. An official apology."

"But I want to do something more

than that, Jug. You're a local boy, just as much a local boy as I am. Only, after the Series, you're a lot better known." He turned to Jack. "You know that colored playground you been hitting me for—down in the square, Jack? Well, when we start to thinking about what to call it, what would you think if we named it after Jug? When we dedicate it we could have him there, and we might get some publicity in the papers. What do you think?"

Jack nodded. "I think that would be right nice, Mister Mayor," he said.

The mayor turned to me, and suddenly I didn't know what to do. Everything he said was nice, and I appreciated it. It would mean a lot to me. But I knew it wasn't enough, and I realized that if he asked me I would have to tell him it wasn't. I didn't want to, because I could see that T. K. Bagby wasn't a bit like his old man had been. But it wasn't enough.

"Well," the mayor said, "I guess that about takes care of it."

He was talking to me and looking at me, and I saw that I would have to make the answer I hated to make. "There's one thing more," I said softly.

"Yes?" They were both looking at me.

It was hard to say what I had to say without T. K. Bagby thinking I just wanted to bollix up the whole deal. "I want Jess Warren to apologize," I said. "It's a little enough thing to ask. He don't have to do it in front of nobody. All I ask is that after what he done, he just meet me face to face and apologize."

There was that moment of silence that is so quiet that you think you can hear it. "I can't do that, Jug," the mayor said. "You know better than that."

I got to my feet. I could see the whole business falling apart, but I didn't care. I thought of Havana, and how it was there, how the people were. I knew that though I didn't want to play ball that winter, I was going to, but it was going to be all right. The point was I would feel like a man. "It's a little thing," I said, "but it would mean a lot to me."

"Why?" Jack asked suddenly. And I knew that T. K. Bagby had wanted to ask that and that Jack had taken him off the hook. But even that didn't make me mad—not at Jack nor at T. K. Bagby either. I'll just catch the night

plane, I thought, and never come back again.

"Jack asked you a question, Jug," T. K. Bagby said.

I wanted to ask: Why don't you ask your own questions? But I didn't. "Sure," I said, "he asked me a question. Now can I ask him one?" I looked at Jack. "Why not?" I asked.

Jack started to answer, but the mayor interrupted. "It isn't hard to answer that one," he said. "This is the South, Jug—and you can't change it overnight."

"I didn't come back here to change it," I said. "I appreciate what you offered to do. It would mean a lot to me. But Jess Warren made me feel less than a man. I got to feel like a man again."

"There's more than one way of feeling like a man," Jack said slowly.

"You keep out of this, Jack," I said, starting to feel a little burned off.

"Jack's right, Jug," the mayor said. "What if I did like you said? If I did I wouldn't get elected the next time I run. What would that prove? I've got to go along as best I can. It's people like Jess Warren who help elect me. There are more Jess Warrens than there are decent people. But there aren't as many as there used to be."

I looked at T. K. Bagby. I realized that I didn't know for sure just what I did think. This was my home; my roots were here; the people who lived around the square were my people; what I would always be. I had maybe another five years in baseball—more if I was lucky, but the chances of that weren't so good. It had taken me too long to get where I was. Then I looked at Jack, and I knew that I would miss seeing him, that he was a real friend. What would I do when I was through with ball? If I did what I had been doing—just drifting along rootless and not really belonging—what kind of a life was that?

IDIDN'T have to go to Havana; I didn't need the money. When I signed my next contract, I ought to be pretty well fixed, well enough so that I could build me a little place of my own near Jack. Maybe I could even start a little business there in the square later, when my playing days were over. I could fish a little, hunt a little. If I left them alone, they would leave me alone; and when I tried to feel bitter about that, I found I was only confused. Maybe Jack was right, maybe there were other ways of feeling like a man. I didn't know. I turned slowly away. "Come on, Jack," I said.

The mayor said my name, and I turned around. As I looked at him I suddenly realized: He wants to do right, but he's just as much a prisoner of the Jess Warrens, in a manner of speaking, as I am.

"You're going then Jug?" T. K. Bagby asked.

I shook my head. "I don't know, Mr. Bagby," I said slowly. "I just don't know. I got to study on it."

I followed Jack back to the car, and all the way to the square I thought a lot about what had happened. I knew that Jack wanted to ask me what I was going to do, but he didn't say a word. That night I went to bed early, and I slept the next morning until late. When I got up I felt good; I knew that my mind was made up. I was going to stay—not just until I cut out for spring training, but for a good long time. It wasn't going to be easy. It wasn't going to be just the way I wanted it, maybe, but it was the way it had to be.



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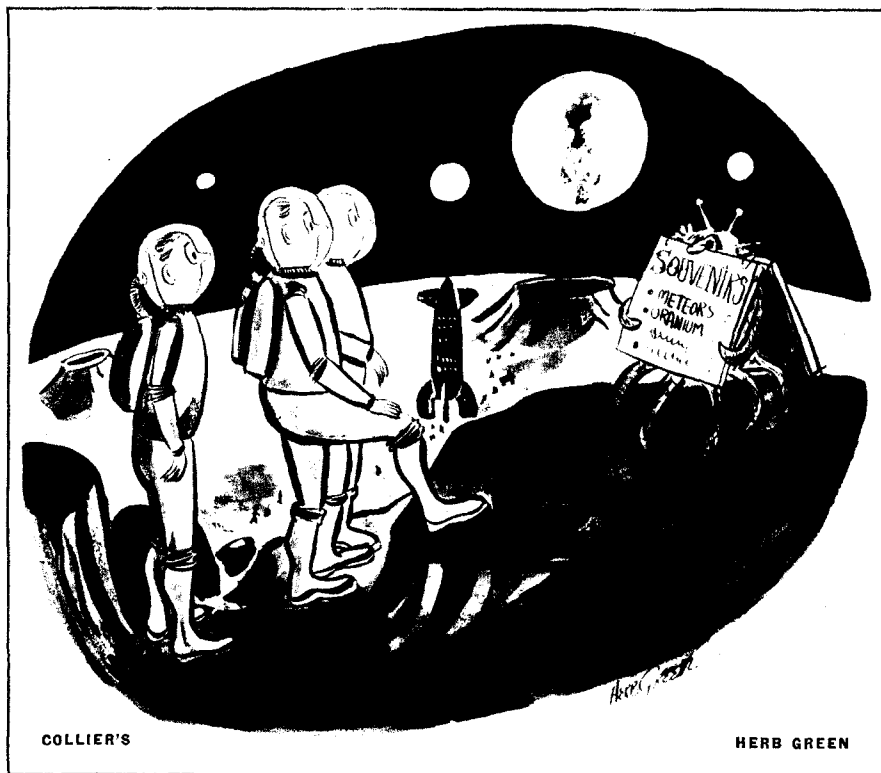
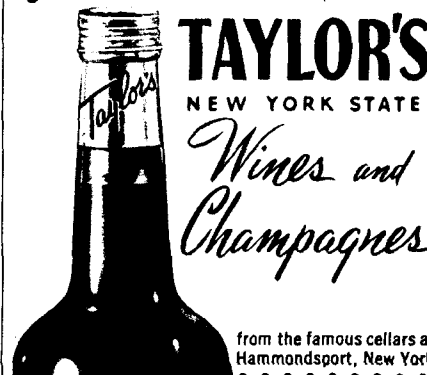
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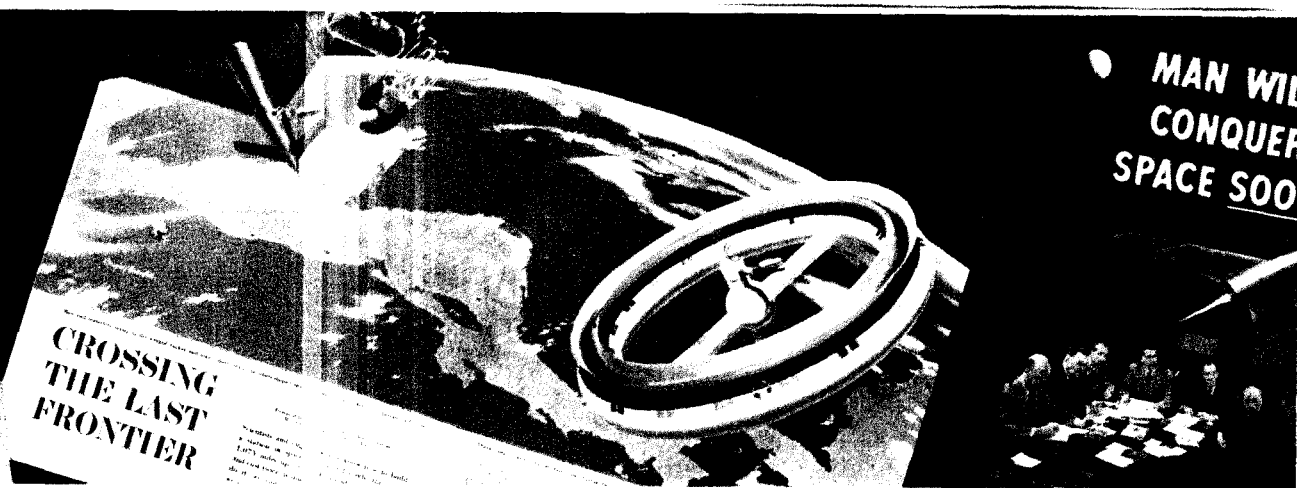
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COLLIER'S

HERB GREEN

Collier's for February 28, 1953



Man's Survival

We can build the rocket ships, but success depends on

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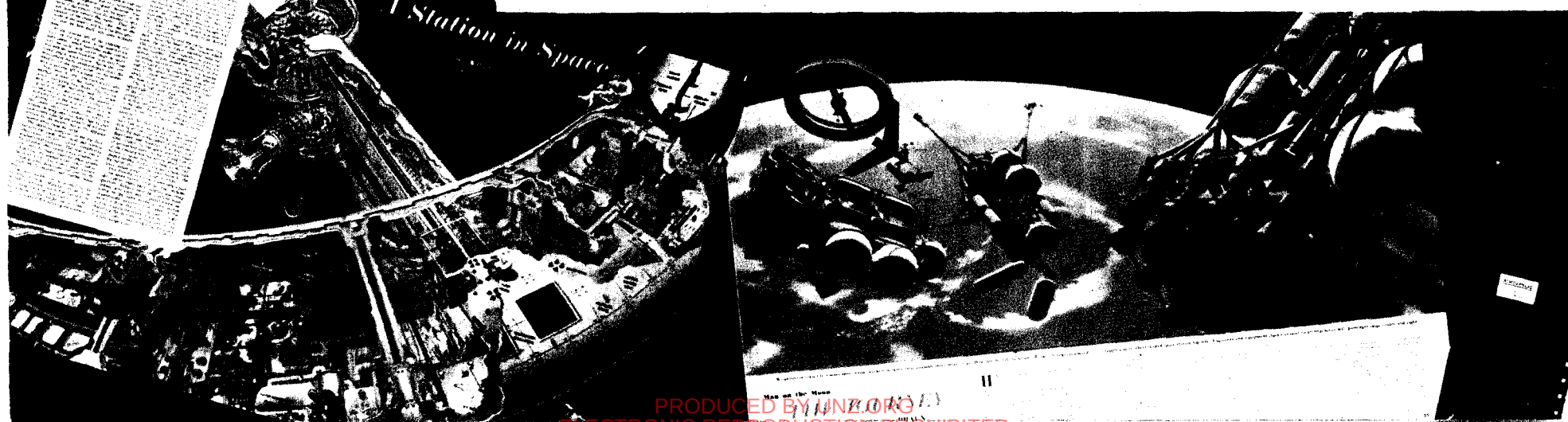
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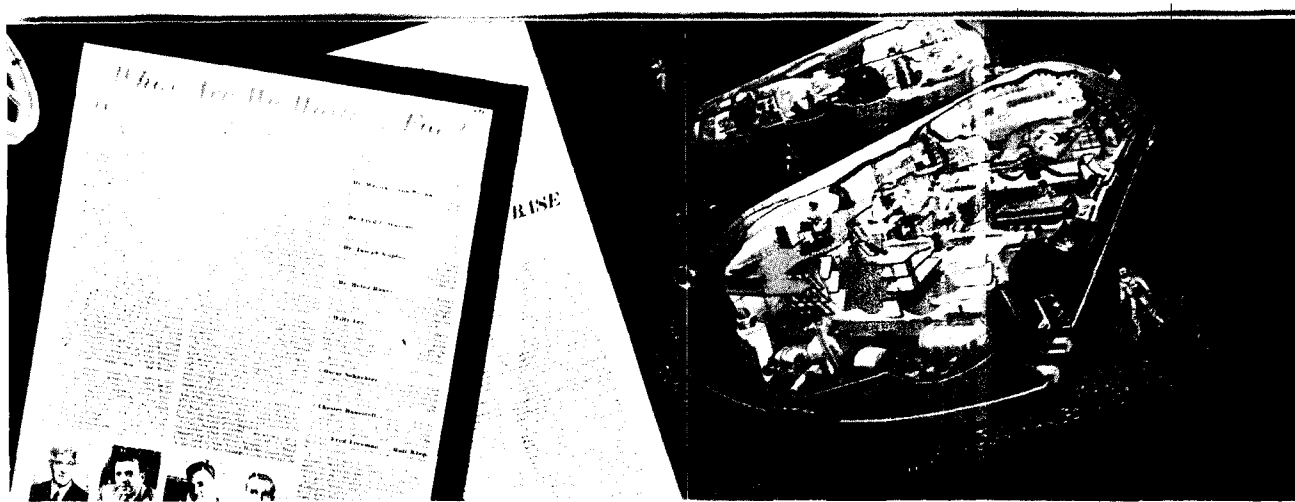
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in Space

Edited by
CORNELIUS RYAN

he most complicated mechanism of all: the human body

WHO will fly tomorrow's rocket ships? Must the crews be limited to expert mathematicians, astronomers and physicists or can we use the caliber of men who fly today's jet planes? Will space travelers be tall, short, fat or thin?

We have the answers to these questions. Scientists, physicists and aero-medical doctors can specify the type of person suited for the job of conquering space and how the crews will be selected and trained. There's a good reason why our scientists can confidently make these estimates: they are hard at work at this moment to put man into space. So are certain branches of the Navy and Air Force.

While the government has not officially announced a space program, a score of the nation's colleges have quietly received U.S. contracts to investigate specific space flight problems. Some aircraft manufacturers are busily engaged in top-secret space research. One has the prototype of a space station on its drawing boards.

The Air Force and Navy are also vitally concerned with what kind of man we'll need for space flight. Today's jet fighters, bombers and experimental rocket-powered craft are flying faster and higher than ever before. They are speeding along the very borders of the upper atmosphere and, at these great altitudes and high speeds, crews are meeting virtually the same environmental hazards which exist in the void of space. In short, modern aviation is rapidly growing into space flight. We have been preparing for the inevitable.

Just as we protect man in atmospheric flight, so will we safeguard man in space. In the last few years, Air Force and Navy scientists and doctors, working together, have developed pressure suits which can be used in upper-altitude flight. We can

use the Navy's version in space. The time has come to start thinking how we want the rocket ships built.

In the prejet age, airplanes were built with only performance in mind. Little thought was given to the men who had to fly them. Pilots and crews were expected to adjust automatically to the finished machines. Modern aviation medicine, as it becomes space medicine, has one rule of thumb concerning upper-altitude or space flight: man—human needs—must be considered before a single blueprint for an aircraft or rocket ship leaves the drawing board. Says Major General H. G. Armstrong, Air Force Surgeon General: "Physics and its allied sciences identify the specific physical hazards . . . Medicine determines the human reactions to these hazards . . . Engineering and its allied sciences design and develop the necessary protective equipment."

We must construct our rocket ships around the men who must fly them.

But who are they?

The story of the selection and training of the crews who will operate tomorrow's rocket ships begins on the following pages, as the first of a three-part series. So many branches of science are involved in discussing the human factor of space flight that Collier's asked a distinguished panel of aero-medical scientists, physicists, radiologists and engineers to contribute to the series. Because their fields of study interlock and overlap, their papers have been combined into one continuous narrative.

It is an important narrative. The success of any program to reach space depends on the machines, it is true. But even more largely it depends on the most delicate, most indispensable of all instruments—man himself.

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VON BRAUN



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Man's Survival in Space

Picking the Men

Can ordinary, healthy people visit space? They can—the Navy's new space suit points the way—but we'll look for special qualities in the pioneers. The physical and psychiatric examinations will be so tough that of every 1,000 trainees who can meet the strict entrance requirements only five will make the grade. Here's how we'll choose

WE COULD send man into space right now, this year. And he *would* survive. Without any particular discomfort, either. He'd face hazards—from blood-draining acceleration to blood-boiling low pressure, from cosmic rays to extreme temperatures—but these are hazards we know we can beat.

Most, in fact, have been overcome by a single development, never before publicly disclosed: the completion of the Navy's new pressure suit, tailored for space travel. The Navy space suit, pictured on this week's cover and on the opposite page, carries its own atmosphere—oxygen, pressure, air conditioning. It can be worn for long periods, and permits complete freedom of movement. It was developed with space problems in mind.

You could wear it to the moon tomorrow.

We know that we can build the rocket ships to take us into space (Collier's, March 22, October 18 and 25, 1952), and we know we can protect their crews. All we have to do is find the right men—and women—to make the trip.

It would be foolish to solve all the mechanical problems and then run a risk of human error. So we must choose space crew members carefully—so carefully that Colonel Don Flickinger, the doctor who is one of the top Air Force experts on what the body must endure in flight, makes this rough estimate:

Of every 1,000 persons who can meet the initial rigid educational, physical and age requirements for space training, only five will ever enter space—just enough for one rocket-ship crew.

What are the standards those 1,000 must measure up to? And what are the problems that will wash out 995 of them?

An applicant for space training must be old enough to have mature judgment; whizzing through the blackness of space at speeds up to 18,000 miles an hour, facing situations men have never known before, he must make decisions fast—and right. But he must not be so old that he can't stand the rigors of space travel: catapultlike acceleration which may increase his weight ninefold, followed within minutes by complete weightlessness; tremendous demands on his endurance; the need for near-perfect reflexes and co-ordination.

Of the 11 scientists taking part in Collier's three-installment symposium, six contributed to the article Picking the Men: Drs. Heinz Haber, Donald W. Hastings, Hermann Muller and James A. Van Allen; Air Force Col. Don Flickinger and Navy Capt. James E. Sullivan

He must be well-educated, so he can absorb the fairly advanced scientific instruction that will equip him for rocket travel and life in space. As part of his training, he will receive a thorough grounding in both practical and theoretical engineering, medicine, astronomy and navigation.

He can't be too tall or too short and stout. Such people often have poor control of their blood circulation, which makes them more subject to fainting, and more susceptible to variations in temperature and other hazards of space.

The best prospective crew members will be between twenty-eight and thirty-five years old, and of medium build: five feet five to five feet eleven inches tall, and weighing perhaps 10 per cent less than the average for their height. And they will have college degrees, or the equivalent as measured by examination.

How about women? Chances are, they'll be sought after for some space crew jobs. Not as pilots, perhaps, but as radio and radar operators—jobs requiring a high degree of concentration under difficult circumstances. In industry, women have indicated that they can perform monotonous and tedious tasks hour after hour without undue loss of efficiency. We need people like that in space travel. The physical and educational qualifications will be about the same for women as for men, except that the women may be shorter and lighter.

Those are the applicants. Now they must be culled; the unfit must be ruthlessly eliminated to minimize the risk of personnel failure.

The first and most severe test will be a medical-psychiatric examination which will cut the original 1,000 down drastically. The physical exams, which will be in two parts, are expected to weed out no less than 880 of the starters, and the psychiatric test 60 more.

Why so tough? Because even minor organic or emotional defects will be tremendous handicaps; what we're looking for are people with specific physical attributes and unusually stable personalities.

The space crew members will not be supermen. But they will be well-adjusted individuals in excellent health, with a few special aptitudes to equip them for the special problems of space. Those special aptitudes are important; they explain why even men as carefully picked and well-trained as jet pilots probably wouldn't all make the grade as space pilots.

At altitudes above four miles, there's virtually no air; an unprotected man would swiftly suffocate. From eight to 12 miles up, the region of extreme low pressure starts; from that level on into infinity, the body fluids would boil if not protected (first the saliva bubbles, then the skin balloons in places, under the pressure of water vapor rising beneath it, and finally the blood starts to churn).

Then there's the temperature problem. A man speeding spaceward passes within moments through wild temperature variations—from moderate temperatures on the ground to 67 degrees below zero F. at an altitude of eight miles and then into a region where temperature as we know it no longer exists: a man exposed to the full blast of the sun's ultraviolet rays would roast in an instant, while objects hidden from the sun would lose heat until—if in the shadow long enough—their temperature would drop close to absolute zero.

In a region so unlike the environment we've always known, there's only one way to protect life: bring our environment with us. From the moment he enters space until the time he leaves it, man will

Like Navy, the Air Force has been thinking of space problems. This is Air Force emergency pressure suit, developed by Dr. James Henry, shown undergoing pressure-chamber test. Suit inflates automatically as cabin pressure drops, does not protect hands or feet. Main contractors were David Clark Co., Bendix Aviation Corp., and International Latex Corp.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH ROYLE



New Navy space suit is a one-piece affair, with helmet hinged to the shoulders. It has been tested to altitudes of 63,000 feet and still higher tests are under way. Many details of the suit are top secret



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Suit permits great freedom of movement. It was designed by Carroll P. Krupp, of Findlay, O., 35-year-old self-taught Goodrich engineer, under the direction of U.S. Navy's technicians. It would work on the moon



A typical space crewman: not too tall, short or stout—and emotionally stable. For some

live inside a protective envelope of his own making, a high-pressure chamber, either within the sealed cabin of his rocket ship or living quarters, or within the sealed casing of his space suit. The new Navy suit—developed under the direction of Captain James Sullivan of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics—will do the trick.

The Navy space uniform, which is being used experimentally under heavy guard at the National Air Matériel Center, Philadelphia, actually does more than solve the major problems which occur at extreme low pressure. It solves many of the bothersome minor problems, too.

How does a man move around when he's encased in a high-pressure balloon (which is what a space suit is)?

The natural tendency of a pressure-filled suit is to become rigid and unyielding; how can the wearer bend his arms and legs? How can he use his fingers? Turn his head?

The rubber Navy suit permits almost complete mobility by means of a variety of devices, most of

them still top secret. Semirigid accordion pleats allow movement of the important body joints: shoulders, elbows, knees. Ingenious wrist joints permit rotation of the hands. Man in space will find that his fingers wriggle almost as freely as they might in a conventional thick glove—and with a sensitivity of touch that's almost completely lacking in normally gloved hands. The helmet is attached at the shoulders, and is so built that a man's head can move comfortably within it. The suit has special slide fasteners which seal the suit as they close.

Refinements such as these explain, in part, why the suit cost about \$225,000 to develop. (It was made by the B. F. Goodrich Company, using fabricating techniques developed by the David Clark Company and hardware by the Firewel Company and Bendix Aviation Corporation. In production—it will be made in three sizes—its price will drop to about \$2,000 per suit.) But the real significance of the uniform is the near-perfect protection that it gives against the big hazards: lack of

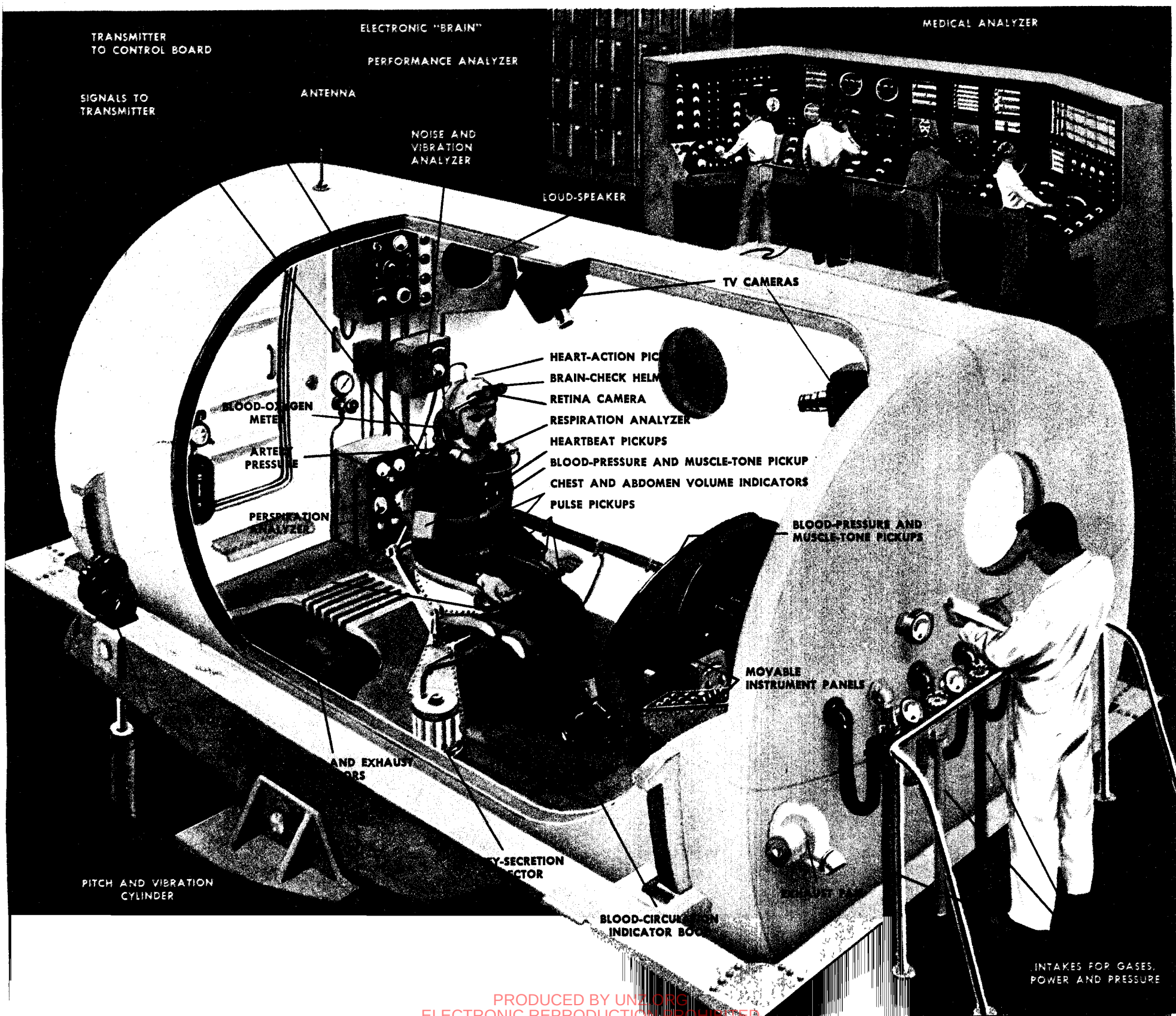
oxygen, blood-boiling low pressure and temperature variation.

If the crew member gets all that protection, why worry about special aptitudes? Couldn't any individual live comfortably in an artificial atmosphere almost identical to the earth's?

The answer is no. Some people simply can't endure man-made atmosphere. Scientists aren't sure why, although it seems certain that the reasons are largely psychological. Pressure-chamber and pressure-suit tests show that a certain percentage of any group will fold up under conditions which other people don't mind at all. And a few can take low pressures that would knock out almost anyone else.

Those are the few we want.

Suppose a rocket-ship cabin develops a leak. It's possible; no equipment is perfect. The crew members will be so well-versed in emergency procedures that the leak probably will be plugged in a few moments—but for those few moments all personnel aboard the ship will have to cope with an environ-



Jobs, women may beat out men

ment far different from the earth's. It's then that our extreme care in the selection of crew members will pay off.

Obviously, we'll want to test all applicants in pressure chambers. We've been doing that for years with aircraft crews and trainees. But more than that, we'll check our 1,000 for certain physical properties. A person whose circulatory system is under excellent control will be far better equipped to exist for long periods on relatively little oxygen, and in the cramped quarters of a rocket ship, than one with unpredictable variations in blood pressure.

A crew member whose nervous and circulatory systems react swiftly and efficiently to outside temperature changes will be affected only slightly by variations which might incapacitate someone else.

Problems of a Space Vehicle's Crew

Before a space vehicle even leaves the 120-mile-high atmosphere which surrounds the earth, its crew members will have confronted all the problems of low pressure, plus a couple of others: cosmic radiation and ultraviolet radiation.

Ultraviolet radiation doesn't trouble us; it could be dangerous to an unprotected man, but our crew member will never lack the protection of cabin walls, space suit fabric and tinted glass.

Cosmic rays, the minute, ultrahigh-speed, radioactive particles which whiz constantly through the upper atmosphere and space, have been an object of dread for many years—principally because most people know so little about them.

Scientists know enough, however, to be pretty certain of two facts:

First, they aren't as bad as they've been described, not bad enough to constitute a real danger.

Second, their relative harmlessness is a source of vast satisfaction to space scientists, because there's no practical way of protecting space travelers from them. The reasons will be discussed later in this article.

Above the atmosphere, only one more physical hazard confronts the space traveler: meteorites. There again, there is no built-in safeguard in the human body. Medical men are counting on the engineers to provide sufficient protection. But there are other problems we must meet.

In aviation training, the greatest number of men are eliminated because of faulty reactions or poor judgment under actual flight conditions. It isn't easy to provide flight conditions in rocket-ship training; obviously, we can't send potential crew members into space in a multimillion-dollar space vehicle as part of our selection process. Yet it's much more important to weed out the unfit in a

This device will test candidate's ability to take stresses of space. Roll motor and pitch cylinder will rock and shake chamber; noise will be piped in; pressure and composition of atmosphere will be varied. Prospective crew member will be required to solve problems set into instrument panels by remote control. As he works, electrodes, cardiographs and other instruments attached to his body will record how various organs function under the strain. The heart, brain, eyes, perspiration, blood, muscles all will be checked separately, and technicians and surgeons will see results on analyzer panels. One TV camera will be fixed on candidate, other on the instrument boards

In lower atmosphere, the hazards at left menace unprotected man. Even crewman in space wearing pressure suit will be subject to dangers noted on right. But none is a serious obstacle to an assault on space today

HAZARDS IN LOWER ATMOSPHERE

MILES
ABOVE
SEA LEVEL

28 ULTRAVIOLET RAYS

25 FULL OVER-ALL
INTENSITY
OF COSMIC RAYS

14 MAXIMUM
INTENSITY
OF COSMIC RAYS
OVER MAGNETIC POLES

12 LOW PRESSURE
CAUSES BODY FLUIDS
TO BOIL:
PRESSURIZED CANNES
OR SUIT REQUIRED

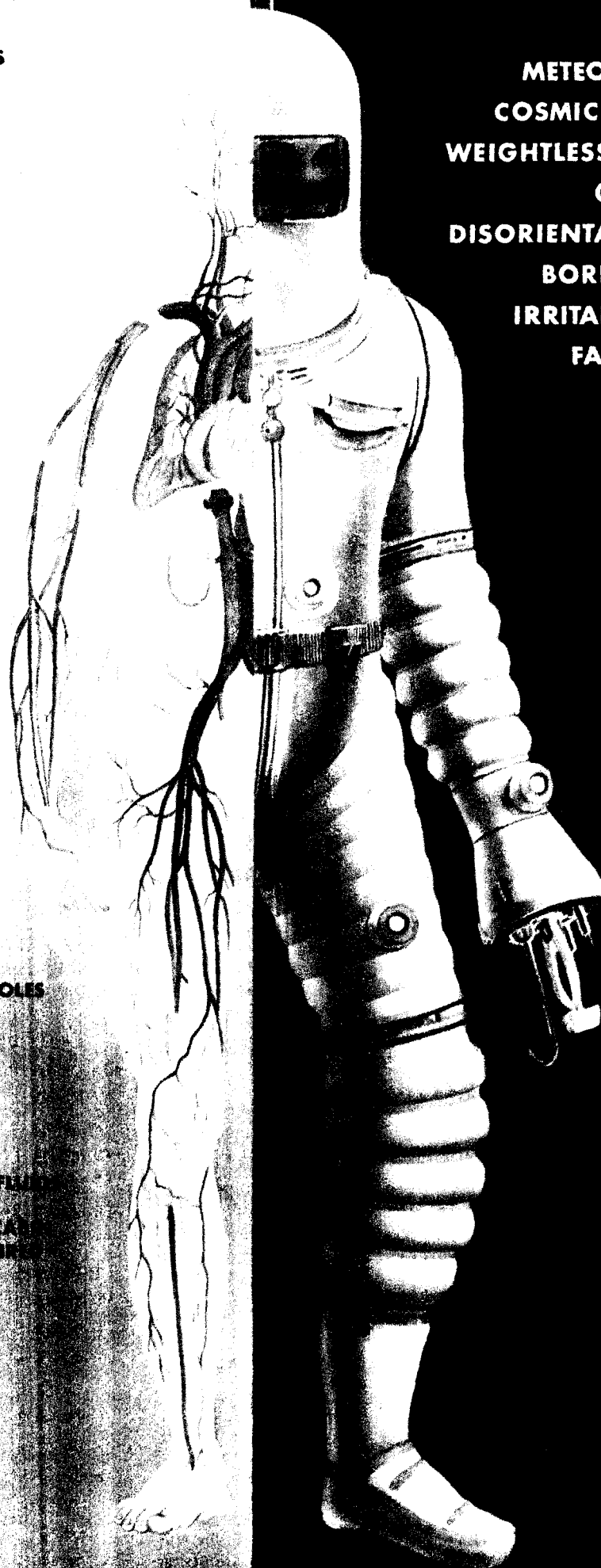
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4 OXYGEN REQUIRED

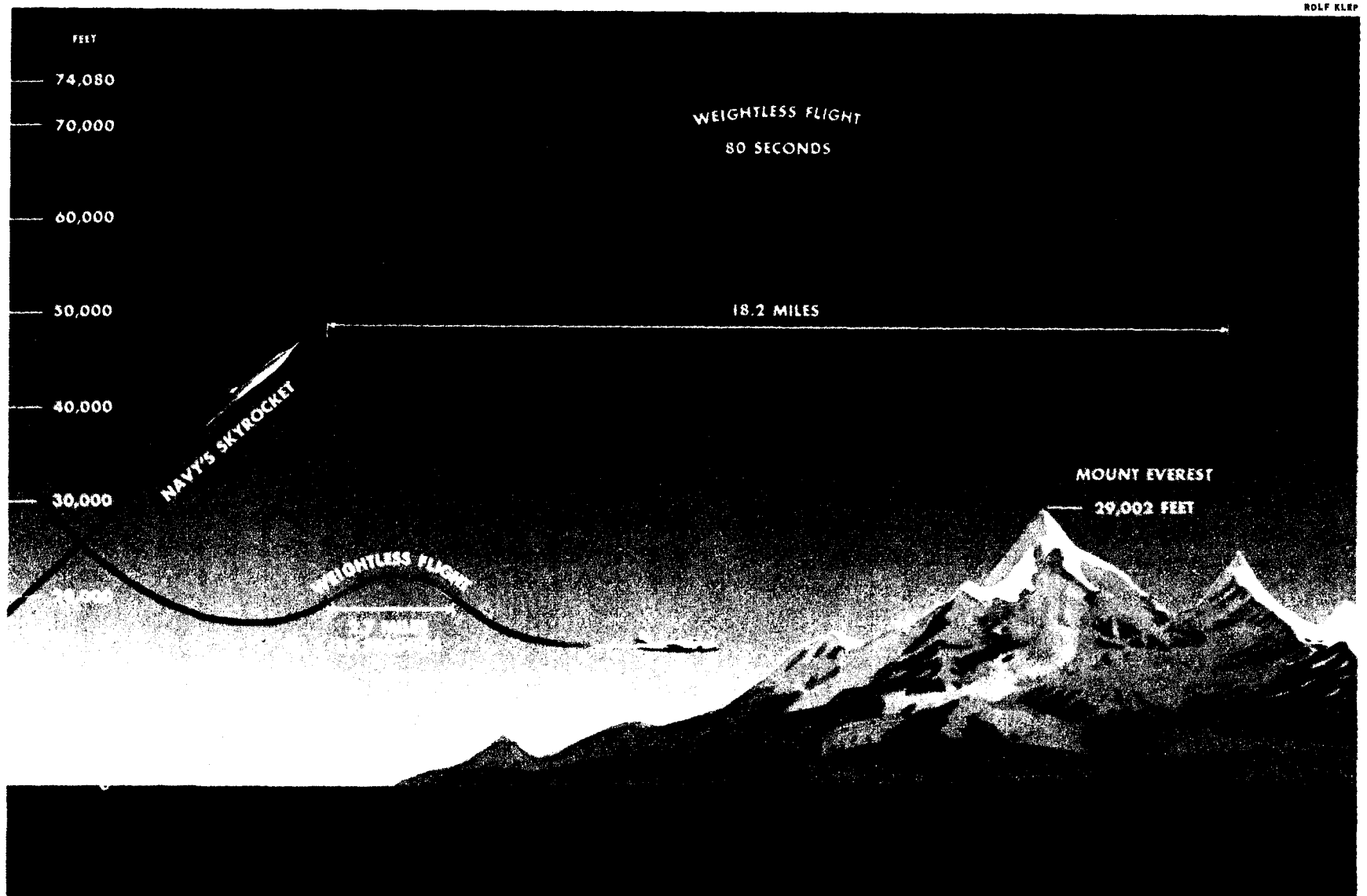
3 BREATHING DIFFICULTIES

HAZARDS IN SPACE

METEORITES
COSMIC RAYS
WEIGHTLESSNESS
GLARE
DISORIENTATION
BOREDOM
IRRITABILITY
FATIGUE



Science is breaking down the barriers. The Navy suit licks the low-pressure hazard



This shows the method devised by Dr. Heinz Haber for achieving weightless flight in a modern high-velocity airplane. Plane dives to pick up speed, then pulls up and flies in hump-like arc. Pilot is weightless while in arc. Bottom diagram shows flight path of T-33 jet

trainer which made the first such flight, with crack Air Force test pilot Maj. Charles Yeager at the controls. Upper line indicates how our fastest rocket plane, the Douglas Skyrocket, flying above 10-mile altitude, can lengthen arc, almost triple period of weightlessness

space program than in aviation training. What can we do?

We can copy the stresses of rocket flight on the ground. In fact, we can do better: right now we can make the tests far more concrete than those used in aviation, which depend largely on personal observation and opinion.

The trainee will be seated within a small, elaborately instrumented, boilerlike chamber. The inside pressure can be lowered; the chemical composition of the atmosphere varied; the temperature adjusted. The testing flight surgeon can vibrate the whole contraption violently, pipe noises into it—or conduct any of the tests in combination.

Candidate Given Electronic Checkup

The candidate will, in effect, be wired for sound and radar. His suit will be the center of a network of wires. Television and X-ray cameras will hover over him. Electrodes, cardiographs and other electronic devices will check his pulse, blood pressure, breathing rate, skin temperature, internal temperature, perspiration and the oxygen content of his blood. Every section of his heart and brain will send out its own signals to a control board outside the chamber—so the surgeons will be able to check not only for malfunctioning of specific organs, but for the co-ordination of the physical machinery as a whole.

The air intake of the candidate's lungs and the chemical composition of the exhaled air will be

analyzed to see how efficiently his lungs work at various pressures. The movement of blood through his body will be followed as a check on the contraction and relaxation of his blood vessels.

Outside the chamber, the watching doctors will see a picture story of the candidate's life processes in action. They will be able to evaluate the reports transmitted from the chamber, to see if some organs are working too hard, to see if integration between the brain, heart, lungs and circulation is all it should be.

By the time he steps out of the chamber, the candidate won't have a physical secret left; of the original 1,000 only 120 men and women will remain. And the chamber tests may disclose a few psychological secrets, too.

Psychology is an extremely important consideration in weighing a candidate's ability to cope with life in space. An individual living in the confinement of a rocket ship or space station experiences many emotional strains: the confusing absence of familiar guideposts, like the horizon, to show him what position he's in (there's no vertical or horizontal in space); the tremendous monotony of empty scenery and cramped quarters; the irritating presence of the same few people over long periods; mental fatigue caused by the need for constant, unrelenting alertness to the problems of a completely new environment.

Can harassed modern man endure the additional mental stresses of space life?

He can, according to Dr. Donald W. Hastings,



Maj. "Chuck" Yeager, first man to be weightless, found experience confusing

Collier's for February 28, 1953

a new method lets us experience weightlessness. Cosmic radiation? Nothing to fear

the top Air Force consultant on psychiatric problems. Some men will do better than others, though, and we'll want the best of the lot. We'll get them by putting each candidate through an exhaustive psychiatric check, probing into his subconscious (possibly with the aid of harmless drugs and hypnosis), and testing him for such characteristics as ingenuity, intelligence, judgment and courage.

When our psychiatrists and psychologists finish with the candidates, the 120 survivors of the physical tests will have been whittled down to 60.

Even so, no test psychologists can devise will measure adequately an individual's ability to adjust to the one remaining problem of space: weightlessness.

A space vehicle or space platform traveling around the earth at a certain distance and speed (1,075 miles and 15,840 miles an hour, for example) will exactly counterbalance the effect of the earth's gravity. Occupants of such craft will float in space. It's likely to be a disturbing experience; until crew members get used to it, they may suffer from dizziness and nausea.

Some people might never get used to it. How can we comb them out? We certainly can't simulate weightlessness on earth, can we?

No, but we can simulate at least one effect of weightlessness, and, using jet planes, at certain

speeds we can achieve brief periods of weightlessness in the air.

Zoologists know that when small iron filings replace the sand grains which are normally in the inner ear, or balancing organ, of a crayfish, and a magnet is held above the filings, the crayfish shows about the same kind of confusion humans can expect from weightlessness. His organ of equilibrium responds to the impulse of the magnetized filings with a wrong guess: up becomes down, and the crayfish flips onto its back. A similar experiment, both harmless and painless, might be tried on larger animals. We might learn a lot about weightlessness in humans from such research.

An Experiment in Defying Gravity

But obviously, the most effective way to judge the effect of weightlessness is to watch someone who's experiencing weightlessness. We're now able to do that, using a method devised by Dr. Heinz Haber, astronomer and physicist, who was formerly with the Air Force Department of Space Medicine. A number of men have already tried Haber's method, and have defied gravity for periods of up to 30 seconds. Here's how it's done:

A cannon shell is weightless from the moment it leaves the muzzle until the instant it strikes the target. Haber proposed imitating the arc of a shell with an airplane.

Air Force Major Charles Yeager tried it. Yeager, the first man to fly faster than sound, went up in a jet trainer and put it into a long dive, to pick up speed. Then he pulled up and pushed over into a roller-coaster arc, to simulate a shell's flight. From the moment he started the arcing trajectory, he was weightless. A pencil lying on the jet's instrument panel rose majestically into the air and hovered there, providing Yeager with a course indicator. (When the freely floating pencil rose too high, Yeager adjusted his flight to keep the pencil stationary; in that way, he was able to stay within the weightless arc.)

How did it feel?

Strange, Yeager reported. First there was a falling sensation, but that didn't bother him much, since he was securely fastened to his seat. But then his head began to "grow thick," and he had trouble orienting himself. A few seconds later, he had the

impression that he was spinning around slowly; he couldn't say in what direction. It was, he said, like sitting on a big ball which was slowly rotating in all directions at once. After 15 seconds, thoroughly confused, he pulled out of the arc.

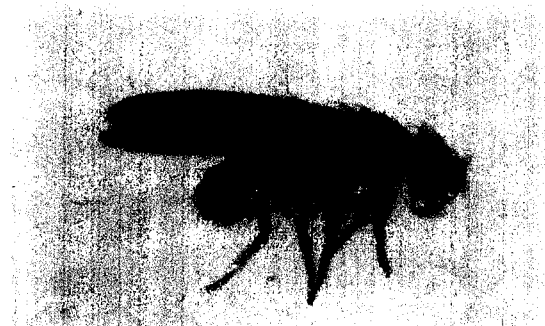
Several other men have tried the Haber method since Yeager's attempt. Some have been weightless for half a minute—and none have reported the effects that disturbed Yeager. Their solution: by staring at a fixed point on the plane's instrument panel, they keep a sense of balance and perspective. Additional flights, under controlled conditions, should supply more answers to the problem of weightlessness—especially if they're made in one of the latest experimental rocket models. If the Navy's rocket-propelled Douglas Skyrocket, our fastest plane, were used for such an experiment, weightlessness could be achieved for almost a minute and a half.

There's just one more possible psychological hazard to space travel: an unreasoning fear of cosmic radiation. The simplest answer is to give our space candidates a complete course in cosmic rays, to prove that they need not be afraid.

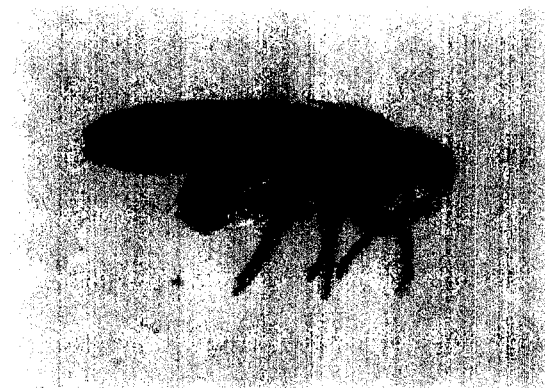
Theoretically, cosmic rays are capable of doing the same kind of delayed damage to humans as that done by X rays or radium or atomic-bomb rays: a person who absorbed too great a dosage might produce strange physical changes—or mutations—in his descendants.

But the damage is insignificant unless we absorb an overdose. About 25 years ago, massive doses of X rays were administered to a species of fruit fly which breeds so rapidly an entire generation can be produced in a few weeks. Within a short time, weird freaks turned up among certain of the descendants—some without eyes, others with strangely shaped wings and legs, or with legs where their feelers should be, or with unusual coloration. These mutations were passed on to later generations, proving that the damage had been permanent.

The fruit-fly tests were dramatic and, to many people, fearsome. They should not have been. It wasn't easy to produce the freakish insects. Of hundreds of flies subjected to massive X-ray doses, only a relative few passed on marked changes to their offspring, and it sometimes took generations of breeding to turn out a real monster. Even



Cosmic rays, X rays act alike. Normal flies like one above, heavily X-rayed, had freakish descendants below: tiny-eyed, yellow, short-winged, wingless, mottle-eyed or dark-bodied. But men won't find such heavy dosage in space



PHOTOGRAPHS BY INDIANA UNIVERSITY

One expert checked cosmic-ray intensity 53 miles up

genes which sustain a near-killing dose of radiation seldom produce outlandish abnormalities. Changes, yes; freaks, rarely. Dr. Hermann J. Muller, one of the world's outstanding authorities on the subject, puts it this way: If a human were exposed to all the radiation his system could stand, enormous numbers of his descendants would have to be closely examined before a single really abnormal person turned up.

How much cosmic radiation would a man absorb in space?

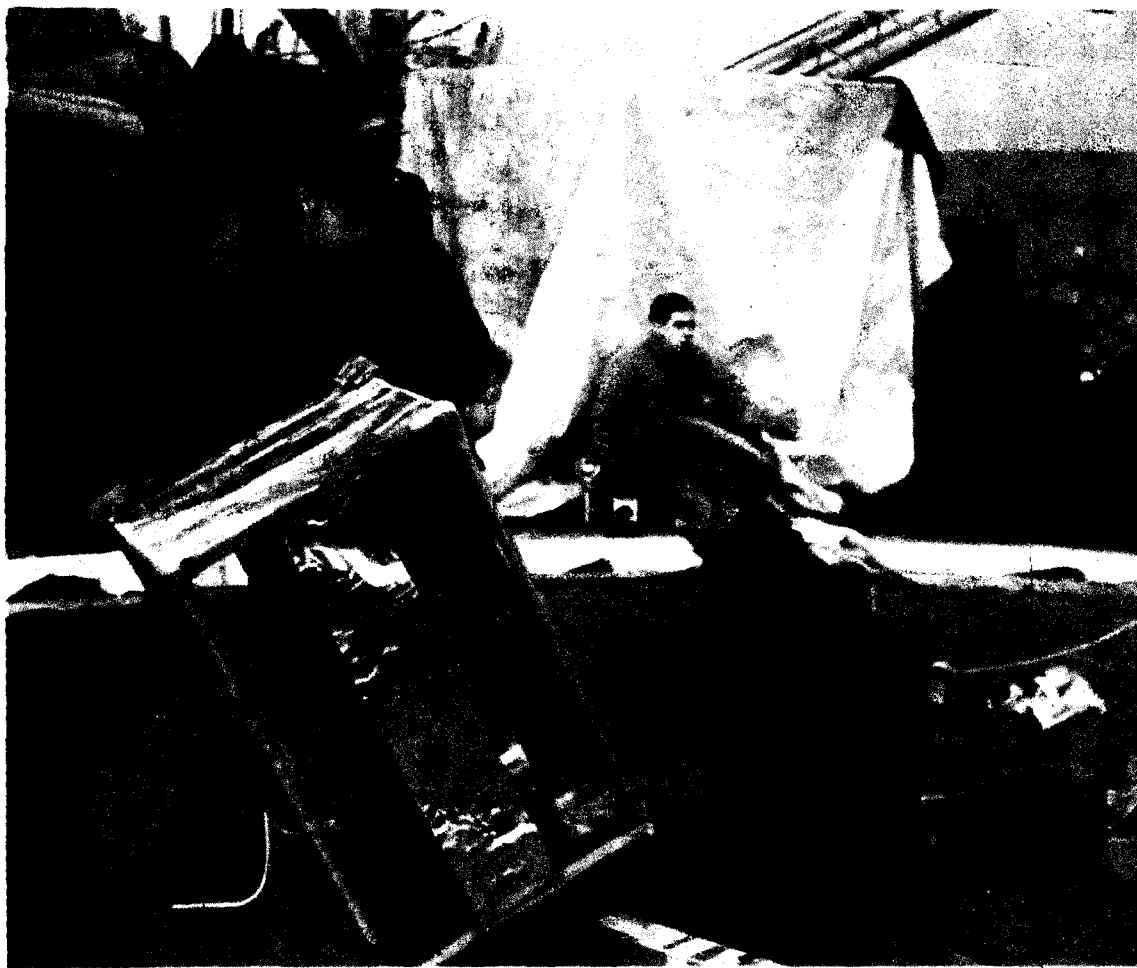
The Air Force is conducting experiments to help answer that question, sending fruit flies aloft in balloons to altitudes between 50,000 and 100,000 feet. But even now we know the answer in general terms. Last year, Dr. James A. Van Allen led an expedition to the waters off Greenland for the Office of Naval Research to measure the intensity of cosmic radiation over the polar area, where the earth's magnetism attracts an especially high concentration of the electrically charged particles. Small plastic balloons were sent aloft from the Coast Guard cutter Eastwind with slender rockets suspended beneath them. After 55 minutes, timing devices launched the rockets, and Geiger counters on each rocket measured cosmic intensity all the way up to 53 miles.

The greatest concentration—about 170 particles per second striking an area the size of a man's hand—was found at altitudes between 14 and 25 miles. There are sure to be more particles than that at a great distance from the earth, because the earth itself shielded Van Allen's Geiger counter from particles which might otherwise have struck from below. Van Allen estimates, on the basis of his findings, that a three-inch square 1,000 miles above the earth might be struck by about 700 cosmic particles a second.

Is that a dangerous intensity? Far from it. A man could absorb such a concentration for as long as six years in a row without appreciable harm. The X-ray doses used on the fruit flies were equivalent to millions of particles, administered all at once.

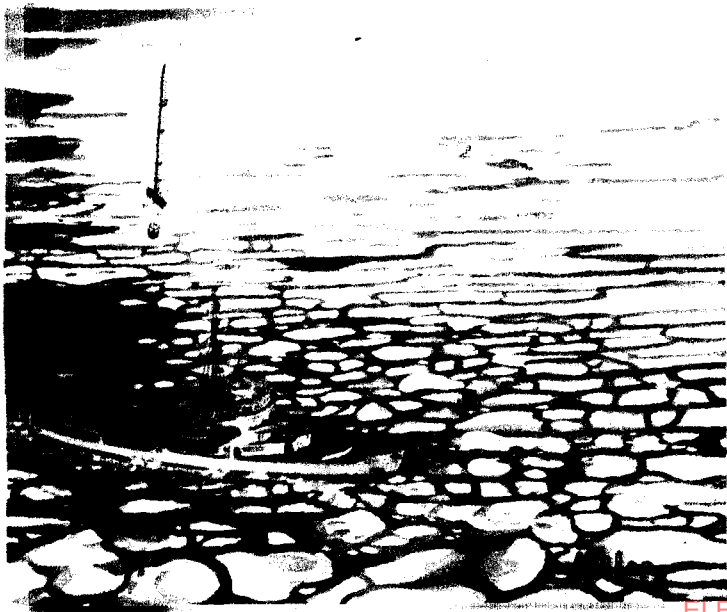
So, the 60 candidates now left of the original 1,000, armed with the facts on cosmic radiation, will know they have little to fear on that score.

But some tests lie ahead. The 60 are ready for training now—training in methods of withstanding acceleration shocks, training in group procedures within a sealed cabin, in navigation, and in personal locomotion in space. By the time the candidates have finished that instruction, there will be only five left. ▲▲▲



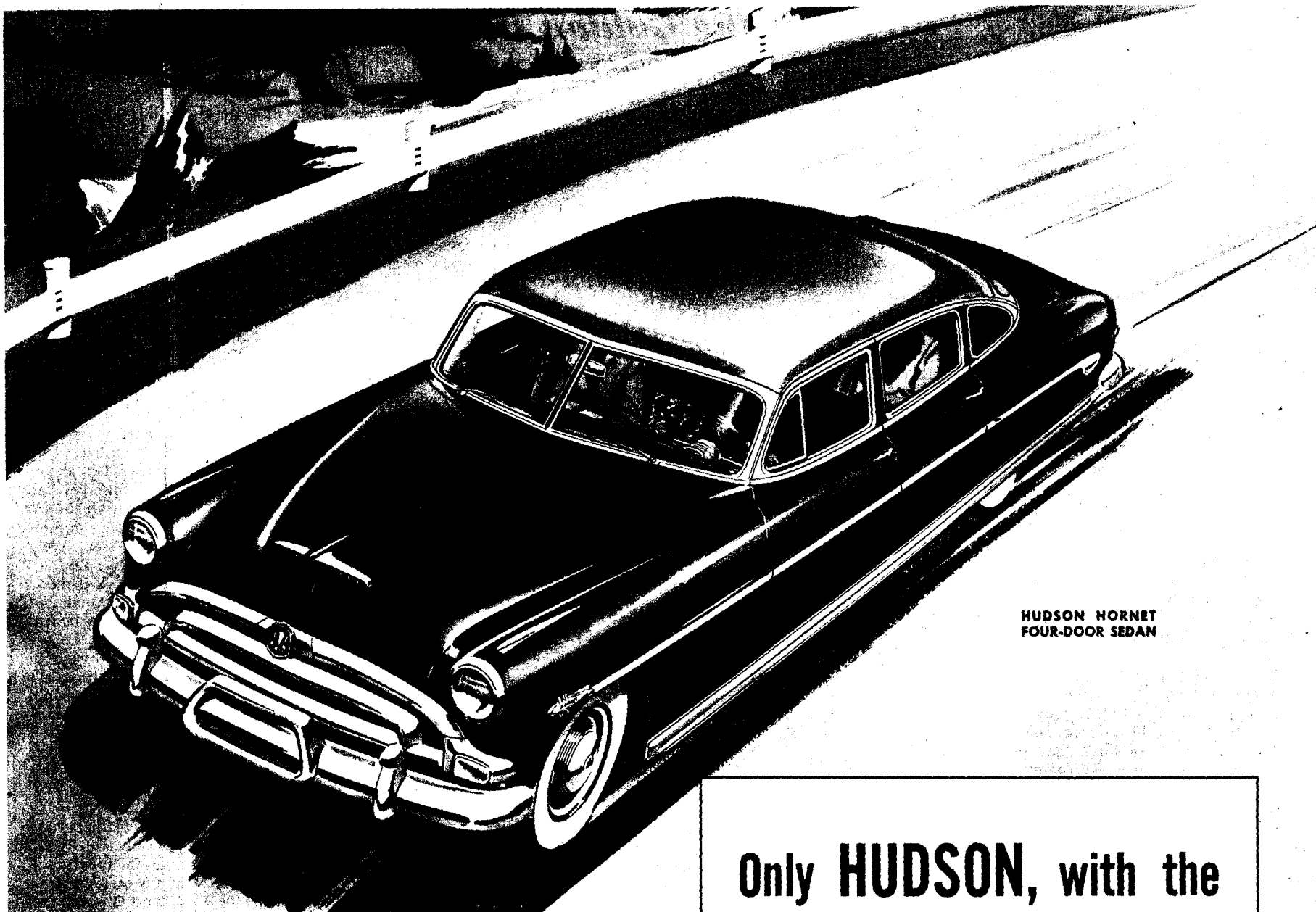
U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Left: high-altitude cosmic-ray tests were carried on from Coast Guard cutter Eastwind by launching balloons which set off rockets aloft. Above: preparing rocket-firing mechanism



Next Week

In a big hangar, a cage whirls around like a bucket on the end of a string; inside sits a man, his face sagging, his body under heavy pressure—but his mind working swiftly. In the next room, a space-suited figure is seated atop a slender pole with a gunlike instrument in his hand; as he pulls the trigger, he cartwheels, spins, gyrates crazily. What are they doing? They're training for the toughest assignments of their lives: the harsh, complicated, exacting duties of rocket crewmen preparing to conquer space



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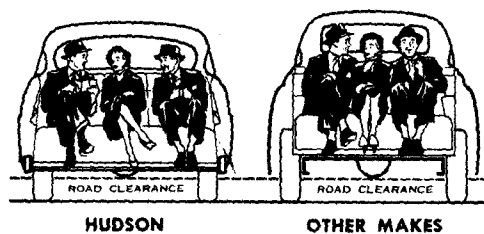
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because no other car has
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1953 HUDSON HORNET

NATIONAL STOCK-CAR CHAMPION

WASP

LOWER-PRICED RUNNING MATE TO THE HORNET

Flight of the Golden Plover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

earth waited—for the mantle of ice and snow that before long would spread over the polar sea and the land. On the earth, too, the impending event was felt. On the mountain the blue crowberries and ruby cranberries were staining the slopes with a wine color picked up by the low-lying clouds; down on the tundra behind the shore the cotton grass was coppery gold, vivid around blue ponds that each morning were edged with ice.

When he flew out above the ocean, the plover could see in its depths the shadowy bulk of the whales beginning their autumn journey. Over the shore, cormorants, gulls, murres, old squaws, scoters, geese, curlews, jaegers, terns, longspurs and snow buntings, sandpipers, auklets and phalaropes, and the young golden plovers wheeled and streamed through the air, exercising their wings. Every day a few strands of them would untangle themselves and draw away southward, but multitudes still remained. Most of them were sorting themselves into flocks. The plover joined one group and then another, trying each company till he had found the one that was most congenial.

This homeland of his was out on the continent's farthest tip, where the dark height of Wales Mountain overlooks Bering Strait. Fifty-three miles away was Siberia. Most birds, having traveled thousands of miles to this arctic breeding ground, stopped at the strait. Siberia's bird population migrated south for the winter, into Japan and China, to Java, New Guinea, Australia. The birds that had reared their young in Alaska turned southeast, bound for California or inland through Canada, some to stop in the States, others to fly on to South America.

While all of the other migrants chose land routes, the Pacific golden plovers would journey down over the Bering Sea, past the Aleutian Islands, and then on above the broad rolling wastes of the Pacific Ocean. Their goal was the Hawaiian Islands, those pinpoints upon the vast waters, which they would reach after a flight of three thousand miles.

In preparation, the plover and the flock he had lately joined had begun to swing out from their beach in flights of wider and wider circles. Wales Mountain had seemed an immense world, exciting and strange, when the plover was small. By now it was only one of numerous peaks on the continent's shoulder. The plovers had many times swung past the summits, but that was only a morning's jaunt by now, and the next widening of their course took them on a wide, circular trip across the strait.

This extended trip had been in various ways a test flight. Certain of their direction, although they were surrounded by a dense white mist, the plover flock had flown west, and the birds had climbed steadily—to the great altitudes at which they would fly on their migration, due to begin any day. The blur that enclosed them grew brighter. Suddenly they were above it, over a surface of fluffy down, stretching away on all sides to a level horizon.

Over the stratus sheet, in some places resting upon it, were alto-cumulus puffs, pure white, billowing chimneys, spaced out in the intense blue of the sky.

These puffs were drawn closer together ahead, and beyond that, they merged. Finally, the birds could find no clear sky. Acting as one, with an im-

pulse that was generated from within the group as a whole, they tilted their wings and relaxed their drive. Now they were down in the stratus layer again and still descending; below, the atmosphere seemed merely steamy, with the shadowed earth taking shape below. No sunlight penetrated the clouds, which were once again above the birds.

The plovers had flown over the strait and past Siberia's East Cape; under them was a marsh with mountains beyond with treeless slopes, like the ones they knew on the Alaskan side. A river wound down through a valley, willow brush edging its banks. The flock

pulse, the plovers had simply flown up from the shore and, ascending rapidly, turned southward over the Bering Sea. In a few hours, a blizzard had overtaken the young, inexperienced birds.

It was this blizzard that had forced the flock to retreat to land. The single male bird which had become separated from the flock continued to fly on above the water alone.

BY NIGHTFALL, the golden plover could go no farther. Under him the great waves had increased in height. The breakers were flinging their crests into the sky and spreading behind them

with a blow that racked its timbers. The face that looked out from the other side of the glass was tense.

Just before dark, a door at the side of the pilothouse opened and another man, one of the Eskimo sailors, came out. With one hand he held his pea jacket closed; with the other he reached for the bird. Instinctive fright seized the plover. He attempted to raise his wings—he would have flown off the boat if they had not been rigid—but the man's hand closed around his body and lifted him off the rail.

Now they were in the pilothouse. The captain glanced at the sailor and smiled faintly, but did not speak. The sailor went on down a narrow corridor of the pitching ship to the galley. Two men, the engineer and another sailor, were there, bracing themselves on benches between the cabin walls and a table, and balancing coffee cups in their hands. "Look what Dummy's got. We'll have chicken for dinner," one said.

The plover's captor, a deaf-mute, caught the meaning. He grinned, but shook his head. Sliding onto a bench, he held the bird on the table before him, enclosing its frozen plumage in both hands. The pressure of the man's fingers was like a trap; yet their warmth was welcome, and the bird's heart, which had been pounding until it seemed that it would explode in his breast, subsided. He sensed that this man was his friend.

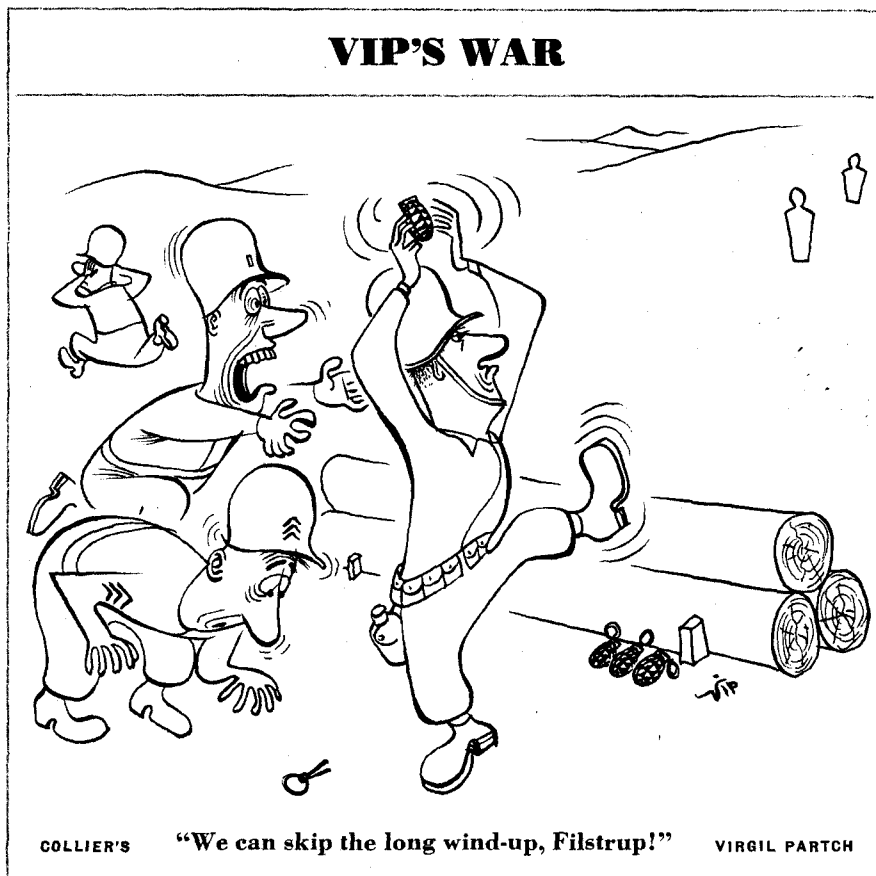
SOON the ice in his feathers had melted; now he was only wet. When the man shifted his hold, the bird raised a wing. The sailor set the bird's feet on the rim of the table and lowered his hands to the surface, but he kept his arms spread around the bird to warn off the other men. The plover stood quietly, and the deaf-mute began to stroke him. At the first touch, on his back, the bird took alarm. His wings fluttered, and the man understood. After that he stroked on the plover's breast. That was not a covering motion, and therefore the bird did not fear it.

The sailor across the table spoke again: "When the captain sees this he'll put the bird in the pot."

As if to test the prediction, the engineer disappeared into the passageway. In a moment the captain, a Norwegian, came in. He was a mariner with intent blue eyes; he looked at the bird in a preoccupied way, as if he did not see him. The mute sailor gathered the plover into his hands and slipped him into the front of his jacket. Then he left the cabin and went down a ladder.

Down in the engine room he took out the bird again and set him up on a warm overhead pipe. The bird fluttered off. He struck the dark sloping walls, but at last found a perch for himself on one of the rungs of the ladder. Two more sailors were there, but they were busy and paid no attention to him.

The ship's violent plunging was more disturbing than any wind. When he was tossed by a gust, the plover could counter the motion by his wing action, but here, though he clutched the rung, he was nearly thrown off by the shock of the hull crashing into the trough of the waves. And the air in the hold was foul with oil and bilge. The bird was dizzied, and his head dropped down on his breast. The mute sailor had started to help the other crew members, but, noticing the bird's distress, he buttoned



started to circle back. Soon they were over a Siberian Eskimo village, and bullets were stinging the air. Two of the birds were hit. They fell to the earth as though diving; one struck and bounced off an igloo roof of tight walrus skin. The flock speeded their wingbeats. They were beyond the settlement; now they were crossing the shore toward the Bering Sea. Their eastward course was straight and direct until the York Mountains rose ahead of them.

THE young male was exhilarated by the expanded trial flight. When he alighted upon the familiar beach, he ran about in the shallow waves, foam singing about his feet. The great expedition was taking shape now in his mind; his tension was due to break soon, in his short life's most challenging venture.

It was the imminent snowstorm that tripped the flock's impulse to start, at last, on the actual migration. Cirrus clouds had condensed into a fibrous veil hiding the sun, and meanwhile a change in the atmosphere's pressure warned of a climax in weather. All the birds were aware of it. The air was scintillating with nervous wings, though the plover flock was not yet flying. The birds were perched at the head of the beach, poised to begin their migration.

Their actual departure was uneventful. That morning, with a common im-

coarse nets of foam, and the roar of the winds and the waters was one bewildering crush of sound. His will to continue was firm, but so heavy a load of ice now encased his feathers that all the energy he could put into the push of his wings would not keep him aloft.

In his descent toward the sea, he saw a dark, wallowing object ahead—a small ship. It was heaving and dropping, battered from one side and then from the other by the waves, but it was floating. The bird reached it. He circled it once and came down to alight on the rail in front of the pilothouse.

Behind him, through a window blurred with a coating of snow, a man's face peered out. It was only a few feet away, yet the plover did not take alarm. To have the firm wood in the grasp of his toes was an incalculable comfort, even though sheets of spray were flung over him with each dip of the rail. It was enough that he need not be driving his stiff, weighted wings. He folded them, and at once they froze into place at his sides.

The ship was attempting to quarter across the waves. It had been bound from St. Lawrence Island to Norton Sound when it was blown off its course toward the south. The engines churned steadily, but the breakers were rapidly overtaking the ship. After each rise, the boat slammed down into the trough

him into his jacket again and took him out on the deck. He put the bird down on a coil of rope. The plover was free, but now he made no attempt to fly.

Lashed to the deck were a dory, a snowplow and a small pile of lumber, all of which shifted and strained each time the ship lurched. The snowplow lifted six inches or more, to bang down again on the deck. The captain and one of the other men started to brace it with additional tackle. The mute sailor joined them. They were all working hastily. In the darkness the swirling snow was lighted by the beam from the galley door. After a while the men went back into the pilothouse and closed the door, leaving the plover outside.

TORRENTS of spray slashed across the deck; from time to time one of the breakers poured over it. The plover had little urge to take wing, for the ship, as it pitched about, seemed less to be feared than the snow in the screaming wind. He crouched in the coil of rope.

He was still huddled there when the black night gave way to a glowering, heavy dawn. The water could now be seen clearly, as far as the snow allowed. Its movement had changed. The storm had become a revolving gale, as it often did on the Bering Sea, with the wind veering so rapidly that it blew from every point of the compass in the space of five minutes. The waves were wild and chaotic; the slopes of great liquid summits swept skyward and sank.

The boat had been built originally for fishermen to use off a coast where the weather was milder; and it had neither the strength of hull nor the motive power to stand such a buffeting long. All the men's faces were apprehensive. They came often to tighten the gear that was holding the snowplow; the captain stood by it constantly. The bird and the men were sharing this danger. None of them could survive for very long if the timbers in the boat should give way.

Noon approached under a sky uniformly dark. The wind and the waves were useless as guides; only the compass, screwed to its standard up in the pilothouse, gave any clue to the ship's heading. Having no southerly swells to contend with now, the captain had set the ship's course straight for the east, toward the coast, for the boat could not hold together for many more hours.

The crisis came suddenly, at mid-afternoon. While the men, all but the engineer at the wheel and one sailor down in the engine room, were on deck, the snowplow broke loose. It slid along the steep, slippery deck and crashed to a stop against the rail. Its weight listed the ship over so that the rail was submerged. If that barrier had given way, the plow, plunging off into the water, would have let the ship right itself. But the heavy rail held.

As the ship lurched sideward, all the men lost their footing. Two would have been washed overboard, but they succeeded in getting a grip on the plow. The mute sailor had fallen against the winch, where he clung.

"Loose the dory!" the captain roared. He scrambled across the lumber and reached the boat hooks. The engineer, on his hands and knees, appeared in the cabin door. His face was oyster-gray with fear. Then, with a sickening roll, the deck rose until it was vertical, swung

on over, and threw all five of the men into the monstrous sea. . . .

The bird flew into the wind and the snow, but stayed close. The ship's rusty keel hung in the water for a moment or two but soon slid out of sight, the water boiling and sucking about it. The dory was riding the waves. Three of the men had gone down, among them the engineer, but the others could swim. The captain reached the dory first and tossed a life jacket out to the deaf-mute; another man stayed afloat by grasping a piece of the drifting lumber.

These three saved themselves; the captain got himself into the lifeboat and rescued the other two. They started the engine, and though the boat reeled about on the peaks and in the pits of the waves, the captain attempted to steer in a circular course, hoping to find the other men in the wreckage that drifted upon the surface. For more than an hour they continued their search without success.

The captain scanned the sky. How,

off, but the bird sensed that the greater danger lay out in the blowing snow. He would fly for a little, allowing himself to be hurled about in the blizzard until he was tired, and then return.

"Our gas may not last until morning," the captain said. Then all the men took turns waving the bird away, and finally he stayed aloft.

Night was beginning to darken the white falling snow. Or was the snow thinning? The wind was certainly subsiding, and the flakes, coming down gently now, were no longer as blinding as before. The men in the boat watched the plover anxiously, their pale faces upturned to him. He sensed their interest, though he did not, of course, comprehend their actions, which were not hostile and yet not friendly.

The bird was immensely hungry, having been without food for all of the two harrowing days. If he could reach the coast, he could rest there and feed, and regain his strength. After a little while aloft he began to discover that his flight in the sky was becoming less perilous.

There was little light over the sea now, and no land was in sight; yet the plover was not confused. He knew instinctively where the shore should be. On a sudden, decisive urge he straightened his course toward the east, away from the boat, which, as he sped over the sea, swung round to follow him.

CAPE ROMANZOF, a steep promontory, became visible where, intuitively, the bird had expected to find it. Most of the slopes were white, but because the gale had drifted the snow, some of the terraces were scantily covered. The clouds were blowing in tatters and were being swept out of the sky. The moon shone fitfully and its light revealed to the plover a patch of crowberries. He flew down and ate hungrily of the fruit before he fluffed out his feathers and closed his eyes for a long, welcome sleep.

Winter had come to the North, but it was still a season of only moderate cold, and the sun, although sinking lower, rose every day. Its warmth melted the snow off more of the berries. The bird feasted and slept until he was ready to continue his migration. He would make it alone, and he would not lose his way. On the third morning, when he set out again, a brilliantly colored sunrise was putting a wash of mauve and gold over the vast, white land. At first he stayed near the coast, and before he had traveled far, his keen eyes discovered a camp on the beach—the well-known dory drawn up on the sand, and, stretched out around the fire, the three human companions with whom he had shared his ordeal.

The sea had quieted. It was a surface where he could rest, should he need to stop, but the drive in his wings was a force that could carry him, so he felt, far from the Arctic. He turned over the water, south toward another coast, one bordered with swaying trees and great vivid flowers, a shore very different from this—one that he had never seen. There he would spend the winter. But late in the spring, when the ice and snow were due to be gone from Alaska, he would make the long flight again. He would return to this wide, unobstructed country, to skies always buoyant with ice-cooled winds, and to unending light. He would return, for the North was his homeland.



"What's this I hear about you going over to Mrs. Smith's and offering to trade three of my cookies for one of hers?"

COLLIER'S

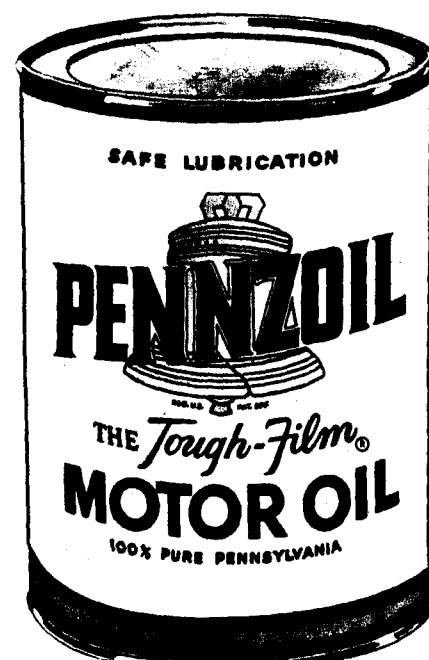
SCOTT BROWN

lacking a compass now, could he determine which way was east? He kept the engine running, but at low speed, lest he move away from the coast.

The bird hovered closer and closer above the boat, for the winds and the snow were still as hazardous for him as the turbulent waters were for the dory, and soon he was tired again. He alighted upon the boat. Both sailors were bailing and paid slight attention to their small companion. Once, however, so thick a shower of spray struck the bird that he was knocked from his perch and had to flutter off into the air. When he came down on the rail again, the deaf-mute lifted him off and put him inside the shelter of the prow.

The captain had long sailed these deserted seas, where no lighthouses or beacons were maintained to assist a ship, and he had been accustomed to watching the birds. Their actions warned him of changes in weather, and in fog their cries told of the presence of rocks and cliffs. Now a thought struck him. He said: "If that plover would leave us, he'd probably set out for land and give us our course."

He gestured to show his meaning, and the mute sailor nodded. Again he took up the plover, this time to try to persuade him to leave. He tossed him out into the air, but the bird returned to the boat. The sailor continued to wave him



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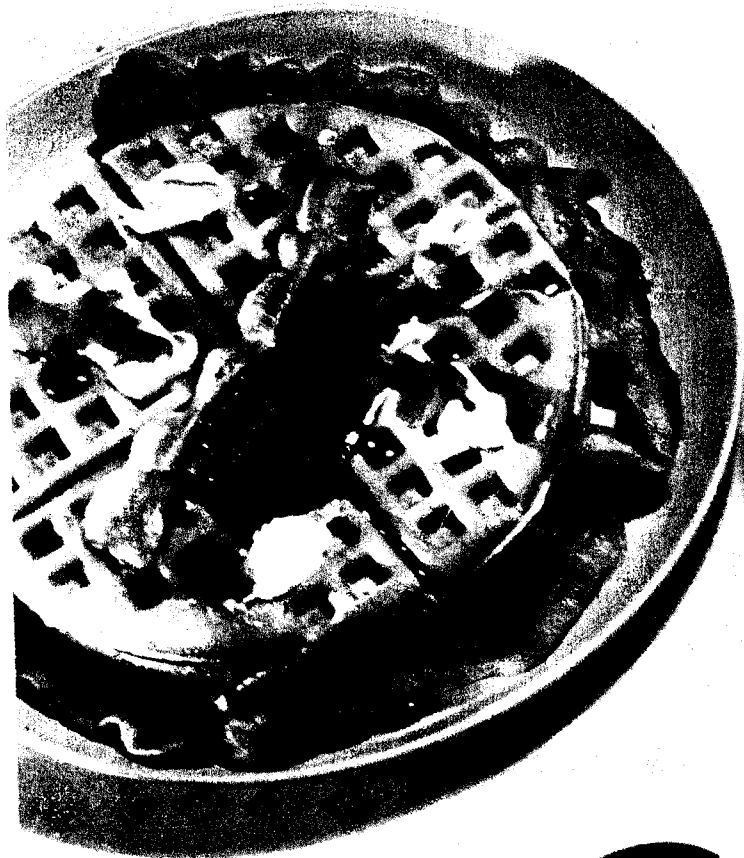
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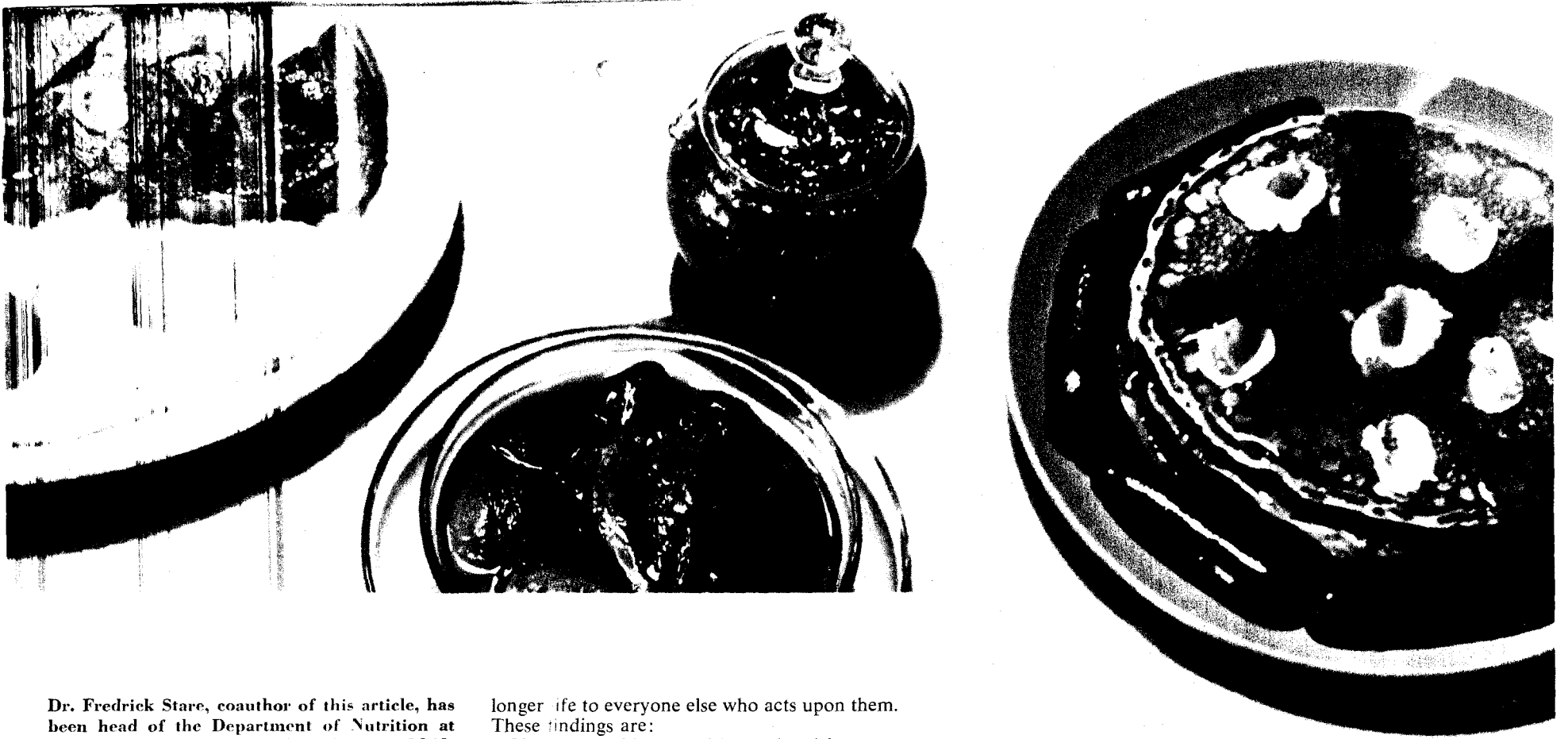
Eat a Bigger Breakfast— And Be Thin

By FREDRICK J. STARE, M.D.
And JULIA A. SHEA, M.S.

You can lose weight if you start off your day with a hearty meal. Researchers at Harvard say it will prevent those morning hunger pangs and keep you from overeating later

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Dr. Fredrick Stare, coauthor of this article, has been head of the Department of Nutrition at Harvard School of Public Health since 1942. Julia Shea, who collaborated with him, is doing geriatric nutrition research in the department

YOU and your family are at breakfast. Late for school, the children grab a roll or some fruit and run out the door. Recalling that extra slice of pie you tucked away last night before bedtime, you only eat a couple of doughnuts and drink two cups of coffee. Your wife, still more conscious of her figure, takes only coffee.

To those of us professionally concerned with nutrition, this picture is too familiar to be amusing. We have, in fact, good reason to suppose that such short-cut breakfasts may be one cause of our high late-morning industrial accident rate and the shocking number of overweight adults in this country—a total set by U.S. public health authorities at some 15,000,000 persons.

We have known for some time that a substantial, high-protein breakfast is important for good health. But only recently—thanks in part to experiments here in the Department of Nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health—have we discovered why. And as is so often the case in scientific research, once the why of the matter was found, new questions and answers swiftly followed.

Our researchers already have turned up two fascinating facts that should cheer up all who are overweight and help bring better health and

longer life to everyone else who acts upon them. These findings are:

¶ If you eat a bigger and better breakfast, you are likely to eat less during the day as a whole.
 ¶ Judicious nibbling between meals can help you lose weight once you make up your mind to do so.

The key to these seeming paradoxes lies in the discovery of what we believe to be a trigger that controls our appetite. Knowing at last why and how we become hungry, we can recommend menus and diets that will tend to keep this mechanism in the off, or not-hungry, position longer. Thus, with no loss of strength or energy, we can eat fewer calories each day and lose weight safely while rarely feeling hungry.

Breakfast is the most important meal—whether you wish to reduce or simply maintain your present weight. We have found that a breakfast of fruit juice, hot or cold cereal with milk, an egg and bacon, toast and coffee will add fewer pounds in the long run than a breakfast of only coffee with doughnuts or sweet rolls. While the larger breakfast contains roughly 200 more calories than the other, it will carry you over with no midmorning slump and less desire to tackle too big a lunch or dinner. The protein content of each breakfast is the answer: 17 grams of protein in the larger meal, and only four grams in the other. And it is the proteins, the work horses of our diet, which seem to control the trigger mechanism of our appetite.

At some time in the future, people may eat dinner at breakfasttime and breakfast at dinner-time. But until such time, we urge everyone to

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL



Try fruit juice, two fried eggs, toast, butter, milk and coffee for breakfast if you want

eat a *quarter or more* of the day's total of calories and proteins at the morning meal. Whether you, like many white-collar workers, average 2,500 calories and 70 grams of protein a day, or are on a 1,600-calorie reducing diet, you should observe this rule—and feel better for it.

If you think you can't face a sizable breakfast, a limited amount of exercise before the meal might help. Many parents have noticed that, on mornings when there is no school, their children go out in the yard, play for a half hour or so, and then come in demanding their breakfast. By the same token, farmers and harvest hands who work a couple of hours before breakfast like a big, old-fashioned meal, including even pork chops and fried potatoes.

How was our appetite control mechanism discovered? How does it operate?

Nutrition Experts Evolve a Theory

The Glucostatic Theory of Food Intake Regulation, as the theory is technically known, was evolved by Dr. Jean Mayer and his associates in the Department of Nutrition at Harvard's School of Public Health as part of a continuing study of obesity.

Dr. Mayer, a thirty-two-year-old Frenchman and veteran of his country's World War II underground movement, studied at Yale and served as a scientific consultant with the United Nations before coming to Harvard in 1950. Here at Harvard, he set about to find the answer to why some people are hungry most of the time and others only three times a day.

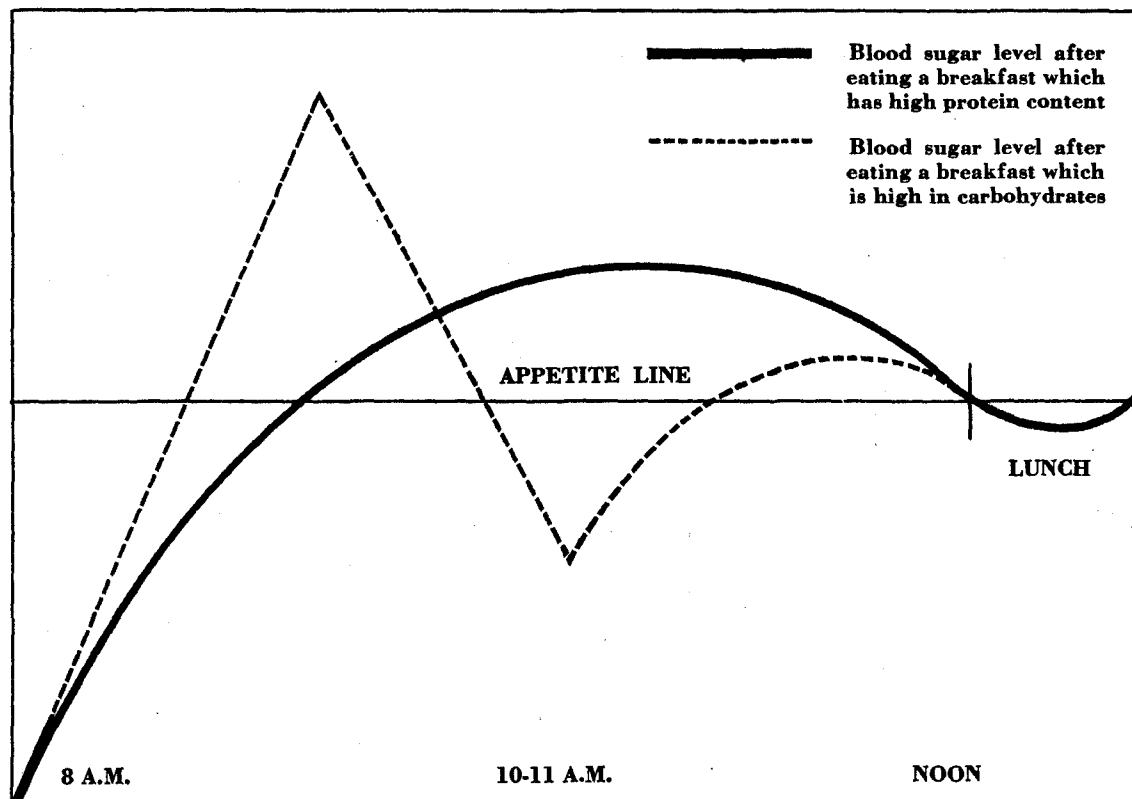
At one time, it was believed that hunger was caused by an increase in stomach contractions; when the stomach was full, contractions slowed down and hunger disappeared. Followers of this theory advocated reducing diets high in bulk but low or negligible in food value, such as special cellulose products. The scheme was to keep something, anything, in the stomach so long as it was low in calories. But this theory was exploded when it was found that animals and, later, surgical patients continued to complain of hunger even after their stomachs had been removed.

It was known that appetite centers exist in the lower part of the brain, called the hypothalamus. So Mayer reasoned that changes in the make-up of the blood passing through these centers might be the trigger mechanism that set them off. He thought it unlikely that protein or fat in the blood activated the appetite centers since they cause only a minute change over the course of a few hours. However, earlier investigators had found that amounts of sugar in the blood stream fluctuate markedly and abruptly after eating.

Working on the theory that the sugar level of the blood controlled the appetite centers, Mayer began a series of experiments to try to prove it. He found he was right: the amount of sugar in our blood, like heat acting on a thermostat, controls our appetite.

Mayer and his associates discovered that the process works like this: we feel hungry, we eat, and part of our food turns to sugar in our blood. When our sugar level rises to a certain point, click! the control in our brain shuts off and we no longer feel hungry. (This control has been nicknamed the *appetate* by Dr. Norman Jolliffe of the New York City Health Department.) As we expend energy, the sugar level begins to drop, our appetite control mechanism snaps on and we are hungry again.

The implications of this discovery were recognized at once by all of us. If sugar levels in the blood could be maintained for longer periods above the appetite line with fewer calories, we could all reduce our waistline by apparently eating more while in reality we would be eating less. Overweight people could diet safely and successfully, free from the worst if not all pangs of hunger.



This chart shows the advantages of eating a hearty—or high-protein—breakfast. It keeps your blood sugar above level where you feel hungry until it's time for your midday meal

In the course of his study, Mayer injected a daily equivalent of three calories of glucose, a sugar, into each of a number of rats and noted each animal's daily food consumption. A calorie, as most of us know, is a unit expressing the energy-producing value of food. Mayer found that each of the glucose-injected rats ate eight calories less than other comparable rats injected only with water. Thus with an injection of 4 per cent of a rat's daily calories, the animal's total daily consumption dropped 10 per cent.

This study was repeated with a number of foods and drugs. It was found that any procedure which increased blood sugar levels caused decreases in food intake and vice versa.

In addition to vitamins and minerals, the food we eat consists mainly of carbohydrates, proteins and fats. Coffee with cream and sugar, doughnuts and rolls, for example, are mainly carbohydrate foods. Cereals with milk, as well as eggs and meat, are good sources of protein. Some years ago, Dr. George Thorn, professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School and physician in chief at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, found that a breakfast of high carbohydrate content left a man weak and hungry by midmorning, but a high protein meal would keep him going until lunchtime. Later studies, notably those at Iowa, Michigan State and the University of Nebraska, corroborated and extended Dr. Thorn's findings. Now Mayer's theory has provided the "why" of this earlier research into what constitutes the best breakfast. It also has emphasized that protein is an important key to safe and simple weight reduction.

Because carbohydrates raise the blood sugar level abruptly, they have been called quick energy foods. But this energy doesn't last long. After we eat these foods, our sugar level shoots up and our appetate shuts off. But, just as quickly, the sugar is used up and the hunger signal flashes on again. Proteins also raise the sugar level, but they hold it above the hunger mark far longer. The chart on this page compares the staying power of a high carbohydrate breakfast with a high protein breakfast. Since fats have been found to slow down the rate at which both carbohydrates and proteins

are digested, they also help maintain a more constant blood sugar level.

Clearly then, the man who starts off his workday with only coffee and a couple of doughnuts or sweet rolls is going to feel hungry by midmorning and, if he can, will slip out of the office for more "doughnuts and coffee" to tide him over until lunch. Hungry again, he will eat a larger lunch than if he had breakfasted on fruit juice, cereal, bacon and egg, toast and coffee. The result: by the end of the day, he will have consumed far more calories than if he had eaten the heartier breakfast.

The Woman Who Eats Between Meals

Similarly the housewife who skips breakfast with the laudable desire to keep her figure will, nine times out of ten, more than make up for her morning calorie loss by treating herself to large snacks throughout the day and by overeating at lunch and dinner.

We can assure you that nutrition experts have not exaggerated the woeful breakfast habits of a large number of Americans. Schoolteachers complain of irritability in children who have skimped at breakfast, and most employees can tell when the boss has skipped his. Midmorning snacks may restore your amiability, but if, as often, they are high in calories and low in nutrients, they also may help add on extra pounds.

To stay at your desirable weight once you have reached it, you must use up in energy calories equal to the number you have eaten. Of course, if you're reducing, you must eat fewer calories than you expend. But a big breakfast high in protein will help you eat more lightly the rest of the day, diet or no.

No one can say how much an average person—if one exists—should eat during the day, but let's say 2,500 calories is about right for you if you get normal exercise and don't have a serious reducing problem. You could eat quite a large breakfast—fruit juice, cereal and milk, poached egg on toast, toast and butter, milk and coffee—and still have no trouble eating regular, moderate amounts at the next two meals.

Collier's for February 28, 1953

o reduce. Just doughnuts and coffee aren't enough. And in the end, they may add pounds

If you are on an 1,800-calorie-a-day diet, which is not a severe one, here's a sample breakfast that would simplify your daily dieting problem and keep that appetat from working too often: tomato juice, two fried eggs, toast, butter, milk and coffee.

Applying the quarter-or-more rule to a diet of 1,200-1,400 calories a day would allow you to have this 400-calorie breakfast: unsweetened fruit juice, cereal, whole-wheat toast, butter, soft-boiled egg, glass of milk or coffee.

These are just examples. The chart on this page shows you the protein content and calorie count of most breakfast foods. You can put together your own morning meal, with as much protein and as few calories as you want or need. While most experiments with food are better left to nutrition experts, you may want to try—within reason—some tricks on your own appetat, particularly if you are on a diet that has been giving you trouble.

Now as to nibbling between meals, which many consider the royal road to added pounds: mothers long have been saying to their children, "Don't eat that or it will spoil your supper!" And usually mother is right. Most nibbling shoots up the child's blood sugar level, and his appetite is momentarily spoiled, but by the time his supper has grown cold, he's hungry again.

Now obviously if you're on a 1,600-calorie daily

diet and you sneak half a box of chocolates during the day, you're not sticking to the diet, and you're not going to get thin. But it would be well worth your while to experiment with scientific nibbling—enough nibbling shortly before mealtime to keep the appetat off, but not enough to add too many calories. Your weight is your best clue to whether you're eating too many calories. It probably makes little difference what foods you nibble—candy, fruit juice, cookies, crackers, cheese. Try them all and see what helps you most. But keep an honest record of your calories.

The kinds of protein food in a reducing diet can be left pretty much to the individual's taste. Unusual or exotic foods that are high in protein—such as yogurt or wheat germ—are all right, but, so far as we know, serve no purpose other than to give you variety. Every food has its specific caloric content and the number of calories we eat and expend each day normally determines whether we gain or lose weight, or even stay within our own desirable range.

Breakfast is still the most neglected and misunderstood meal of all. But for all of us, overweight or normal, it should be as important and carefully planned a meal as any other. And millions of American families are setting breakfast habits that almost certainly will lower their children's morn-

ing efficiency and may make them overweight in their adult years.

We here at the Department of Nutrition at Harvard believe the school is the best point to attack the problem of proper eating practices. They can and should be learned during the school years if we are to have a healthy adult population. Good nutrition can be taught, not as a special course, but as a part of the regular school curriculum. Some progress has been made. Copies of our slide film, Let's Teach Better Nutrition, explaining our public-school studies, are already booked up well in advance by parent-teacher associations and other interested groups.

Public and private awareness of the importance of nutrition is of fairly recent origin, however. Researches that make possible advances in all fields of medicine and health cost money and, as taxpayers through our Public Health Service and as contributors to voluntary health organizations, we support many of them. Some food industries, through direct gifts to institutions such as our own, and indirectly through the Nutrition Foundation, Inc., in New York, also have done and are doing a good job. In time, when all American families automatically sit down to a substantial, leisurely, high-protein breakfast our money will appear to have been well spent. ▲▲▲

Choose Your Own High-Protein Breakfast from This Chart

This chart is a guide to help you choose a high-protein diet or are bothered by hunger pangs at breakfast. It lists the calorie and protein content of many breakfast foods. Try to consume at least a quarter of your total daily calories and protein at this meal. Food values are from U.S. Agriculture Department.

FOOD	MEASURE	WEIGHT (grams)	CALORIES	PROTEIN (grams)
orange juice	1/2 cup	123	54	1
grape juice	1/2 cup	127	85	1
tomato juice	1/2 cup	121	25	1
stewed fruit (apricots)	5 halves	57	48	1
grapefruit	1/2 medium	285	75	1
corn flakes	1 cup	25	96	2
oatmeal	2/3 cup, cooked	157	99	4
bacon	1 slice	8	49	2
ham	1 slice	29	113	7
sausage	3 links 3" long 1/2" diameter	60	282	11
egg	1 medium	54	77	6
waffle	1 waffle 4 1/2" by 5 3/8" by 1 1/2"	75	216	7
toast	white, enriched, 1 slice, 1/2" thick	23	63	2
pancake	1 cake 4" diameter	27	59	2
roll	1 roll (16 per pound)	28	86	3
doughnut	1 (cake type)	32	136	2
butter	1 pat	7	50	—
sirup	1 tablespoon	20	57	—
jam	1 tablespoon	20	55	—
cocoa (made with milk)	1 cup	250	236	10
milk	1 cup, fresh whole	244	166	9
cream	1 tablespoon (light)	15	30	—
sugar	1 teaspoon	4	16	—

tea and coffee—no calorie or protein value unless taken with cream, milk or sugar

GUN JOB

The new marshal was spineless. Jeff Anderson had to

HE WAS married in June, and he gave up his job as town marshal the following September, giving himself time to get settled on his little ranch before the snows set in.

Now, with summer still in the air, he walked down the main street of the town and thought of his own problems—a fine feeling after fifteen years of thinking of the problems of others. He wasn't Marshal Jeff Anderson any more. He was Jeff Anderson, private citizen.

He was a tall, well-built man who was nearing forty and beginning to think about it. Every building and every alley of this town held a memory for him. It had a Sunday-morning peacefulness now, a peacefulness Jeff Anderson had worked for. It hadn't always been this way. He inhaled deeply, a contented man, and headed for the marshal's office, where the door was closed, the shade drawn.

This was his Sunday-morning pleasure, this tour of the town. It was the same tour he had made every Sunday morning for fifteen years, but now he

By **THOMAS THOMPSON**

could enjoy the luxury of knowing he was making it because he wanted to, not because it was his job. He was like a man who had built a bridge or a building; he could sit back and look at his finished work, remembering the fun and the heartache that had gone into it.

In front of the marshal's office, Jeff Anderson paused, then turned and pushed open the door, the familiarity of the action strong on him. He grinned at the new marshal and said, "Caught any criminals lately?"

The man behind the desk glanced up, his eyes worried. He tried to joke. "How could I?" he said. "You ain't been in town since last Sunday." He kicked a straight chair toward Jeff. "How's the cow business?"

"Good," Jeff said. "Mighty good." He sat down and stretched his long legs, pushed his battered

felt hat back, and made himself a cigarette. A feeling of well-being filled him. The marshal's job was another man's responsibility now, not Jeff Anderson's. "How's it with you, Billy?" he asked.

The answer came too quickly. "You ought to know, Jeff. The mayor and the council came to see you, didn't they?"

That was true, and Jeff Anderson hadn't liked the idea. He felt the city fathers had gone behind the new marshal's back. If they didn't like the job Billy was doing, they should have gone to Billy, not to Jeff. They seemed to think that because Jeff had recommended Billy, the job was still Jeff's responsibility. "They made the trip for nothing, Billy," Jeff said. "If you're worried about me wanting your job, you can forget it. I told them that plain."

"They'll keep asking you, Jeff."

Billy Lang stared at the drawn shade of the front window, the thumb of his left hand toying nervously with the badge on his calfskin vest. He was a small man with eternally pink cheeks and

The cattleman cursed and twisted in the saddle. "You forgetting you ain't a law man any more?" he said. "You decide, Hank," Jeff said



force his own law and order—even if it cost him his life

pale blue eyes. He was married and had five children, and most of his life he had clerked in a store. Billy had taken the job because it paid more, and because the town was quiet. But now there was trouble, and Billy was sorry. He said, "You can't blame them, Jeff. You did a good job."

There was no false modesty in Jeff Anderson. He had done a good job here, and he knew it. He grinned. "Regardless of what a man does, there's some who won't like it."

"Like Hank Fetterman?"

Jeff shrugged. This Hank Fetterman was a cattleman. Hank wanted to take the town over and run it, the way he had before Jeff had become marshal.

"He's in town," Billy Lang said.

Jeff felt a familiar tightening of his stomach muscles, the signal of trouble ahead. He inhaled deeply, let the smoke trickle from his nostrils, and the feeling went away. Hank Fetterman was Jeff Anderson's neighbor now, and Jeff was a rancher, not a marshal. "I'm in town too," he said. "So are fifty other people. There's no law against it."

"You know what I mean, Jeff," Billy Lang said. "You talked to Rudy Svitac's boy."

Billy Lang was accusing him of meddling, and Jeff didn't like it. Jeff had not had anything to do with the marshal's job since his retirement. But when a twelve-year-old kid who thought you were something special asked you a straight question, you gave him a straight answer. It had nothing to do with the fact that you had once been a marshal.

"Sure, Billy," Jeff said. "I talked to Rudy's boy. I told him to have his dad see you, Billy."

BILLY LANG turned over a paper. "He took your advice three days ago. Rudy Svitac came in and swore out a warrant against Hank Fetterman for trespassing." Billy paused, and then he said, "He told me his boy said it was the thing to do."

Jeff had a feeling that he was suddenly two people. One was Jeff Anderson, ex-marshal, and the other was Jeff Anderson, private citizen, a man with a small ranch, and a fine wife, and a right to live his own life.

Jeff Anderson, the rancher, grinned. "Hank pawin' and bellerin' about it, is he?"

"I don't know, Jeff," Billy Lang said. "I haven't talked to Hank about it. I'm not sure I'm going to."

Jeff only half believed what he had heard. Surely Billy knew that if you gave Hank Fetterman an inch he would take a mile.

He caught himself quickly, realizing suddenly that it was none of his business how Billy Lang thought. There were plenty of businessmen in town who had argued that Jeff Anderson's methods of law enforcement had been bad for their cash registers. They had liked the old days, the days when Hank Fetterman was running things, and the town was wide open. Maybe they wanted it that way again.

Jeff stood up and put his hand affectionately on Billy Lang's shoulder. "That's up to you, Billy," he said. "It's

sure none of my affair." His grin widened. "Come on, and I'll buy you a drink."

Billy Lang stared at the drawn shade and thought of Hank Fetterman, a man who was big in this country, waiting over at the saloon. Hank Fetterman knew there was a warrant out for his arrest; the whole town knew it by now. And before long people would know who the law was in this town, Hank Fetterman or Billy Lang. There was perspiration on Billy's forehead. "You go ahead and have your drink, Jeff," he said. "I've got some paper work to do." He didn't look up as Jeff went out.

JEFF went outside. The gathering heat of the day struck the west side of the street and brought a resinous smell from the old boards of the false-fronted buildings. He glanced at the little church, seeing Rudy Svitac's spring wagon there, remembering that the church hadn't always been here, and then he crossed over toward the saloon, the first business building this town had erected. He went in. Two of Hank Fetterman's riders were standing at the piano, leaning on it, and one of them was fumbling out a one-finger tune, cursing when he missed a note. Hank Fetterman was at the far end of the bar, and Jeff went and joined him. A little cow talk was good of a Sunday morning, and Hank Fetterman knew cows. The two men at the piano started to sing.

The bartender was nervous. He wiped his cloth across the dry bar, and it made a squeaking sound. "Tell your boys to quiet down, Hank," the bartender said. "I've been getting a lot of complaints about staying open Sundays."

"They've been working hard," Hank said to the bartender. "They've got to let off steam." His smile was brief. "How are you, Jeff?"

"Good enough," Jeff said. "Buy you a drink?"

"You twisted my arm," Hank Fetterman said.

Hank Fetterman was a well-built man with a weathered face. His brows were heavy, and they came together over his nose. His voice was quiet, his manner calm. Jeff thought of the times he had crossed this man—enforcing the no-gun ordinance, keeping Hank's riders in jail overnight to cool them off. He saw that Hank was wearing a gun again. That was like Hank. Tell him he couldn't do something, and that was exactly what he wanted to do.

"Didn't figure on seeing you in town," Jeff said. "Thought you and the boys were on roundup."

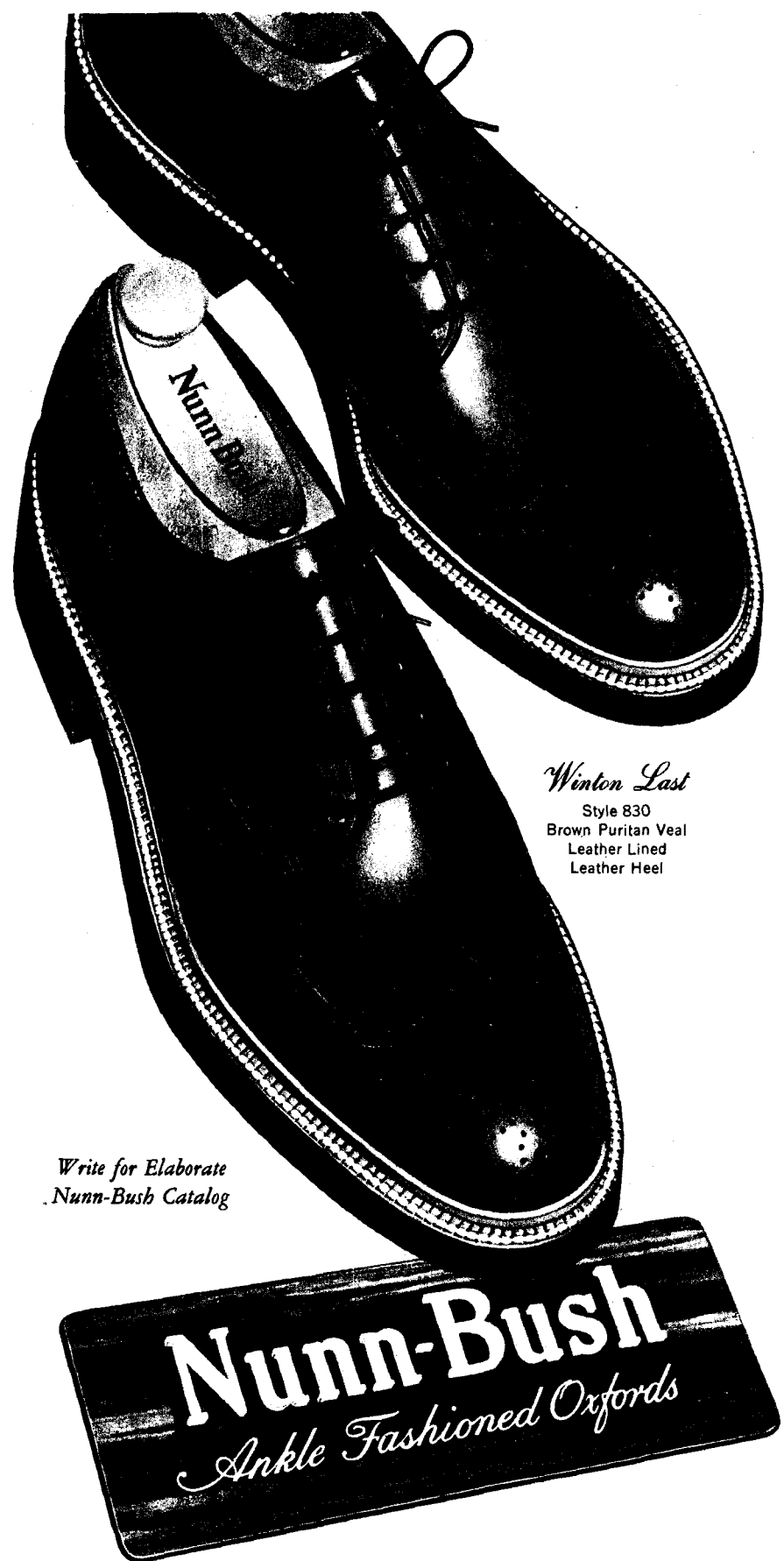
"I had a little personal business come up," Hank Fetterman said. "You hear about it?"

Jeff shrugged.

The smile left Hank Fetterman's lips. "Rudy Svitac is telling it I ran a bunch of my cows through his corn. Claims I'm trying to run him out of the country."

"You're used to that kind of talk, Hank."

"You pretty friendly with the Svitacs, Jeff?" Hank asked. He was standing with his back to the bar, his



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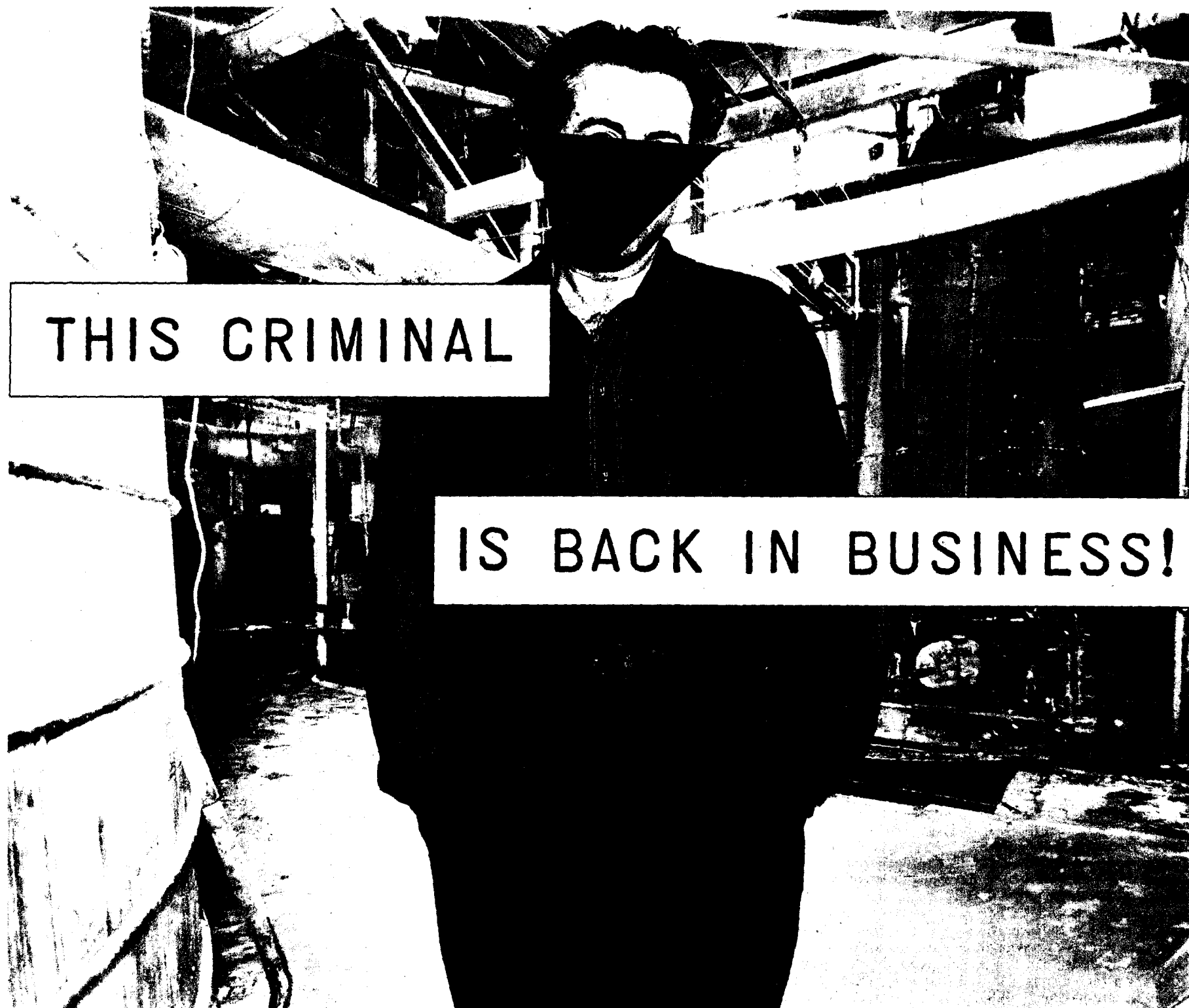
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THIS CRIMINAL

IS BACK IN BUSINESS!

*Excessive liquor taxes have made bootlegging
a hugely profitable "big city" racket*

This man is a bootlegger. There are thousands of him around these days, and there'll be thousands more unless the Federal Excise Tax on distilled spirits is reduced, because of two hard, simple facts:

The first fact is that his kind of crime *does* pay, and the penalty upon conviction isn't stiff enough. Bootlegging pays such tremendous profits that big-city criminals, backed by gangster bankrolls that can finance huge stills, warehouses, trucks and salesmen have moved in. It can't *help* but pay... with a "tax advantage" of \$28.49 a case*. *That's over half the average retail price of a case of legally distilled whiskey!*

*12 "fifths" of 86.8 proof whiskey

The second fact is that this highly profitable crime breeds other crimes. Prohibition proved that graft, corruption, bribery, gang wars, disregard for law and order, all inevitably follow in bootlegging's wake.

No sensible American wants to return to the tragic farce of 1920-1933. No sensible American wants to pay a tax rate so high it keeps crooks prosperous.

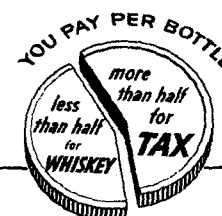
The legal distilling industry advocates bigger penalties, more law enforcement agents, and a fair and realistic tax rate of \$6.00 a gallon as the most effective means of making bootlegging less attractive to

the criminals engaged in it.

The present \$10.50 per gallon Federal Excise Tax on distilled spirits, the seventh increase since Repeal, became effective November 1, 1951. For what happened during its first full year, read the "Tax Arithmetic" column at the right.

Then ask yourself—"Who *really* won?"

You're looking at his picture, up above.



PUBLISHED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC., 155 E. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N.Y., IN BEHALF OF THE PRODUCERS AND MERCHANTS OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES



TAX ARITHMETIC

When you pay around \$4.27* for a "fifth" of your favorite whiskey, you actually pay about \$1.89 for the whiskey itself, about \$2.38 more in Federal, State and local taxes.

That's like paying a "sales tax" of 125% on the merchandise! Taxes take over half of your liquor dollar!

Today, after a full year of this highest of all U. S. tax burdens, here's the record . . .

... You paid \$237 million more in liquor taxes when the Federal rate was increased from \$9.00 to \$10.50 a gallon.

... Your Federal Government did not gain the \$188 million that advisors to Congress predicted, because consumption of legal liquor went way down. It gained only \$30 million in liquor excise revenue . . . an increase of less than 2%.

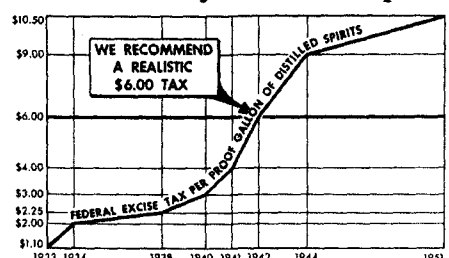
... Your Federal Government lost about \$40 million in corporate income taxes as profits declined with drastically falling liquor sales.

... Your Federal Government lost additional millions in personal income taxes as distillers, wholesalers, retailers and suppliers cut their payrolls and dividends.

... Your State Governments lost approximately \$35 million in liquor tax revenue . . . money badly needed for welfare and other vital state programs.

Bootleggers had additional reason to flout the law. In 1951 alone, authorities with lamentably inadequate staffs were able to seize 20,402 illegal stills. No one knows how many thousands more escaped seizure.

A Tax Increase of 854% Since Repeal!



The \$10.50 Federal tax, effective November 1, 1951, plus an average of \$2.80 a gallon more in other taxes, makes whiskey the highest-taxed of all merchandise.

Distilled Spirits vs. All Other Excise-Taxed Products—1939-1951

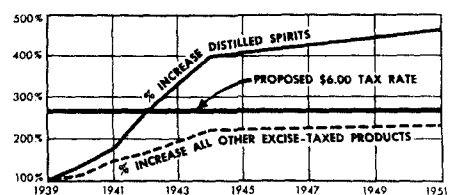


Chart above shows what's happened to distilled spirits vs. all other excise-taxed products and services since 1939. The \$6.00 rate proposed by the distilling industry is still higher than the average increase imposed on other excise-taxed products.

*The average national retail price

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

elbows supporting him. His position made the holstered gun he wore obvious.

"They're hard to know. But I think a lot of their boy. He's a nice kid."

Slowly the smile came back into Hank Fetterman's eyes. He turned around and took the bottle, and poured a drink for himself and one for Jeff. "That forty acres of bottom land you were asking me about for a calf pasture," he said. "I've been thinking about it. I guess I could lease it to you."

"That's fine, Hank," Jeff Anderson said and lifted his drink. It didn't taste right, but he downed it anyway. The two cowboys started to scuffle, and one of them collided with a table. It overturned with a crash.

"Please, Hank," the bartender said. "They're gonna get me in trouble . . ." His voice trailed off and his eyes widened. A man had come through the door. He stood there, blinking from the bright sun outside. "Morning, Mr. Svitac," the bartender mumbled.

Rudy Svitac was a thick, dull man with black hair and brows, and a forehead that sloped. Jeff saw the rusty suit the man wore on Sundays, the suit that had faint dirt stains on the knees, because this man could not leave the soil alone, even on Sundays. He had to kneel down and feel the soil with his fingers, feeling the warmth and the life of it, for the soil was his book and his life, and it was the only thing he understood completely, and perhaps the only thing that understood him. He looked at Jeff, not at Hank Fetterman. "Is no good," Rudy Svitac said. "My son says I must talk to Billy Lang. I talk to Billy Lang, but he does nothing. Is no good."

THERE was silence in the room, and the two cowboys who had been scuffling stood looking at the farmer. Hank Fetterman said, "Say what's on your mind, Svitac?"

"You broke my fence," Rudy Svitac said. "You drive your cows in my corn and spoil my crop."

"Maybe you're mistaken, Svitac," Hank Fetterman said.

"My boy says is for judge to decide," Rudy Svitac said. "My boy tell me to go to Billy Lang, and Billy Lang will make a paper and judge will decide. My boy says is fair. Is America." Rudy Svitac stared unblinkingly. "You broke my fence."

"You're a liar, Svitac." Hank Fetterman walked forward and gripped Rudy Svitac by the shirt front. Then, pulling him close, he shoved, and Rudy Svitac stumbled backward, out through the door, and his heel caught on a loose board in the sidewalk. He fell hard, and for a long time he lay there, his dull, steady eyes staring at Jeff Anderson. Then he got up and stood looking at the dust on his old suit.

Jeff Anderson saw the blind on the window of the marshal's office across the street move and then drop back into place. Immediately the door opened, and Billy Lang came hurrying across the street. He came directly to Rudy Svitac. "What's going on here?" Billy Lang asked.

"Svitac was looking for trouble," Hank Fetterman said. "I threw him out." Hank was standing in the doorway, directly alongside Jeff. For a brief moment Fetterman's eyes met Jeff's, and Jeff saw the challenge. If you don't like it, do something about it, Hank Fetterman was saying.

There was a dryness in Jeff Anderson's mouth. He had backed Hank Fetterman down before; he could do it

again. But there came a time when a man had to live his own life.

He looked up toward the church, and the doors were just opening and people were coming out to stand on the porch, a small block of humanity suddenly aware of trouble. Jeff saw his wife Elaine, and he knew her hand was at her throat, twisting the fabric of her dress. He thought of the little ranch and of the things he and Elaine had planned for the future; and then he looked at Billy Lang, and he knew Billy wasn't going to buck Hank Fetterman. So Jeff could make a stand, and it would be his own stand, and he would be right back into it again, just the way he had been for fifteen years. There were heavy beads of perspiration on Jeff's upper lip. "That's the way it was, Billy," Jeff said at last.

He saw the quick smile cross Fetterman's face, the relief in Billy Lang's eyes. "Get out of town, Svitac," Billy Lang said. "If Hank's cows got in your corn it was an accident."

"Is no accident," Rudy Svitac said. "Is for judge to decide. My son says—"

"It was an accident," Billy Lang said. "Make your fences stronger." He didn't look at Jeff. He glanced at Hank Fetterman and said, "Sorry it happened, Hank."

Rudy Svitac stared at the star on Billy's vest, remembering that this star somehow had a connection with the stars in the flag. His son Anton had explained it, saying that Jeff Anderson said it was so, and that meant it must be so. But it wasn't so. Hank Fetterman wasn't in jail. They weren't going to do anything about the ruined corn. He could not understand. For thirteen years he had lived in America, but still he could not understand. He turned and walked slowly up the street toward his spring wagon.

His wife, Mary, was there, a thick, tired woman who never smiled and never complained. Watching them, Jeff

saw Anton, their son, the boy of twelve who had always believed every word Jeff Anderson said. Anton had always listened to him, and then translated into Bohemian for his parents what Jeff had said, telling them this was so because Jeff Anderson said it was so. He was a bright boy with an unlimited belief in the future, in a household where there was no future.

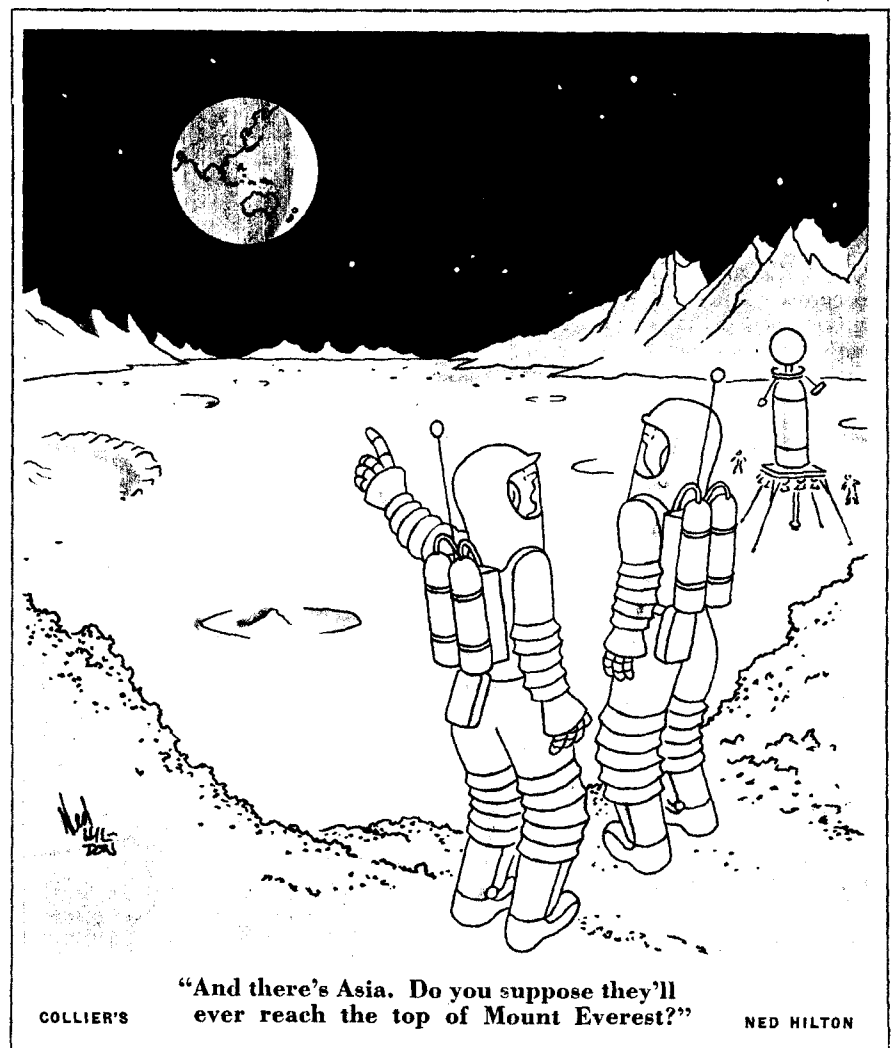
Jeff saw Rudy reach into the bed of the wagon. Mary protested, and then the boy grabbed his father's arm, and there was a brief struggle. The boy lost in the scuffle, and Rudy had a rifle, and he was coming back down the middle of the street, walking slowly.

BILLY LANG moved. He met Rudy and held out his hand. Jeff saw Rudy hesitate and then take two more steps. Now Billy was saying something, and Rudy lowered his head and let his chin lie on his chest. As the boy came running up, Billy took the rifle out of Rudy's hand. Jeff felt the triumph come into Hank Fetterman. He didn't need to look at the man.

There was a slow, wicked anger inside Hank Fetterman, goaded by his ambition and his sense of power, and there was a catlike eagerness in his eyes.

"No bohunk tells lies about me and gets away with it," Fetterman was saying. "No bohunk comes after me with a gun and gets a second chance." His hand dropped and rested on the butt of his holstered six-shooter, and then the thumb of his left hand touched Jeff Anderson's arm. "Have a drink with me, Jeff?"

Jeff saw Elaine standing in front of the church, and he could feel her anxiety reaching through the hot, troubled air. And he saw the boy there in the street, the gun in his hand, his eyes, bewildered, searching Jeff Anderson's face. "I reckon I won't have time, Hank," Jeff said. He walked up the street, and now a feeling of being two



COLLIER'S

"And there's Asia. Do you suppose they'll ever reach the top of Mount Everest?"

NED HILTON

people was strong in him, and there was a responsibility to Billy Lang that he couldn't deny. He had talked Billy into taking this job. It was a lonely job, and there was never a lonelier time than when a man was by himself in the middle of the street. He came close to Billy and said, "Look, Billy, if you can take a gun away from one man, you can take a gun away from another—Hank Fetterman."

Billy's hands were shaking. "A two-year-old kid could have taken that gun away from Rudy," he said. He reached up swiftly and unpinned the badge from his vest. "You want it?"

Jeff looked at that familiar piece of metal, and he could feel the boy's eyes on him, and then he looked up and he saw Elaine on the church porch, and he thought of their dreams and plans. "No, Billy," he said. "I don't want it."

"Then let it lay there," Billy Lang said. He dropped the badge into the dust of the street and hurried off, a man who had met defeat and accepted it, a man who could now go back to selling shirts and suits and overalls, because that was the job he could do best. He had taken a role that he wasn't equipped to handle, and he was admitting it.

The boy said, "Mr. Jeff, what's wrong? You told me once—"

"We'll talk about it later, Anton," Jeff said. "Tell your dad to go home." He walked swiftly toward Elaine.

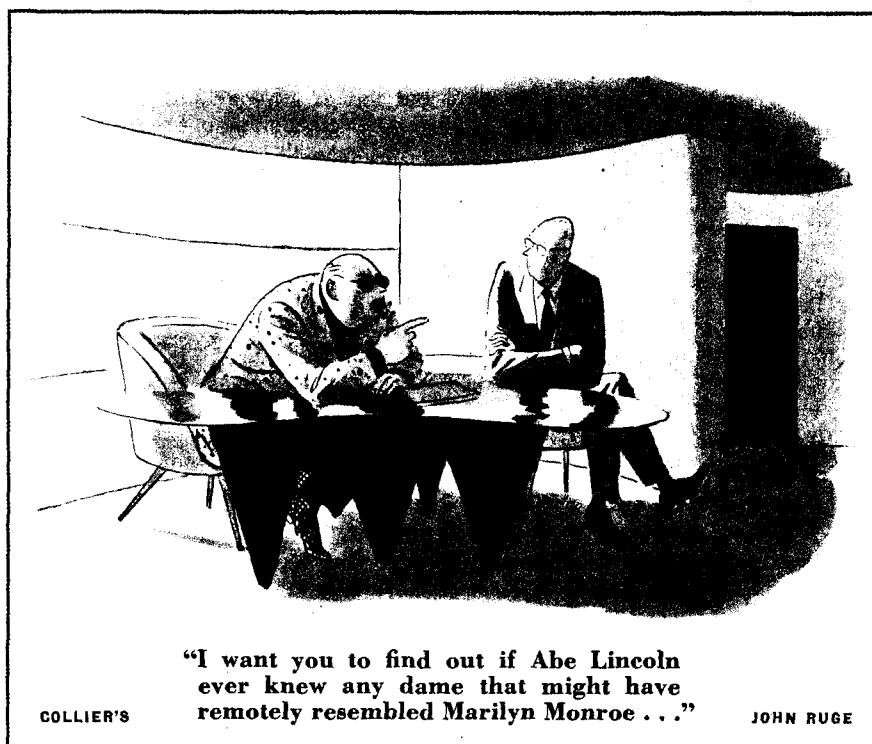
A MILE out of town, when Jeff stopped in the shade of a sycamore to put up the buggy top, Hank Fetterman and his two riders passed on their way back to their ranch. Jeff got back into the buggy and unwrapped the lines from the whipstock, and Elaine said, "If there's anything you want to say, Jeff..."

What could he say? He was not thinking of Hank Fetterman or of Rudy Svitac, but of a colored lithograph, a promotion poster issued by the railroad. It showed wide, tree-lined streets, a handsome town hall with a flag half as large as the building flying from a mast, and three sleek trains chugging impatiently at the station. The railroad had put on an active promotion campaign when the tracks were first laid through the town, and had handed out by the bushel these lithos of the proposed community. Then the dream had burst, and New Canaan settled back to what it was before—a place called Alkali at the edge of open cattle range. And when young Anton Svitac had come to see Marshal Jeff Anderson for the first time, he had come about that picture.

He had come to Jeff Anderson because Jeff Anderson was authority. "My father and mother do not understand," he said. "They do not speak English very much." He unrolled the lithograph and indicated the town of Alkali. "Is not the same," he said. "Is not so."

There were dreams in the boy's eyes that were about to be snuffed out. "Sure it's so, Anton," Jeff heard himself saying. "It's not what it is today, it's what's going to be tomorrow. It's like America, see? Some of the things aren't right where you can touch them. Maybe some of the things you see are ugly. But the picture is always there to look at, and you keep thinking about the picture, and you keep working and making things better all the time. You never stop working and say, 'Now the job is done,' because it never is. You understand that, Anton?"

The boy rolled the lithograph carefully. "I see. Is good. I will tell my father. We will keep the picture."



"I want you to find out if Abe Lincoln ever knew any dame that might have remotely resembled Marilyn Monroe..."

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

Those were Jeff Anderson's thoughts, but how could he tell them, even to Elaine, for they had so little to do with the matter at hand, and yet they had everything to do with it.

"Maybe the Svitacs would be better off someplace else," Elaine said. "They never have made their place pay."

It was an argument he could have used on himself, but now, hearing it put into words, he didn't like the sound of it. His voice was rough. "I reckon they look on it as home," he said. "The boy was born there. I reckon it sort of ties you to a place if your first one is born there."

She closed her eyes tight and then opened them. "I suppose we'll feel that way too, Jeff," she said. "It will always be our town after our baby is born there. I talked to the doctor yesterday."

He felt a coldness run up his spine, and it was surprise, and fear, and a great pride. There was a hard lump in his throat. He turned to Elaine. "You feel all right, honey?" he asked. "Anything I can do?"

She didn't laugh at him any more than Anton had laughed at him that day in the office. She reached over and put her hand on his hand, and she smiled. As they drove down the lane, the great pride made him feel he could not sit still any longer. He lifted her out of the buggy and helped her up the front steps.

Jeff came into the house later, into the cool living room, and sat down in his big chair, and pulled off his boots and stretched his legs. "Good to be home," he said. "Good to have nothing to do." He raised his eyes to meet hers,

and they both knew he was lying. There was always something to do.

The moment he was sure she knew, it was easier for him, but he still had to be positive that she understood. Once he made this move there would be no turning back. She had to see that. An hour ago the town had been just another town, nothing more, and Jeff Anderson hadn't needed it. It was a place to shop, nothing more, and a man could shop as well with Hank Fetterman running things as he could with Jeff Anderson running them. But now, suddenly, that had changed, and there was tomorrow to think about, and it was exactly as he had explained it to Anton. One day soon, Jeff Anderson might be explaining the same things to his own son, and a man had to show his son that he believed what he said, for if he didn't there was nothing left. "I was wrong about Billy Lang," Jeff Anderson said. "He's not going to stand up to Hank Fetterman."

Elaine looked into his eyes, and then she said, "I have some curtains I promised Mary Svitac. Will you take them to her when you go?"

When Jeff went, she didn't give him her usual lingering embrace; she pretended to be busy. She turned her head so that his lips just brushed her temple, and it was as casual as if he were only going to his regular day's work. "And thank her for the pickles, Jeff," she said.

He stalked out of the house as if he didn't like having his Sunday disturbed by such feminine nonsense, but when he was halfway to the barn, his stride lengthened. He stiffened his back and set his shoulders; he knew that she was sitting in the house, crying.

ANTON, the boy, was pouring sour milk into a trough for the pigs when Jeff rode into the Svitac yard. The world could collapse but pigs had to be fed. The door of the little house, which was half soddy, half dugout, opened, and Mary Svitac called something in Bohemian. The boy looked up at Jeff then and Jeff smiled. "Will you ride my horse over and tie him in the shade, Anton?"

Jeff dismounted quickly and took the bundle of curtains from behind the saddle. He handed the reins to the boy, and then walked on to where Mary Svitac stood.

He handed her the curtains. "Those pickles you gave us were fine, Mrs. Svitac. Elaine wanted me to bring these curtains over."

Mary Svitac let her rough fingers caress the curtain material. "I will give you all the pickles," she said. "We don't need the curtains. We don't stay here no more."

In the dark interior of the sod house, Jeff could see Rudy sitting in a chair, a man dulled with hard work and disappointment.

Rudy looked up. "We don't stay," he said.

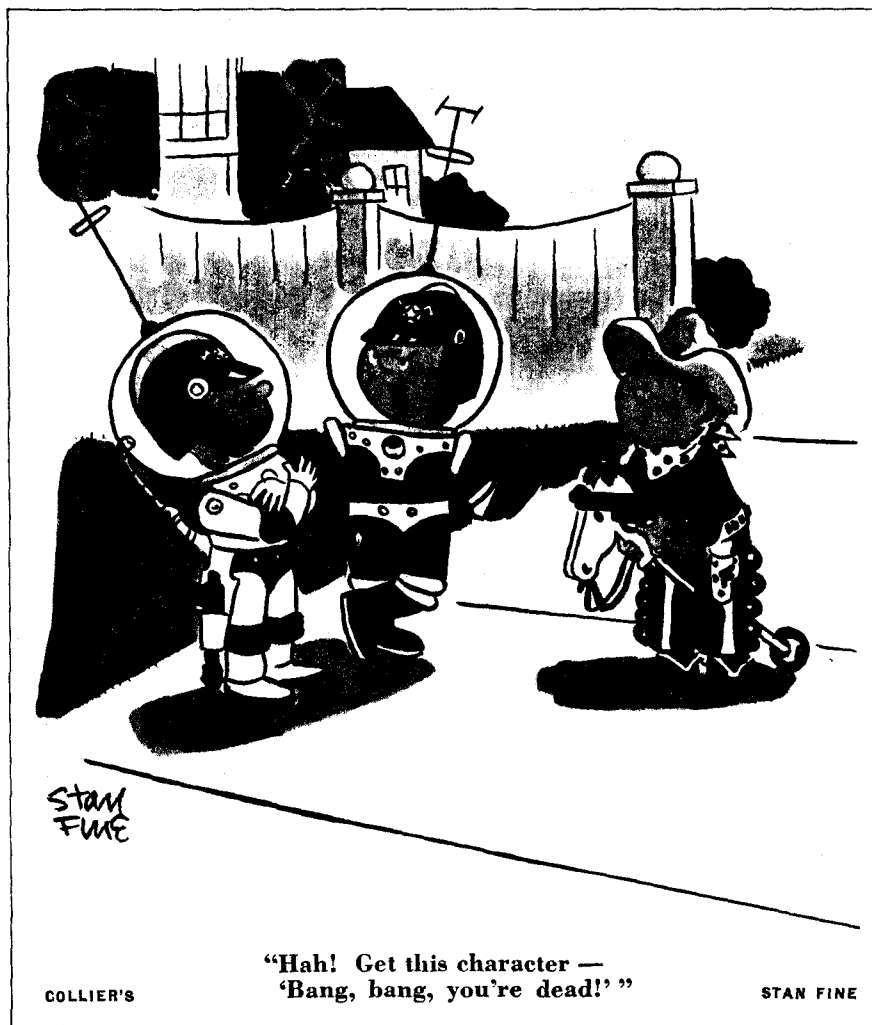
"Can I come in for a minute, Mrs. Svitac?" Jeff asked.

"I make coffee," she said.

He stooped to pass through the low door, and he took off his hat and sat down. Now that his eyes were accustomed to the darkness of the room, he saw the big lithograph on the wall, the only decoration. Rudy Svitac stared unblinkingly at the floor, and, unashamed, he let a tear run down the side of his nose. "We don't stay," he said again.

"Sure, Rudy," Jeff Anderson said. "You stay."

Mary Svitac started to cry. There



"Hah! Get this character — 'Bang, bang, you're dead!'"

COLLIER'S

STAN FINE

were no tears, for the land had taken even those away from her. There were just sobs—dry, choking sounds as she made the coffee—but they were woman sounds, made for her man. "They will fight us," she said. "They put cows in my Rudolph's corn. Soon they come to break my house. Is too much. Rudolph does not fight. Rudolph is for plant the ground and play violin."

"You stay, Rudy," Jeff Anderson said. "The law will take care of you. I promise you that."

Rudy Svitic shook his head. "Law is for Hank Fetterman," he said. "Is not for me."

"It's not so, Rudy," Jeff said. "You ask Anton. He knows."

"I ask Anton," Rudy Svitic said. "He says I am right. Law is for Hank Fetterman."

THE boy came to the door, his face white and drawn with worry, but hope was in his eyes, and a confidence was there too. He didn't say anything. He didn't need to. Jeff could hear the sound of approaching horses. Jeff stood up, and the feeling that was in him was an old and familiar feeling, a tightening of all his muscles. He went to the corner of the room, and took Rudy Svitic's rifle from its place and levered in a shell. Then he stepped through the door. "You explain again to your father about the law," he said to the boy. "You know, Anton, like we talked before. Always, no matter what happens."

"I know," Anton Svitic said. "Yes."

Jeff saw Hank Fetterman and the same two riders who had been with him at the saloon coming toward the soddy. Only Hank was armed. That way, if

Hank should have to talk to the judge later on, he could say, "If we had expected trouble, all three of us would have been armed. Judge." They rode stiffly, holding their horses in. Jeff Anderson stood the cocked rifle by the fence post, placing it carefully. He pushed his hat back on his head and felt the sun on his back as he leaned, with one foot on a fence rail, watching the pigs eat.

He knew when the riders were directly beside him, and then he turned, his elbows resting on the top rail of the fence behind him. His face was shadowed, for he had moved so that his back was toward the sun.

Hank Fetterman said, "We're seeing a lot of each other, neighbor."

"Looks that way," Jeff said.

Hank Fetterman's eyes never left Jeff Anderson's face. "I asked you once today if you was a friend of the bohunk's," he said. "Maybe I better ask it again."

"Maybe it depends on what you've got on your mind, Hank," Jeff Anderson suggested.

"The bohunk's been eating my beef," Fetterman said. "I'm sick of it."

"You sure that's it, Hank?" Jeff asked.

There were small, white patches on either side of Hank Fetterman's mouth. "I said the bohunk was eating my beef," Hank Fetterman said. "You doubting my word?"

"No, Hank," Jeff said. "I'm calling you a liar."

He saw the smoldering anger in Hank Fetterman—the sore, whisky-nursed anger. The cattleman cursed and half twisted in the saddle, blinking

directly into the sun. "You forgetting you ain't a law man any more?"

"You decide, Hank," Jeff said.

They looked at each other, two men who had killed before. They said nothing, but they understood each other. Jeff's expression said, "I'm telling you to back down, Fetterman," and the other man's look said, "You'll have to be big enough to make me." No words had been exchanged, and yet they understood, and now they faced each other and appeared at ease. Jeff Anderson had dealt himself into the game, and he had checked the bet.

Hank Fetterman saw the rifle by the post. He knew it was cocked and loaded. But he had to make his move, because if he backed down now, all was over for him.

He jerked his horse around, trying to avoid the direct glare of the sun, and his hand went for his gun.

Jeff had plenty of time. He had placed the rifle carefully, and now he held it, hip high, gripping it with one hand, tilting it up and pulling the trigger all at the same time. He didn't hear the sound of the rifle's explosion. You never did, he remembered, but he saw the thin film of gun smoke, and he saw Hank Fetterman's mouth drop open, saw the man clawing at his chest. Jeff didn't feel the sickness, not yet.

Time passed as if through a haze, and nothing was real. Then the two riders were gone, and a canvas was stretched over the still form of Hank Fetterman, and Rudy Svitic was whipping his team toward town to get the coroner. Only then did the sickness come to Jeff Anderson. He stood by the barn, trembling, and he heard the boy come up behind him. The boy said, "This was in the street in town, Mr. Anderson." The boy held out the tin star. "I told my father how the law was for everybody in America. Now he knows."

Jeff took the star and dropped it into his pocket.

ELAINE saw him through the front window. She had been watching a long time, and she had been praying, silently, and now she said, "Thank God," and went and sat down. That was the way he found her when he came into the room. She wanted to ask him what had happened, but her throat was tight, and then he was kneeling there, his head in her lap, and he was crying deep inside himself, not making a sound. "It's all right, Jeff," she said. "It's all right."

That was what he had to know—that it was all right with her. He had to know that she loved him for the man he was, and not for the man he thought he had wanted to become. He couldn't change any more than Billy Lang could change. She had never told him to take off his gun—not in words—but she had wanted him to, and he had understood, and he had tried. No woman could ask for a greater love than to see her man try to change himself. And no woman need be afraid when she had such love.

Later, when she picked up Jeff's coat and laid it across her arm, the tin star fell to the floor. For a long time she looked at it; then she bent down and picked it up and put it back into the coat pocket. She went into the bedroom then and hung the coat up carefully. From the bureau drawer she took a clean, white, pleated-front shirt and laid it out where he could see it. Marshal Jeff Anderson had worn a clean, white, pleated-front shirt to the office on Monday mornings for as long back as Elaine could remember, and she didn't expect him to change his habits now.

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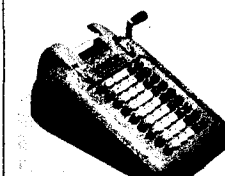
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COLLIER'S

WILLIAM
VON RIEGEN

To illustrate the basic patterns of night-club chorus routines the dancers on comic Jackie Gleason's CBS TV show execute the straight line (right) and the circle (below)



Collier's **COLOR CAMERA**

How to Watch A Chorus Girl

The dance of the chorus girl isn't as simple as you may think. It even has some geometry in it



Triangle (above) is enhanced by having girls change sides several times



The rectangle is usually formed last so girls can fall into line easily for their exit



During one full performance girls wear three kinds of costumes: short (at left), "dressy" (above) and fantastic (at right)

CHORUS girls are not always the main attraction in the nation's 3,200 night clubs. Though you can always see them, they don't always get top billing. For long spells, club advertisements will feature everything from talking dogs to crooners; then, overnight, the star position goes to "Girls! Girls! Girls!" No one knows why. It just happens—like the migration of salmon. Early indications are that 1953 will be a year of the chorus girl.

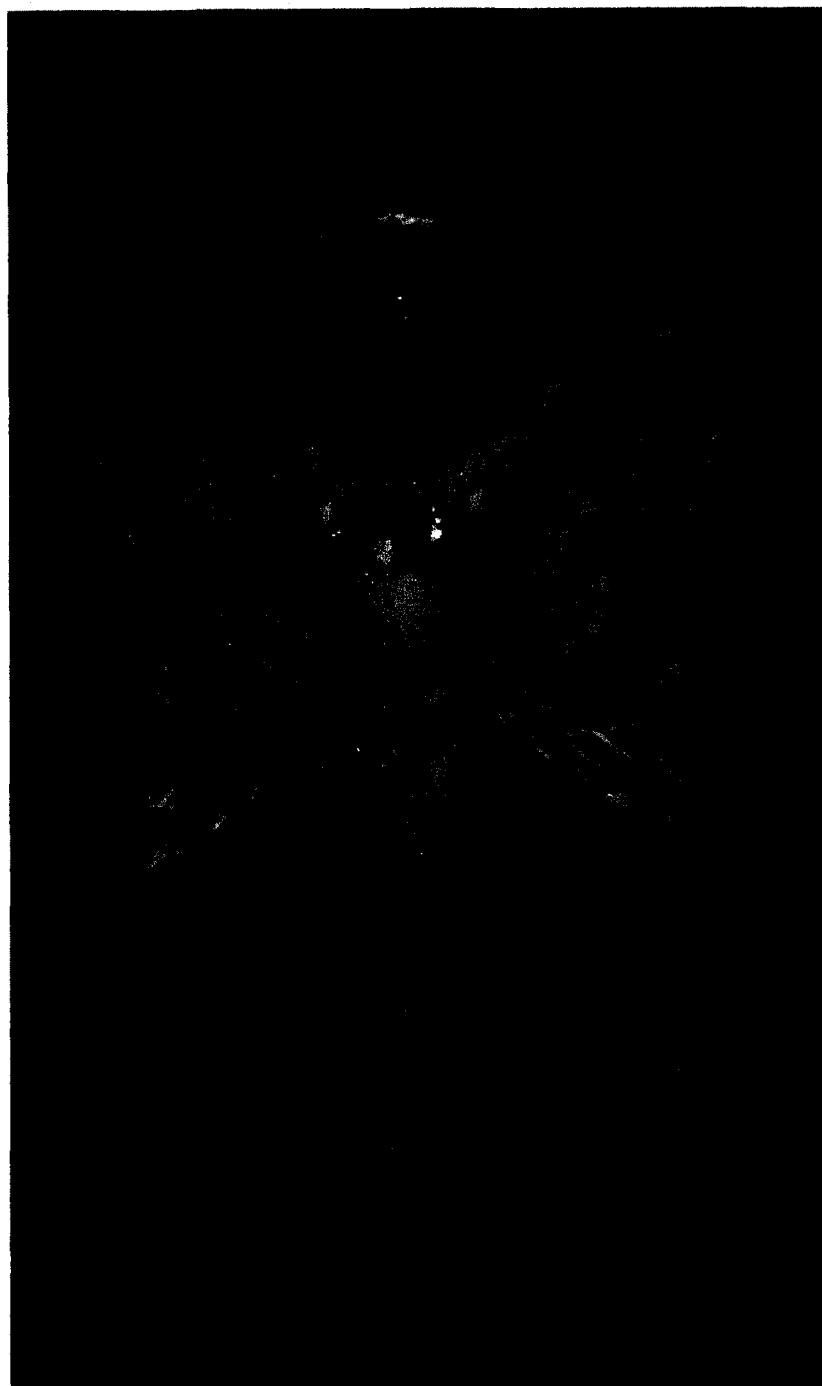
If it is, don't be fooled. The novice chorus-watcher assumes that he ought to watch the girls. That, say the experts, with perfectly straight faces, is wrong; you should watch the dance, one of the best examples of standardization on the American scene. The connoisseurs' analysis may help you appreciate this apparently curious point of view.

Basically, the chorus dance is built around four simple, geometric patterns—the straight line, the circle, the triangle and the rectangle.

In most clubs it is performed by eight to ten girls. They start by coming together in a straight line. Then they swing into the three remaining patterns. The sequence of the triangles, circles and rectangles is not fixed, and any order is permissible. But imaginative directors can mix the patterns so elaborately that audiences see little but curves all evening. Most directors, though, keep their routines simple enough for a careful observer to spot the basic figures. Easiest to follow, of course, is the lighthearted final movement—a straight line in which the girls shuffle or trot off into the wings, leaving the last dancer to blow a kiss to the audience.

A complete show requires the chorus to execute the sequence of patterns at least three times: to open the show, to separate two specialty acts and for the finale.

With the above information you can now be an expert chorus-watcher. All you need in addition is a steady eye. ▲▲▲



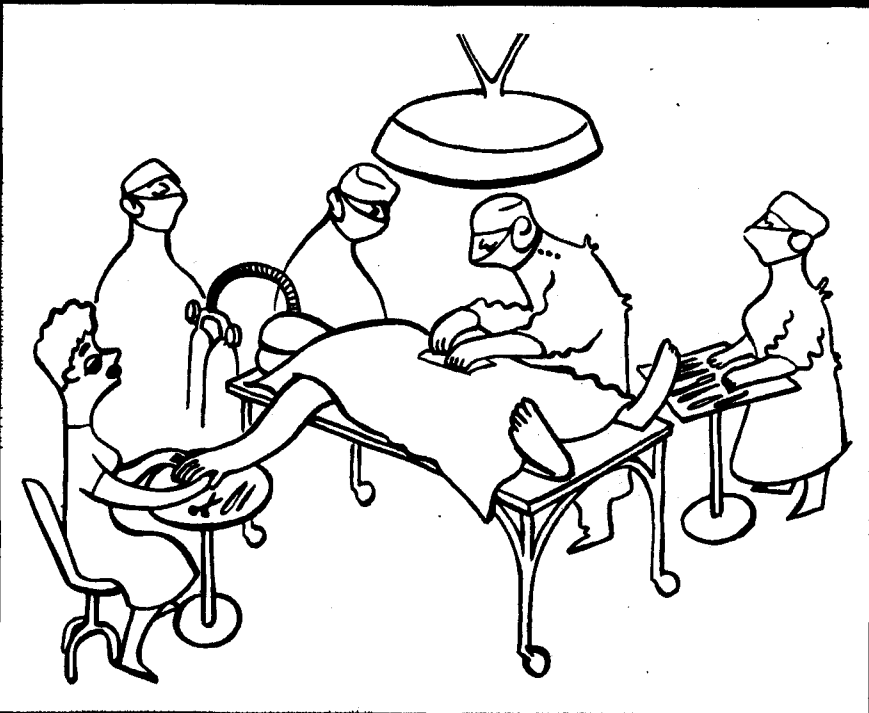
Fantastic costume is often the most daring, weirdly lighted

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BRADLEY SMITH

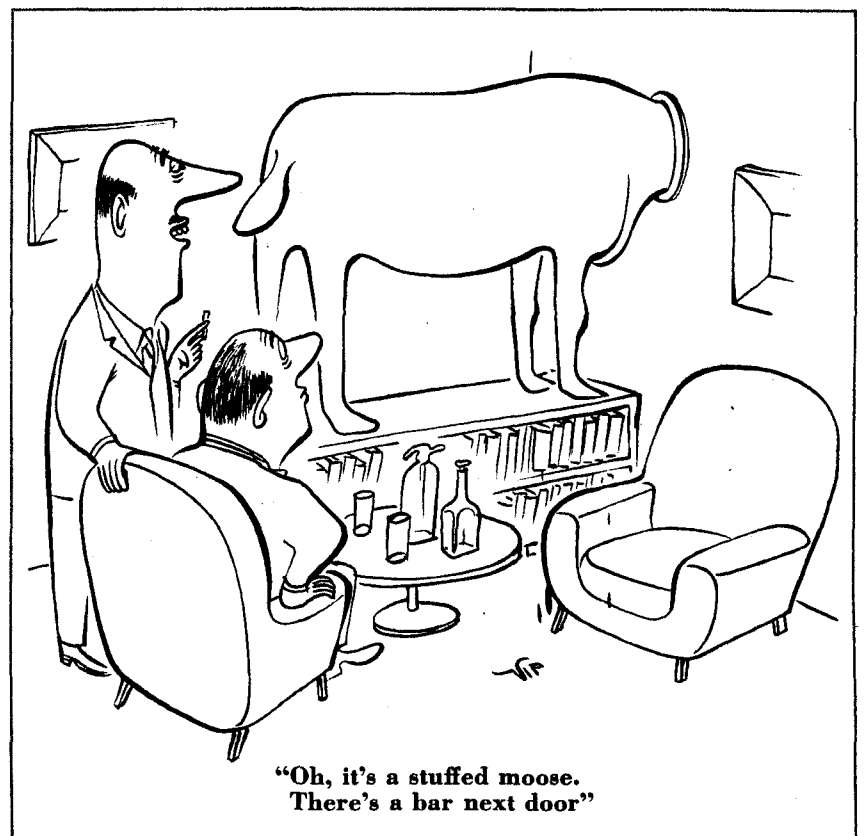
Night-club chorus line is typified by dancers from New York's French Casino. Though four here have on toe slippers, high-heel shoes are standard

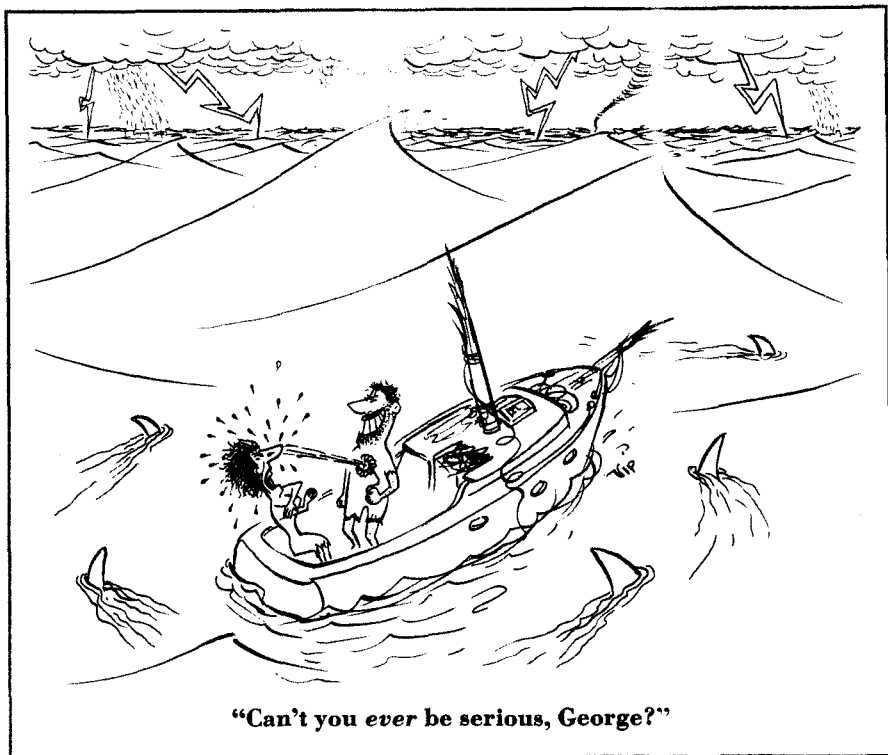


In ten short years, Virgil Partch has become a Very Important Person in the cartoon field

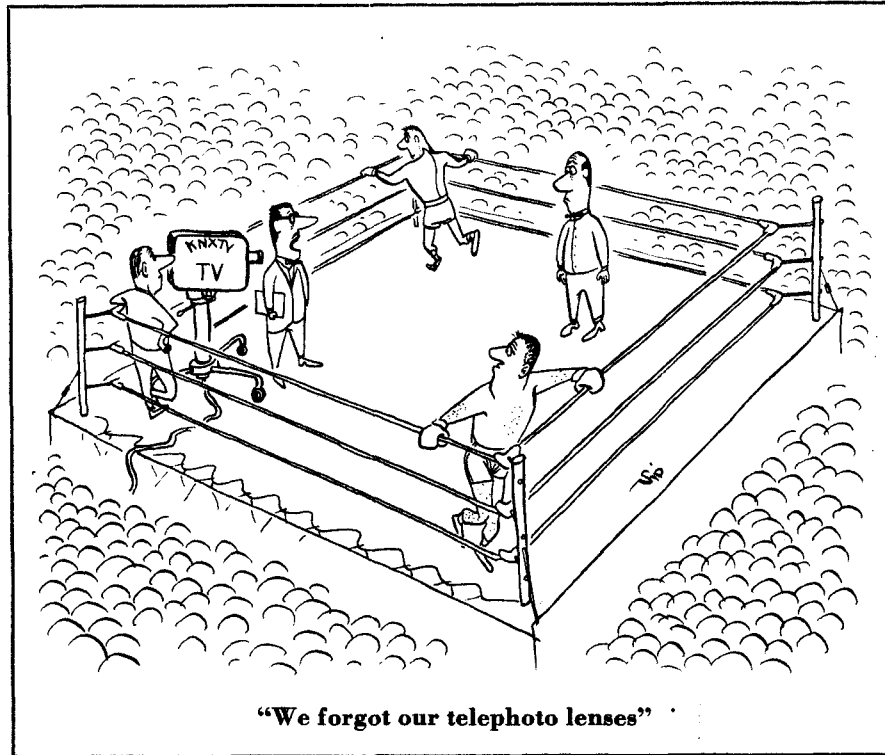


A little more than a decade ago, today's top exponent of inspired pen-and-ink lunacy was an assistant animator in the Walt Disney studio. In 1941, when Vip (or Vipper, or just Partch) went on strike with his fellow workers, most were fired. Shortly thereafter, Vip shyly offered Collier's his first batch of magazine cartoons, which were enthusiastically purchased. His initial appearance in this magazine (at left, February 14, 1942) made no great ripple in our sea of readers; but succeeding drawings, as Partch stretched his muscles and roamed into the grotesque, brought outraged howls from many customers. Through the ensuing years, however, this comic craftsman settled upon a technique that has made him unique in the ranks of more than 200 periodical professionals, and he has become famous for his delineation of the catch phrase and the literal expression (upper and lower left, opposite page). Compare the style of his first Collier's drawing with that of his latest output, here presented as a small bonus to the host of Vip devotees who long ago learned that Partch can break all the laws of art, nature and society and still make a lot of sense. Seven volumes of the best of his cartoons have been assembled by editors and by Partch himself, and his experience as a corporal in the infantry during World War II has served him well in the creation of his Collier's feature, Vip's War (see page 50). Our subject toils without fanfare in southern California, seemingly unimpressed by his eminence; and although his prodigious production for publication would tax the talents of any cartoonist, 75 per cent of his drawings are made purely to amuse friends and utter strangers.





"Can't you ever be serious, George?"



"We forgot our telephoto lenses"



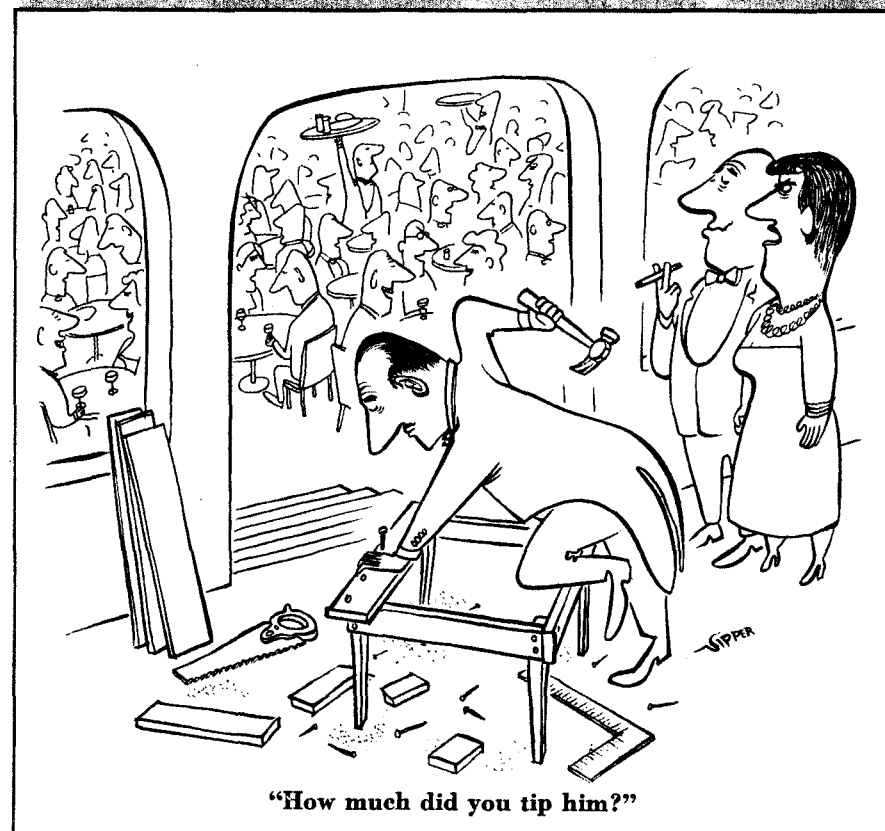
"I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't admit you without a necktie"



"Here in the States you hardly ever hear pidgin English spoken"



"Goodness, Pamela, he's grown a foot since I saw him last!"



"How much did you tip him?"

LOBB'S OF LONDON— *Where the Shoes Choose*



Charlie Moore, with Lobb's 56 years, cuts leather for pair of uppers. During regular morning break, he uses same knife to cut his sandwich



Like many of firm's 50 bootmakers, 65-year-old John Willis works at home. Called a closer, his job is to mold roughly cut uppers to last



Arthur Sanders, 69, briefs apprentices on care of shoes. Five-year apprenticeship is required by Lobb's for most of the bootmaker jobs



Veteran receptionist William Moore, nephew of artisan Charlie, shows customer Ernest Sandford a varied selection of shop's boots from past

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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You

By **NOEL BARBER**

In an age when people can buy a pair of shoes in a minute, delivery from Lobb's usually takes a year

London

ONE day in 1892 a sturdy nineteen-year-old named Billy Bower, whose father had told him he could make shoes better than any man alive, walked into Lobb's of St. James's Street, London, bootmakers for some of the world's most famous people, and asked for a job.

He got it, and has worked for Lobb's ever since. But the curious part of his story is not his length of service. It is the fact that not since that day over 60 years ago has Bower ever been to the shop, a mere five-cent ride from where he lives. He produces shoes only in the downstairs room of the dingy \$9-a-week house he rents on Albany Street, near Regent's Park.

Billy Bower—now a cocky seventy-nine, a short, talkative man with a waxed mustache and an ever-present smell of leather about him, his fingers hard and corrugated from using the awl—is typical of Lobb's 50 bootmakers. Almost to a man they have stood fast against the machine age, adamant against the daily chore of going to and from a factory.

Instead, their lives are spent in home workshops, where they are surrounded by the morning papers, the radio and hourly cups of tea while they turn out internationally celebrated shoes for kings, commoners, and now more than ever for men in the U.S.A. with a taste for footwear ranging from velvet slippers at \$30 a pair to crocodile brogues for \$100.

By American standards, the wages of Lobb's craftsmen are not high. The last-maker earns \$28 a week; a closer—who makes the uppers of the shoe—can, if he works hard, earn \$45, which in England is a lot of money. Most of Lobb's staff have achieved financial independence. At least one owns his own home, a television set, two radios (one in his workshop), a refrigerator, a little garden and a car—all common enough in the U.S. but miles out of reach of the ordinary British workingman.

To a man, Lobb's craftsmen generate the impression of having got what they've wanted out of life, and no one begrudges them such foibles as insisting on working at home—least of all Eric Lobb, the firm's general manager and grandson of the man who founded it almost a century ago.

"Why change?" he asks. "Private bootmakers have worked this way for hundreds of years in England. The proof is that the shoes wear well and that people come back for more."

Not only British customers come back, but also a vast number of U.S. faithful—like the Bostonian who hasn't set foot in Lobb's for 34 years, but orders three pairs of shoes a year to be made from a last reposing in the shop's cellars.

Collier's for February 28, 1953

Not all clients are that regular, for a pair of Lobb's shoes, repaired occasionally, can serve its wearer for a decade or more, with an all-time record claimed for one pair which has lasted for 30 years.

In an age where a press can slice a hundred toecaps in a second and machines stitch soles to uppers by the hundreds while a factory hand twiddles a lever, Lobb's produces shoes with the use of knives, a sewing machine for the uppers, big bristle for stitching, an awl, waxed thread and bristle for soles. When shoes made by men like Billy Bower are finished and collected (Bower refuses to deliver his work as a matter of principle), likely as not they will stay in the shop for a year, being polished twice a week, before the customer gets them.

A New "Servicing" Offer

Lobb's clients are in no rush, and neither is Lobb's, which takes life easily, relying for its continued success on pride of craftsmanship and attention to detail—the sort of detail exemplified in a recent new offer of “a service to preserve the appearance of shoes” at a fee of \$17 per half year. The service includes “the cleaning of shoelaces.”

Lobb's craftsmen—almost all sons and grandsons of men who worked with father and grandfather Lobb—are hale, hearty, elderly men who have nicknamed one colleague Boy Johnson because the lad is a mere fifty years old. They are held to Lobb's by tradition and friendship. Nobody can give them an order; they can only be asked to do work. They know, from the shape of the shoes or the last, every one of Lobb's 15,000 customers in every quarter of the globe, including one skillful gentleman who, by a strictly secret route, has his shoes sent regularly behind the Iron Curtain.

Each Lobb's bootmaker has a spe-



Billy Bower hasn't been in Lobb's since he got his job there in 1892

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At a morgue to identify a patron he'd never met, a Lobb's man studi

cific job, and does it by hand. Not all are as crotchety as Billy Bower. Most swallow their pride, collect their work at the shop, and bring it back. But some of Lobb's finest work is done by Alf Mason whom nobody in the shop—but nobody—has ever seen.

Mason, who likes the country, lives quietly in a Devonshire village, 200 miles from London. Lobb's heard about him, gave him a trial, and now mails lasts and materials to him, paying Alf's postage when he sends back the finished product.

A Small, Old-Fashioned Shop

A first sight of Lobb's gives no clue to the kind of place it is. A small mahogany-fronted shop at No. 26, St. James's Street, in the heart of old London, it contains neither chrome fittings nor a single cardboard shoe box, nor smooth-selling attendants in striped trousers. Old-fashioned globe lamps light up the leather armchairs, the show-cases, the grandfather's clock in the corner, gold medals, half-made shoes in canvas bags, bundles of leather, the picture of King Edward VII and the royal warrant of George V.

Lobb's gives off the aura of a professional waiting room, and that is about what it is: the outer sanctum of a surgeon who knows how to cut—in this case leather—or a dentist who knows how to drill—in this case holes for brogues. Wealth or aristocracy thumbs through magazines while each patiently waits his turn, and the magazines are just about as old as those at the doctor's or the dentist's.

If you walk casually into Lobb's and try to order shoes, you will be received by the front man, William Moore, 32 years with the firm, or by his uncle, Charlie Moore, who has been there 56 years. If you are not recognized—by your shoes—the first question will be:

"Good morning, sir. And may I ask who introduced you?"

Introductions are strictly necessary—though Lobb's might waive the point if the customer looked solid. It can always draw on the precedent of the three American brothers, now legendary in Lobb's archives.

This trio (no names of living Lobbists are ever divulged) were aboard a transatlantic liner when one spotted an English lord whose shoes were polished like glass. You could see yourself in the long narrow toe that was then the hallmark of a Lobb shoe. One of the Americans put the direct, blunt question:

"Pardon me, sir, where do you get your shoes?"

"Well, er, actually, old boy—well, Lobb's, you know."

A wireless went off to Lobb's—it is still in the files—announcing the imminent American invasion. Charlie Moore was out front the morning the three brothers walked in and ordered ten pairs each.

Charlie made no point about the customary requirement of an introduction, but he did take umbrage when one brother suggested delivery in two weeks—"and polished too." Horrified, Charlie pointed out that polishing must be done with the fingers—"spit and circle method"—and that it takes at least two months. "We educated 'em," chuckles Charlie, "and they've been customers ever since."

The time-honored introduction hasn't

been waived often since Grandfather John Lobb started in business in London in the 1850s. Lobb did his first cobbling in Australia in the gold rush of the fifties making boots for miners and gaining local fame for his products by putting special receptacles in the heels so that gold could be carried safely in them. When he had saved enough money, he returned to London with his son and opened shop.

When Grandfather died, the business went to his son, referred to by Lobb's staff as Father Lobb. Father died in 1916. His widow Betsy carried on, because the two sons, William and Eric, were still at school.

"It's at such a time that the breed of a craftsman comes out," Eric recalls. "Lobb's would have gone under then, but the staff decided to run the business for my mother until we boys were old enough to take over."

Now mother Betsy, a nimble eighty-four, and the two sons are equal partners. William, fifty, runs the production end of the business. Eric, forty-five and married to an American girl, Helen Denby, of New York, runs the sales side and is responsible for U.S. sales.

Customers who are willing to leave their shoes for a year to be cleaned are apt to be somewhat eccentric in other ways too, and Lobb's has its share of sticklers for detail.

Three Varieties of Stickler

There is the East Indian customer who personally calls to collect his shoes, takes out a magnifying glass and counts the holes across the toe of the shoe to see if there are enough. Another client always counts the rivets on the heels. A third is a beefy guards officer who invariably tests his shoes by trying to tear them apart (and has so far not succeeded).

One of Lobb's best customers during World War II was a man who himself never owned more than two pairs of

their shoes—but ordered 78 pairs in two years. A rich old German refugee who had found sanctuary in England, he looked around for ways to express his thanks to his new country. He would prowl along Piccadilly looking at the shoes of young officers in the armed forces. The moment he saw a down-at-heel youngster in uniform, he pounced, introduced himself, begged the officer not to be offended, and handed him a signed card, "This card is a voucher for a pair of handmade shoes at Lobb's."

I can personally vouch for the story. The German stopped me one night when I was an R.A.F. flier, and that's how I came to be a customer of Lobb's.

Author's Feet Are Measured

My first visit there was a grave occasion, as befitted the turning point in the life of one's feet. William Moore, in his tattered gray alpaca coat with the frayed edges, greeted me. He and Frank Lovesey, then the last-maker, took my measure.

First my foot was drawn in the last-maker's pattern book. There are 84 pattern books at Lobb's, in which are included such outlines as the small, delicate foot of American dancer Vernon Castle, dated 1916; the strong, forceful foot (plus a bunion) of the singer, Fedor Chaliapin, and the medium-sized foot of the inventor, Guglielmo Marconi. Kings and maharajas, as well as the less mighty, have all had at one time to stand on the pattern book and let William Moore or his Uncle Charlie outline their feet, then measure the depth of each foot by means of a paper tape nicked for every measurement. Moore's trained fingers can sense all the foot's distinctive features, about which he describes in notes on the sketch.

The last-maker is one of the few skilled craftsmen who work right on Lobb's premises; that's because he has to be near his lasts, for when a customer's feet change he must alter the last.



"All I know is, it has an Oklahoma license plate!"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON

shoes and said: "That's Mr. Carmichael. I'd know him anywhere"

He makes the necessary change by sticking on pieces of leather, then whittling and beveling them where indicated to make the last conform to the new outline.

The last is made from hornbeam, beech or maple—all good hardwoods. First it is roughed out with a special knife, then rasped and filed to more accurate measurement and finally sanded to the desired shape—including the underside of the foot. A Lobb's last is considered a pretty poor effort if it doesn't show all the skin wrinkles of the sole of the foot.

The lasts are stored alphabetically in the cellars—15,000 of them in a maze of racks forming corridors as narrow and dusty as the wine cellars at Maxim's.

The last-maker is rapidly disappearing from the trade. When Lovesey retired seven years ago, it took Lobb's two years to find a suitable successor. Indeed, Lovesey's long-delayed retirement precipitated a crisis in the firm—without a last-maker it would have been impossible to carry on. It was then that William Lobb's own early training as an apprentice proved invaluable.

"There was nothing else for it," William sighs. "Though I owned a third share of the business and my son was getting ready to go to a public school, for two years I had to put on my apron every morning and make lasts."

After a couple of years, Lobb's managed to locate a fine last-maker in Jack Fruer. Looking to Lobb's future, Fruer found a couple of youngsters who are now apprenticed to the last-maker's trade.

After the last is made, four jobs are required on a pair of Lobb's shoes. The clicker must cut roughly the eight pieces of leather needed for a normal pair of uppers. The closer must make the pattern and the uppers. The maker must put the soles on. Finally, of course, there's polishing.

Meet Lobb's Best "Clicker"

The best clicker Lobb's ever had is handy man Charlie Moore. Now seventy, Charlie has an instinct for his work, which is backed by years of experience. In choosing the best leather for the uppers, he must bear in mind the weight and character of the owner, which he can evaluate from the last. It is typical of all Lobb's craftsmen that Charlie, who could have retired years ago and is financially independent, still works two days a week.

"Can't stop," he grunts. "I don't have to earn any money. But you know how it is. Life smells wrong if there isn't leather in it."

With an incredibly sharp, worn knife, Charlie cuts the leather—and promptly at eleven each morning uses the same knife to cut up the sandwich he brings to eat with his tea at "elevenes," the time-honored British morning break from work. There's always tea going around somewhere at Lobb's.

Charlie—who has added an inch to the height of a vain Indian potentate and taken an inch off of a too-tall actor—works in the shop in full view of clients. When he has rough-cut the pieces of leather, the uppers are made by a closer, like John Willis.

Willis is sixty-five, has worked 40 years with Lobb's, always in his own home in the London suburb of Thorn-

ton Heath. His father worked for Lobb's for 40 years too, and lots of the tools and knives Willis uses were used by his father before him.

Willis first cuts a pattern for the uppers on thick paper. Like all good closers, he takes infinite care with the leather itself. The prospect of a slight stain or even a small scratch brings shudders to any Lobb's man. Though it takes John only two hours to close a pair of uppers, he usually protects the leather by putting on a clean white apron for every new pair.

Detail of the "Closer's" Job

John's job is to mold the eight pieces of roughly cut material to a last. He stamps in by hand the holes for the brogue and, using a sewing machine with an extra strong needle, sews the eight pieces together. He then tacks the uppers lightly to the last to make sure everything fits, puts the work in a canvas bag, and drives down to St. James's Street every Saturday morning.

Closing is a straightforward job until an eccentric customer gets busy with an idea. Willis' trickiest problem was to make a rich Britisher a pair of elastic-sided boots which the customer insisted had to look exactly like ordinary boots, with laces in front which were never to be undone and with proper eyelet holes which were never to be used.

There was a curious sequel to this pair of boots when its owner was killed in a London car crash. Being eccentric, he carried no wallet. Identifying him seemed hopeless until police noted the boots, and went right to Lobb's. John Willis was able to go straight to the morgue and say of a man he had never seen in his life: "Why, that's Mr. Carmichael—I'd know him anywhere."

After the closing job, Lobb's uppers go next to the maker, the man who puts the soles on them. Billy Bower, at seventy-nine, is one of Lobb's makers, and Eric Lobb considers him one of the finest in the world, an opinion Billy modestly endorses on every conceivable occasion. His father was with Lobb and so are his fifty-four-year-old son and twenty-four-year-old grandson.

It takes Billy—considered fast at his job—11 hours to "make" a pair of brogues, for which he gets approximately \$7.50, and seven hours for a pair of pumps, for which he gets \$6.

Billy leaves the leather for soles in water overnight to make it pliable, then molds it to the bottom of the last after drawing the uppers taut, so that there will be no give in the final shoe. He stitches on the sole by hand with a waxed thread consisting of strands of either hemp or flax. Finally he builds up the heel piece by piece with rivets. If Billy does a good job, his hardest task is getting the last out of the shoe when his work is done.

Bower is more cantankerous than the average Lobb's craftsman, but no more independent. Their lives aren't troubled by agitators urging them to strike. All the men who work for Lobb's are members of the West End Shoemaker's Association, but it isn't a very fiery institution. It has fewer than 200 members, who pay dues of approximately 15 cents a week.

Polishers are about the only people who don't have to serve a five-year apprenticeship, but even polishing is an art. Lobb's has five men working full

time, doing nothing but "bone" and polish. First they bone the shoe regularly with a deer bone, stroking it very gently in order to make the leather smooth and supple, then blacking, then boning again. Polishing they do with their fingers, rubbing the polish round and round, in and in, with a circular movement, then using a brush near the welt.

"I like to polish with my hands and a cloth," one told me, "but you've got to use a brush near the welt to get any grit out. Otherwise," a note of alarm crept into his voice, "a bit of grit might scratch the leather."

Thanks largely to Eric Lobb, Lobb's has in recent years enjoyed an upsurge in American business. Naturally, the firm does not expect to build a big business in America, where high-quality shoes sell at prices within the reach of the average purse. (Collier's Nov. 3, 1951.) But right after the war, Eric made a personal coast-to-coast tour, visiting old and wealthy clients. He found business good, so he engaged a full-time representative, A. W. Boreham, who might be mistaken on a dark night for John Bull himself.

Mr. Boreham recently visited New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit and—"Naturally," says Eric—Boston. Complete with umbrella, English clothes and Lobb's shoes, Mr. Boreham puts up at only the very best hotels. Clients and their friends are warned in advance of his arrival. Mr. Boreham carries a vast selection of boots and shoes, a choice of leathers, and can himself, of course, draw patterns for Fruer, the last-maker.

Business has zoomed lately, partly because of Mr. Boreham's activities, but also because of the devaluation of the British pound.

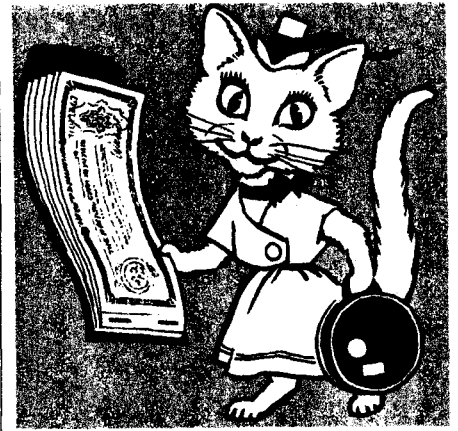
Giving an Idea of the Prices

Even so, the tariff is not one within the bounds of the average youngster struggling up the ladder.

The lowest-priced item on the Boreham list is a pair of velvet slippers at \$30 plus, if desired, a monogram on each toecap for \$6 extra and lamb's-wool lining for \$9.50. His most costly item (and one very popular with Americans) is crocodile shoes at exactly \$100 a pair. In between are such items as doeskin shoes at \$55 a pair—the price has shot up since the Reds took over Manchuria, where the best doeskin comes from; or a plain black or brown shoe at \$48, or brogues for \$3 a pair more. Shoes for evening wear are \$51 a pair, and riding boots around \$90. Lobb's has very few women customers, but occasionally supplies them with golf shoes or riding boots.

"Most Americans pay in three months," says Eric, "while some of our English clients consider two years' credit not unreasonable." One of Lobb's customers—and a good one at that—takes 12 years' credit.

Lobb's now exports roughly half of its output, most of it to the U.S., and expects to step up this figure considerably. But its major problem is not so much selling its wares as persuading Billy Bower, John Willis, Charlie Moore and the rest to make them and, more, persuading them to stay alive until the young apprentices—what few there are—can step into the shoes of the world's finest bootmakers.



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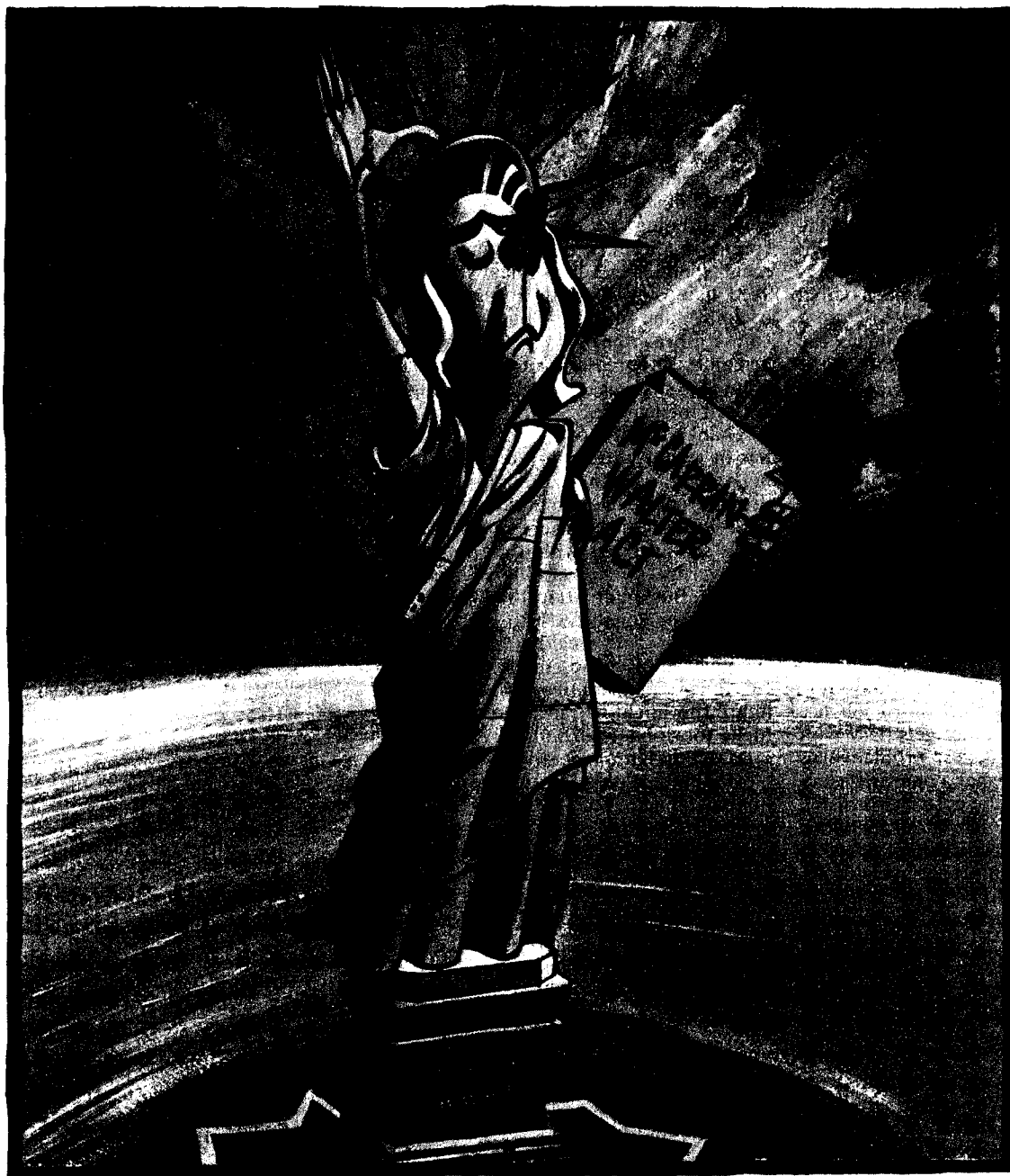
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HARRY DEVLIN

If This Be Liberty . . .

THE IMMIGRATION and Nationality Act of 1952, more familiarly known as the McCarran-Walter Act, is a complex and controversial piece of legislation. How much, if any, of it will be rewritten is a question that the new Congress will decide in its own good time. But there is one section of it which we believe demands immediate attention. As it stands now, it is one of the most inept, insulting, militantly chauvinistic and obviously ineffectual items in the whole category of federal legislation.

We refer, as you may have guessed, to that portion of the law which requires incoming visitors from foreign countries to submit to questions by an immigration officer concerning their political beliefs, personal behavior and other matters of intimate information. This is the section of the act which first gained public attention when its application resulted in the detention aboard ship of more than one quarter of the crew of the French liner *Liberté* during the vessel's Christmas visit to New York.

The purpose which prompted this legal regulation is fine. Every loyal American is in favor of keeping Communist agents, criminals and other undesirable characters out of the country.

But we can't possibly see how the McCarran-Walter quiz program, however noble its intent, can achieve that purpose.

In the first place, no Communist agent is going to give a truthful answer to a question about his political affiliation. At the same time, a good many non-Communists are going to clam up in resentment when they are asked to do a lot of soul-baring as the price of putting foot on American soil. Surely most of the American passengers and crew of an American ship would balk if a French or British official made the voyage with them and demanded to know their domestic politics, their views about the government in the country of their destination, and so on, before they would be permitted to land.

Furthermore, if we were a Communist big shot in Western Europe, we don't think that we would be too concerned about this particular provision of the McCarran-Walter Act. There are other ways of getting subversives into the United States than having them lie about their political leanings. The Soviet diplomatic mission is one obvious avenue of approach. Also, this country has almost 13,000 miles of thinly guarded coast line, as well as long land bounda-

ries on the Canadian and Mexican borders. Last year an estimated 1,500,000 aliens—the so-called “wetbacks”—entered illegally from Mexico. How many of them were Communists we don't know. But we do know that none paused to discuss the question with the border guards.

For that reason we are inclined to dismiss the Communist howls against the new immigration act as phony window dressing. But we do take seriously the complaints of non-Communists on both sides of the Atlantic, for they reflect a shame here and a resentment abroad which can only result in international disunity and, eventually, a serious damage to relations with our friends overseas.

This unfortunate provision of the law is bad enough. But its defense by one of its co-sponsors, Representative Walter of Pennsylvania, is even worse. He dismissed the complaints against the detention of the *Liberté's* men with the extravagant, unsupported and uncalled-for remark that “a finer crew of throat slitters couldn't be found anywhere.” And he defined the opponents of his bill as “professional Jews” who were “shedding crocodile tears for no reason whatsoever.” (We wonder what Mr. Walter might say if a French legislator were to defend a similar French law in the same words.)

If Mr. Walter and Senator McCarran read their newspapers and their mail, they know that their bill has been called unwise, unfair and discriminatory by Americans, both clergy and laity, of all faiths. And for Mr. Walter to inject religious bigotry into his defense is to compound deliberately what we trust was originally an inadvertent error of legislative judgment.

It would be a different matter if the questionnaire section of the 1952 immigration law gave promise of strengthening our defense against Communist aggression. In that case, we could run the risk of angering some of our non-Communist friends. But it doesn't. It simply creates a wholly righteous resentment in countries and governments which are members of the mutually reliant association of free nations. And it creates that resentment to no avail.

We can only hope that the Eighty-third Congress will reconsider the decision of its predecessor, clear away the litter of bias and prejudice, make some emergency repairs, and eventually enact a new immigration law which is as fair as it is necessary.

Seems Practical to Us

SOMEHOW WE can't share the apprehension with which a Washington clergyman viewed the opening of a new Republican club across the street from the Capitol. The club has dining rooms, conference rooms and—well, we might as well come right out and say it—a bar. The existence of the grogshop led the minister to christen the new drink-and-eatery “a sin, a shame and a blight on the country.”

We incline toward the less agitated notion that the Capitol Hill Club is merely an extravagant, though practical, gesture of celebration by the Ins, after 20 years of being the Outs. Maybe the Republican legislators will now duck across the street for a quick one, but we don't look for any really significant change on the Hill. We feel confident that numerous members of the now minority party will continue to maintain the old Congressional tradition of keeping a bottle of sour-mash bourbon in the lower right-hand drawer of the desk.

Collier's for February 28, 1953



Mr. W. P. Jones—distinguished president of Servel, Inc. A former stenographer, statistician and refrigerator distributor, Mr. Jones joined Servel as Educational Advisor. His rise in the appliance field has been swift—due to his development of many work-saving features now found in most modern refrigerators, freezers and air conditioners. Today considered the “dean of refrigerator salesmen,” he’s shown in his home with one of Servel’s new products, the “Wonderbar”.



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